

Goodbye to Imzadi  
by Carol Sandford

I am aware that you are watching me. I see it in the way your eyes search mine, letting your heart seek me out, hoping that I'll enter and see what you want me to see. You cannot stop yourself from watching me as I go about my business, even if it just simply sitting beside the captain, doing what I do best; Commanding.

But you can't command your heart to stop, can you, Deanna?

You see me, and you cannot help but look further. I see you, but I don't dare look beyond the surface. You are beautiful; black, marblesque eyes, ebony cascades of hair, and a body oozing desire. My eyes briefly, inadvertently drop lower, and I am aware of licking my lips. You see the action, and I feel your despair, and denial, zip through me, reminding me that it is not that that you want.

You want him; the other me. I feel it when my mind is playing with you; when your legs were wrapped around my waist as I crashed into your body. And as I kissed you, murmuring into your mouth as we lost everything to the moment, including our hearts and souls. But now, as I deny the situation, I deny your pain. Wishes and dreams are all you have left to live on these days. Memories are all I need to give me what I want; You.

Us.

For a moment.

Back then, I wanted what you wanted, but I don't want that anymore. I fell in love with you, a long time ago, even though loving you, was not in my plan. Loving you, was not what I intended. Loving you, meant not leaving you. But I had to. Can't you see that? Can't you understand? Forget and forgive me, please, Deanna. Let us not go back. We need to move on. We need to leave the past behind. We need to forget what we were.

I cannot be the man you want me to be. He's grown. He's moved on. Only recollection and shock stopped him in his tracks when he came face to face, and heart to heart, with you again, realising that you still felt the way that I didn't. I still feel your loss as you tried to step back in time, but I couldn't go with you, not in the way that you wanted me to.

I remember how you felt against me. I remember a night of undeniable passion, tenderness, and yes, damn it all, love, but that love has gone. The love I feel for you now is different, and it is not the love that you seek, or want from me.

You want romance. You want candlelit dinners and roses. You want commitment. Future. Family. Love. You want, Imzadi, and I can't give you that. I can't give you every minuscule ounce of me, I just can't. Imzadi means too much - needs too much, and I don't have it to give, and I'm sorry, Deanna.

I said goodbye to Imzadi a long time ago, but you never could, could you, Deanna? You never could.