

Hate, the other side of love
by Carol Sandford

'Six days. Has it only been six days since you've gone? It seemed much longer. I wish it were. I wish it was years down the line and then perhaps, just perhaps, I wouldn't feel the way I feel right now.

Hurt.

Angry.

Lonely.

Lost.

I hate you. Right now, I want to hate you with everything within me because you deserve to be hated for leaving me feeling like this.

I'm fed up with waking in the night knowing that I've called your name out aloud, knowing that my mother and Mr. Homm would have heard me, and thankful that they've let me be. I'm glad my mother understands, and she does. She's been here herself. She 'knows'.

And here I am again, laying in the dark, silently crying my heart out, longing to feel the strength of your arms around me. Wanting you to make love to me like you loved me.

But you didn't. You couldn't have done. I think I hate her more than you. But she didn't leave. She didn't betray me like you did. She didn't dismiss our bond like it was just another event in your life.

I loved you, God Dammit! But you left me looking like a fool with the entire planet of Betazed 'knowing' what had happened to us; In the jungle. In your room, with her.

You bastard.

I gave you 'everything'. My heart, my virginity, my soul and all you gave me was a minuscule part of you. The only part that cost you nothing. The only part that no one else needed.

And I took it. I took it, loved it and look how you repaid me.. You discarded me quicker than a used piece of toilet tissue.

Thats how you made me feel, Will. Thats what you left behind.

I wish I could discard you as easily, and then perhaps, maybe, this damn constricting pain

would release its grip on my heart enough to let me cry and get you out of my system. Because I know that's what I need; To cry. To mourn.

Y'know, I ought to feel sorry for you, Will. You had it all. You had me, what the hell did you need her for?

I thought you were special. I thought you were 'the one'. I thought it was the same for you too, Imzadi. How did I get it so wrong?

How?

HOW, WILL!?

At night, I lay here naked in my bed with the window open, letting the breeze drift across my body, imagining it to be your fingers caressing me. God, I miss you touching me. I miss the way you made love to my mouth. I miss the way you made love to my body. I miss the way you made love to 'me', Will.

I miss you.

God, how I miss you.

Sometimes I find myself punching the empty pillow beside me, wishing it were you. But then in the next heartbeat, I find myself hugging that self same pillow to my breast, wishing it were you instead.

And then 'she' fills my mind, and your naked body against hers. I can still smell the scent of your lovemaking and it makes me feel sick inside. If only I'd come to you sooner. If only I hadn't listened to my mother.

If only.

If only I really hated you, William Riker. But all that pours from my soul is love, but a sad kind of love. A heart-breaking kind of love.

Our love.'