

16. Mon Amour, Mon Chéri, Ma Chérie

It was the 10th century. It was the 14th century. It was the 18th century. It was the 21st century. Across a room, across a hall, across a bridge, across a garden party, across the ruins of a habitat.

Two pairs of eyes meet, through time and space, two green, two blue, almost synchronised in the gaze being caught. A few quickened heartbeats, a rush of blood to the face, possibly an under the breath gasp. Acknowledgement of each other unsaid but visibly observed, perhaps a nod of the head, or a half smile sent. The short distance between a duo of impending lovers traversed by that look before any physical shift to be adjacent. Some fumbled introductions, embarrassed interactions and light laughter. A closing of proximity, an almost conspiratorial closeness of the heads, quiet whispers to be heard by only them.

The baser attachment from our animal selves, emotions, feelings, and physical need, the palpitations when they are in sight. An increase in sweat however cold or hot, pheromones spraying in the air, the swelling of genitals as they draw near. A like for the smell of their hair, or the smoothness of their arms, the feel of their hands, the union of bodies hugging and kissing as the relationship grows deeper. Meeting of minds, agreements and disagreements to be had on the topic of the day, to maintain individuality as merge and bind inevitably it must be.

Similarity in interests, or willingness with the new to try, more and more passing time becomes 'we', and not 'I'. Primitive attraction remains, but subsumed by the intellect, higher emotions, and the practicalities of changing lives. Closer, living together or at least within contact, neither can truly live anymore alone. On such a populated planet, alone remains true, until a meeting, with who may be that one.

And when they come together, in whichever chamber, there is a touching of the spirit, a glow of light so bright it might blind their eyes of green or blue. The chamber dissolves, the world dissolves, the universe dissolves, and only oblivion exists, which they both together now seek. Physical contact, passion and exploring each other's topography, growing familiarity of the flesh, their touch, and connection as entwined they are set. Breathless, wet and exhausted, feeding the addiction of each for each. Better than the first, each experience building on the last.

And possibly difficulties, obstacles and problems to surmount in the physical world, the blinding light remains, illuminating solutions and methods, so they can remain a pair. The aching of hearts, a physical distress when apart, it focuses each one's mind so greatly, nothing else might matter, but to see the other, to sense and feel, to breathe each other in.

Perhaps one of either does not meet the acceptance and standards of family, friends and peers around. But it matters not to the other, for the glaring light ensures blindness to those who oppose, the quickening of heart deafening to any criticism not gracefully said. They will defy all, both will fight to be as one, together and for what needs to be an eternity, their inner light undimmed, darkness for once extinguished. And whatever commitment, ceremony or recognition that is met, their union was already brightly visible for each.

There may be many words, images, and sounds that describe what they have as true love, amour, but between them exists a lexicon of their own. Ups as well as downs will come and go, perhaps tears, or more laughter, but their shared sun will glow and they will be warmed by more of its heat. And mayhaps eternity was too long, a stretch too far, an unrealistic goal, touched by the other; they will continue until lives inevitably end. Just note, it could be you, it could be me, it could be him, her, they or them. For everyone should witness that light at least once, it will make life that little bit brighter, not always to be single, you with you, alone.