

Looking for you
by Carol Sandford

I watched the slim form walk away from me, and she smiled as she looked back over her shoulder, her eyes alight with sensual satisfaction. Another success story for her, and another shallow, meaningless roll in the hay for me.

Another attempt at wiping you from my life.

I failed.

Abysmally.

Again.

For a start the woman was almost six feet tall, and she was a red-head. How in hell's name can I make love to her and imagine its you? I don't know how I do it, but I do. Unfortunately, it usually smacks me in the face that its not you right at the last minute. Right when its getting to the crucial part. Right when our soul name begins to overtake and consume me.

But I always end up saying it alone, silently. Reverently. Miserably.

I wonder if it happens to you when you 'entertain'?

I hope so.

God, I hope so.

I look for you in everyone. Everywhere. But I never find you. Never. So I make do with second best. Someone's arms are better than no ones. Thats what I tell myself and thats what I make myself believe. I wonder what excuse you use.

One of these days a woman is going to step into my life and make me forget that I'm hopelessly, desperately, in love with you, Deanna Troi. But Jeez, she is going to have to be one special lady. Special enough for me to make love to her without thinking my soul is going to transcend into the most magical experience I've ever encountered in my entire life.

Special enough to come to me when I'm feeling sad, or lonely, or just when I need to talk, even though I haven't uttered one word.

Special enough to make my insides turn to jello whenever she walks into the room and smile that smile. The smile that is solely for me. The smile that says she loves me as much as I love her.

Special enough to stay in my life no matter what happens, and something will, it always does. I need her beside me, within me, and surrounding me. I Just need her with me, all the way.

Yup, thats going to need one mighty special lady.

"See you tomorrow night, Will. Same place, same time, okay?"

Her soft, lilting voice breaks into my meanderings and I pull my eyes back towards her as she hangs seductively onto the door jamb, trying to tempt me with her long legs, and creamy shoulder, her dress barely covering the voluptuous expanse in between.

I can see she doesn't want to go, but I don't want to wake up beside her in the morning. I know that hurts her but right now, I don't care. That privilege is reserved for one woman and one woman only; You.

But even as I quietly sigh, "Sure, Babe." She's already leaving my cabin, her disappointment evident in the droop of her shoulders, and I've already pulled the coverlet up to my neck, turned on my side and began to drift away.

Its time to dream again.

Its time to go looking for you.