

Why?

by Carol Sandford

Deep within my soul, within my heart, I can still feel you, whispering my name, silently answering the ache inside me, keeping me calm. Keeping me aware, of where I am and who I am and what we are.

I feel the steady throb of your desire and know that you can feel mine. It sweeps through my body leaving me awash with longing and heady with its strength. It's powerful, it's strong, and it's eternally there.

For both of us.

I dream of you beneath me, and upon me, surrounding me both physically and surrealistically. But most of all, I dream of you at home, inside of me and I reluctantly climb out of the dream drenched with desire, always silently reaching out for you, but only clutch at my own intimate scented air that surrounds me instead.

And it hurts, so much.

As I remember you, I am remembering me. So long ago and so young, so innocent and so very naive. I knew about love and of the force that it takes to hold you within its arms, but I had never been touched by it. I had never felt the magic.

That was until you came along. That was until you stormed into my life, caught my eye, my heart and my fantasies and you showed me what love, ~real~ love, really was.

It was better than my wildest imagination. Better than my most secretive dreams.

Oh God, here I go again.

I want to feel that way again, Will. I want to feel you. ~You~.

Not the dreams, nor the memory and not my own careless hands trying desperately to re-enact yours. I need to feel the tender sweep of your fingertips gliding over my skin as your lips set fire to my soul.

I need to lose myself in your blue eyes as you hover above me, waiting, waiting until that perfect moment when our souls connect, our hearts melt, our lips touch and our bodies finally give into the importance of what is about to be, and surge into one being.

I need it.

I need you, Imzadi.

I can't keep concealing my thoughts from you, it's slowly killing me. Just knowing what we could be together is like dying every time I think of us.

We have so much to give to each other, more than what we had before. ~Better~ than what we had before, so why do we hesitate? Why can't we accept the love that destiny has bestowed upon us? Why are we ignoring the gift that God created, just for couples like us.

~Imzadi~

We came together by chance and were not ready for what everything Imzadi demanded of us. Years later we came together by good fortune and still we hesitated.

Why, when it is as obvious as the love that still shines in your eyes for me, and as heady as the desire that seeps from your soul, and mine, when you are near.

We were meant to touch, and feel. We were meant to love, and make love, with each other. Why don' t we, Imzadi?

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