

Him and Me

Tomorrow he comes. He's close now; I can hear his breath, his scent on my fingertips. I imagine his warmth in the bed and his lips caressing.

I watch the lapping waves coming and retreating. The waves of our love grow with the tide and recede again, only to be drawn back further up the shore. The ebb and flow of tenderness then distance. I turn to watch young lovers laughing as a wave reaches for their shoes. He grabs her round the middle and makes as if to toss her into the foam. With a screech she is released and they bound away across the sand. I remember those passionate days when the sea was rough, the waves smashing into the shore, tangling in the seaweed. Our love hurled at each other, the crash of our desires met with equal force. One minute freezing, as if the icy waters from the Arctic had pooled in our souls, yet the next, we were tropical, burning with the heat of our affection. There have been many years since those storms. Warm temperate years, cool pale years, and then there is now.

The weather is fine today, a spring day at last, the sun warms the back of my coat. The waves are gentle, circling the wet sand edging ever higher to the spot where I sit. I can feel him coming closer, slowly but surely he will arrive, and once again our love will blossom with the daffodils. It won't be the fever of first love, but it will be just as satisfying. There is a pebble by my foot, smoothed by years of the sea's caress. We are alike, years of love have rubbed the sharp corners off, made us smooth and comfortable to hold. There will be no fireworks, no clash of symbols, we will not rush, or tear the fabric. Him and me, we will fit together as we have always done, and we will be home.