

I watch you sleep

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova



I watch you sleep, silently and gratefully.

For so many days, you didn't have the luxury of peaceful, quiet sleep, offering you rest and new strength to face another day. For too many days, your mind was haunted by thoughts beyond any human imagining, beyond any understanding, beyond anything I can even think of...

Now, the spell has been broken and finally, you can rest in the land of dreams, not nightmares. Your face - tired but as beautiful in my eyes as always - seems almost untouched, almost as if none of the terrible, destructible events ever happened. My eyes follow the outlines of your temples, cheeks and chin that I so love, tracing with my fingers, making your skin almost burn beneath their touch. Your hair, which reminds me of a glowing sun on summer midday, lines your face in shapes that are so familiar and yet, after today, so new.

I watch you sleep, quietly and buried in my memories of you, of *us*...

I realise that nothing will be the same as before - I do believe it will be even better. No heartache, no torture of soul, no physical harm can ever defeat *us*. You may not remember now, but I will remember for you. I will remember and remind you of everything until one day, your memory will return. Then you will know, and we will remember together...

You will remember how my lips touched yours in the first *real* kiss... How your eyes opened and saw me, saw my despair, my need, my all, right down to the core of my being, exposed to your view without shame. You saw how the teardrops from my eyes wetted your cheeks and lips, and you tasted them with wonder and growing appetite of someone who had been deprived of water for so long...

You may not remember how your arms finally dared to hold me like a man holds the woman he loves in their most intimate moments, needily yet gently, revealing that part of yourself that you kept under a lock and key for your whole life. That part, which you always feared was untamed

and would bring destruction upon the one you love. The part that made me realise that despite knowing you so well, I still knew so little. The part that opened my eyes to a world of unimaginable beauty, unexpected tenderness and unparalleled intensity. You may not remember, but I do...

I watch you sleep, smiling and hoping...

Nothing is ever certain; the road to recovery will be a long one. Those who are lucky to love and be loved can be strong, though, braving the biggest storms with fierce resilience and determination. We *are* strong, like two rivers flowing into a sea becoming one, never to part again. Together, we have and will overcome anything. Whatever happens, whatever comes, forever...

I finally allow my emotions to run free, and although trying to stay calm and composed for your sake, I cannot but give in...

I give in to the memory of your touch, truly feeling me for the first time.

The memory of your breath on my face, caressing me like a warm breeze, making me shake like a leaf.

The memory of your kisses, speeding my heartbeat almost to a point of pain, the sweetest pain I've ever known.

The memory of the astonished look in your eyes when you instinctively, and finally unafraid, understood that we were about to cross the threshold of another kind...

I watch you sleep, in love and blessed...

What we have is all that matters; it's worth everything. And what we have is each other, unconditionally, eternally, completely. For whatever our souls are made of, yours and mine are the same...

I watch you sleep...

*"If I had a flower for every time I thought of you...
I could walk through my garden forever."
- Alfred Tennyson -*

