

The Apparition of Your Love

Ocean blue depths, a sky full of stars and my world only falls into place when I catch a glimpse of you. Even if just for a moment, my heart still reaches out for your gentle touch and tender voice that spoke to me.

‘Ready, my love?’ You ask, your forgiving hands embracing mine, my senses enveloped by your touch that I blindly yielded to. You guided me along fate’s cords, back and forth, in a waltz between worlds. Truly, you were a gift fit to be found amongst heavens’ oceans.

I count the steps as they come, feeling your guidance as we step lightly along the rhythm of our hearts. Understanding, compassionate? Or was it mercy and lenience? Time and time again we danced this waltz, only to be here again.

A heavy heart is what I cradle in my arms instead of you. Our lives entangle as we stumble over one other until we lose the melody, strangling the rhythm of its last breath. Our dance collides with earth. We’re left in ruins, to yearn, to fight, teaching one another time and time again that we weren’t made to last.

Departing this world, I’m taking flight in hopes of finding a “someday” that I’ll mindlessly keep searching for in every place I go, in every person I see. Truthfully, an illusion is what it was, a hallucination, a delusion, an unconscious nightmare. Yet, I cling to this without a second thought.

Like being haunted by a poltergeist, I know you’re there but I can’t feel you. You’re everywhere that I’m not, worlds away amongst unprecedented stars. Have we become another one of Shakespeare’s “star crossed lovers” ? Have we become the cliché? We definitely sculpted it to be our own “authentic” tragedy. Even so, I can’t deny that these feelings, they were because of you.