

The Void
by Carol Sandford

Intense, soul-aching passion.

Have you ever experienced it? I have.

I am a firm believer in there only being one person that can fill the void that is within each of us. No matter how big or small that void, until one special person comes along, it stays wide open, and longing.

I had my void filled a long time ago. I never thought it would happen. I never thought I would be blessed enough, or worthy enough to receive the most precious gift that God can give us.

But he did and I will be eternally grateful, no matter what, for letting me be chosen, and I ~was~ chosen, no doubt about it.

Fate had an almighty hand in my union with Deanna Troi. But God was the one who forced me to open my eyes and see beyond the beautiful shell that Deanna was encased in. And she was beautiful - she still is.

Oh, she fought me, all the way, just for a little while. Just long enough to value what was to become, rather than what could have been. I wonder what would have happened if Deanna had not have wanted to become Imzadi. Would I have loved her and then left her ?

Probably.

I know I did that anyway, but I got to more than love her. I got to become a soulmate - ~her~ soulmate. I got beyond the shell and into her heart, and into her very soul. And more wonderful than that, Deanna got into mine. Not only did she fill my void, she filled it so much its guaranteed to continuously overflow for an eternity.

Time passes, love does not. I still love her with that same intense, soul-aching passion. I always will, thats a given. That's my gift from God. For a long time I tried to deny love, but God, and Deanna had other ideas.

The more we are apart, the more, somehow, my soul replenishes the quantity of love that God deigned to share between us. But when I see her. When I touch her. Oh my God, when I kiss her, it bubbles up from the very depths and threatens to drown me.

And I worship it. I treasure it. I ~live~ for it. I live for her.

Sometimes I pass her by and I feel her love sweep through me, but she stays silent. And sometimes when she's sad, I touch her and let her replenish her own soul with what I have to

offer.

I can tell her I love her and she'll laugh in my face. Another time I could tell her and she would step into my arms and soak up my love, like an unquenchable sponge, and then she would step away from me and become my friend again.

We have a strange relationship - and I wouldn't change it for the world.

There have been times when I have needed more, and somehow she always knows that. And sometimes she needs me just as much - more sometimes and I supply what she needs, without the complications. Without the sex.

I am very proud that we have coalesced into more than physical. I am proud that I can hold the one woman in the universe that I love more than life itself and not turn it into a frenzy of desperate need.

Haha! we really do have a strange relationship.

We had a heart-to-heart a long time ago, wondering if we could survive never seeing each other again, and unanimously we both said 'it wouldn't matter, we are locked together, forever, no matter the distance, no matter for how long'

That is the strength of our love.

God put me on this Earth to cherish Deanna Troi, and for her to cherish me. I will always need her. I will always love her. Maybe in our future, God will give us a second chance as one, but until then, I am here and she is with me. That is enough.

For now.