The Hope That He Would Not Fade

*by kimberly syntra*

“Will I see you again?” she asks in a near whisper, letting her eyes drift shut as she waits to hear his response.

“Soon”, says the breathing on the other side of the door. But when she turns the corner and descends the stairs she feels a sinking deep inside, his voice echoing that precarious promise he had yet to break. No, it won’t be long now.

And yet, there was something so tempting about the boy that she could not place, nor could she give up; his shoulders, his back, his cotton shirt - try as she might she could not tear him from her thoughts. Up, down, blended, feeling skin - their connection was beyond doubt. Him with his careful regard, his freckled arms keeping her wrapped up, tangled in bedsheets that smelled of sandalwood.

There was something so soft, so familiar in the hands that cupped her cheek. But if she thought too deeply, she might undress the spell he curated just for her, and so she did not dare question their affinity.

Alone in her room she will linger inside her visions of the boy, until the time comes. She will remember him exactly as he was - forget sense, reason, intent. She will lay eyes closed, wide awake, and picture him reaching out - his love spilling across her, warming her.

Tonight, as any other, she will dream of him.