

## Silence

by Carol Sandford

His words hurt me, but not as much as his silence. I wanted to...needed to talk things through;  
Put logic to his reasoning and a better answer to my question.

He offered me none, just silence. And that silence cut through me like a knife.

One word and then silence. "No." That was it, no explanation, no compromise, nothing. Just  
'No.'

Was I so wrong to want something that I had craved since I was old enough to understand that  
I could; That that was part of who I was; That my life had no meaning if I couldn't do this?

"No."

The word sent a chill through to my soul. I still remember the shock of its impact as though it  
was just a moment ago. But it wasn't, it was yesterday, but it might have well had been a  
lifetime ago.

It would have still destroyed me.

For a thousand years, I have had visions...dreams...fantasies of a tiny being, cradled against  
my breast, with hair as black as midnight, and eyes as blue as the sky.

Even though I was Betazoid, the image of a child with blue eyes was as clear to me as water. I  
never knew why and accepted it as destiny; That one day a man would come into my life and  
give me a child with blue eyes.

But that dream just got shattered into a trillion particles with his refusal, and I didn't  
understand why.

I'd never understand why.

Only that he, my love, my life, my Imzadi, had said 'No.' and broke my heart.