

Looking for me

You came to me again last night. I should be flattered, and I guess I am - a little. It tells me I'm important, and that you need me. That you need to wail on my shoulder as yet another man slips through your fingers.

Its hard work pretending that it doesn't hurt me, but it does. It hurts more than you will ever know. I will never tell you how much because if I do, I lose you a little bit more than I already have.

I love the way you lay your head on my shoulder as we wax lyrical about why you failed again. It has become a talent of mine to put the blame entirely on the guy's shoulders rather than yours, even though I know the true reasons why.

Its hard looking into your ebony eyes as I tenderly wipe away tears that don't belong. No man is worthy of your pain. No man except me of course, and that is why I stay a friend. Its even harder telling you that another day another man will take a chance and try to capture what we once had. He'll fail of course, they always do.

It breaks my heart when you finally give me a teary sniff, a kiss on the cheek and go back to your own little world. The world without me. The world without us.

There is you, and then there is me, but never us. I wonder if there ever will be an us again. I hope so, more than anything in the universe. But until then, you are still out there looking for me.

I've yet to invade your dreams, your desires. I was there once, but not now, not for a long time and it tortures my soul to have to constantly tell myself that.

I look around my cabin, bare now your essence has gone. Silent now your whispered fears have been dispelled. Lonely now you've left me to my own dreams and desires, again. Nothing can take the place of you, nothing.

When I'm not out there, pretending to be something I am not, I am here, in my room, waiting, remembering, longing and needing. God, I need you, Deanna.

Its not often I shed tears of my own, but tonight I did. Tonight I nearly lost you forever. Not me, but the other me, the me that has managed to destroy your faith, and trust, and love in me again, and yet again, I'm back to where I started; You've shed tears over me again, and again, I'm going to leave you.

But I'm not, not really, I will always here, I always am. This is me, Deanna, not him. Not Tom who's got a dream to live, without you. But me.

I'm your true Imzadi, and one day you'll walk into my arms and know you've come home, and I'll be waiting. I'll always be waiting...