

Secrets

by Carol Sandford

When I saw you this morning, I had to stop myself from reaching out to you. You pass me by with a smile, a hello and a twinkle. Don't think I don't know what that twinkle is all about, because I know.

That twinkle is our little secret.

That twinkle is our link to the past, a past that I want to bring to the future. I want you back Deanna, but not until you want me, and you don't.

I miss you, but I don't think you know how much. I ache for you too, and I truly hope you don't know how much.

You pass me by, day after day, and I have to hide my secret away, day after day.

Its like I have a secret life. A life full of you, and me, together. But there is no you and me so I continue to lie, not only to you, but to myself too.

I still make love to you and its as good as it was the first time we set our bodies on fire. I call out your name but you never answer me, because its always your name that I wake up to, whether I want to or not.

I try and try to prolong it, just to see if you answer me, but I always seem to deny myself of hearing it echo back to me. Maybe its my punishment for having this secret life.

I deserve it, I know I do, but I'll never stop dreaming about you, because I know the day that I do will be the day that I die. But, if I've got to take my secret to the grave then so be it.

I feel you gently probe my mind as I sometimes struggle against your nearness, but I've become too adept, too clever to let you see beneath the shallow facade that hides my secret away from you.

Sometimes, when I'm down, you come and wrap your arms around me, and it shakes me to the core to have you so close and yet so far. But it is the one time that I savour just a minuscule moment of insanity as I cuddle you back.

I soak up every tiny shred of your essence. Its usually enough to get me through until the next time. It has to be enough because I don't know what would happen if I reached out for you. Would I let you into my mind and see the secrets that I hold?

Oh God, yes I would and it would destroy me to have you see and for you not to feel the same way.

Oh God.

Oh God.

I smile, and I lie. I do what I have to do to get by, and sometimes it kills me to do it to you. But I've gotten good at my trade. I can bluff my way out of practically anything these days.

There is one person that has gotten close to knowing my secret; Beverly Crusher. I swear she is my secret conscience because she always knows. She always manages to make me squirm with embarrassment. But thankfully, she always grills me when the woman of my constant distractions is conveniently 'out of ears reach'

And, I have to admit, its good to know that someone out there knows how I feel, and I do feel, deeply. Sometimes desperately, and Beverly is always there to see me through.

And yet she stays silent. She keeps my secret safe, and I love her for that.

But not as much as I love Deanna, and I ~do~ love her, with all my heart. But it will have to stay a secret love kept hidden in my secret life.