

When All Goes to Black

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For a moment all goes to black and all of you comes into all of me. A thousand tiny sand-size stars race around my mind and then, down the length of my body, traveling in and out of curves and turns until the whole of me is warm. The half-light of the room throws gray shadows across the walls as cars pass by from a world outside of our own. I can hear your sighs, they remind me of how close you are to parts of me that I cannot see. Somewhere from the west, past the shiny wet streets of a rainy September night I can hear thunder and know that it's on its way. I can hear it picking up momentum.

There's a rhythm we both know. My hands find all the places I think about when we're not together. I find comfort underneath your weight, as the thunder draws closer. The rain begins to tap harder on the window and a quiet whimper of wind breaks through a gap in the frame. There are more sighs and quicker hands and gentle jerks; a pace I see in my mind when I fall asleep alone.

The rain falls harder. Lighting sets the room aglow and can only be seen as black and white contrast through closed eyes. Thunder announces its presence like a giant fist breaking through the roof. Then, the rhythm catches and the thousand tiny sand-size stars return. Lighting again, this time we see, as our eyes lock and dare not blink. All goes to black silence except for the sound of your sighs in-between my choked cries. In those moments all of your being is aligned with mine. We find love that is unparallel. Unmatched. A charge of wind rattles the window in its frame. More thunder, more lighting, more rain. Within the calm chaos I find clarity and am able to forget the stone exterior that I front for fear of revealing too much that is inside of me. As we collapse into each other I tuck my emotions back into the pockets of my mind and heart and tell you that I have to go home. You tell me to wait out the storm