

Lost chance

by Carol Sandford

'I miss her. I don't know why, but I do.

I don't know how many times I had said it, but every time I did, I felt her pull just a fraction more. But where is she pulling me to? There is nothing to culminate the reunion, just another moment of loneliness. Just another reminder that I loved a figment of my imagination.

Only she wasn't, not really. I talked to her. I laughed with her. I held her in my arms and we danced. In my mind's eye I made love to her too. Just another part of my imagination, but it is the strongest one of all. The one I am going to cling on to, no matter what.

I feel her love and it embraces me, even now, even after all this time. I know she felt the same for me, I just know it, and it must have been true, because Barash would not, could not have created Minuet from just a treasured moment in time. The power of our love must have been strong, strong enough to create the ultimate fantasy.

Only he had killed her. I had a chance of loving her all over again and he snatched it away from me. I don't care that he had made a monumental mistake in using her image, and I don't care that he invaded my innermost secrets to obtain that image. But hell, I just wanted to hold her again. I just wanted another chance to satisfy my desolate soul so that I could be with her again.

Love her again.

I wanted to tell her how I felt. I wanted to hear those same words from her. I wanted to taste her skin. Her lips. Her hair. And I wanted to trace pathways with my fingertips, down her throat, between her breasts and further beyond.

Oh God, I wanted her, I wanted her so damn much.

I just wanted a little while.

I feel denied. Cheated. Helpless.

Angry.

Just a little while.

Just a minute.

That's all I wanted.'