Dreamer

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When reflection and wishes are all we have, and need can never be attained...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/dreamer.aspx

Water rushes in to meet her toes, wiggling things in the sand, petite and pretty. A wistful sigh escapes her as she turns her eyes to the horizon and wonders once more where he might be? What he might be doing? Her Dreamer. Does he think of her like she does him, she wonders. Does the night caress him with the softest brush of its lips, the darkness creep over his skin all shadows and longing and prickle his flesh with a kiss?

She smiles as she closes her eyes and turns her face into the dwindling warmth of the dying light. The night approaches, stealing away from her Dreamer across the waves, returning home to roost once more in her heart. Her night peaks at the corner of her world and with his arrival she knows her time will soon be over.

She will no longer be the only person in this world, no longer be alone, no longer be serenity... tranquility... peace. She knows she will have to turn back from the edge of the world, turn back from the longing, turn back from her Dreamer and step once more onto the footpath of her frantic life. She sighs and delays, stretching out the time into another moment of silent reflection, wishing she could make it stand still, create a pocket of calm where her mind can chase its thoughts back through the inner forest of her imagination without restriction or recourse – chase her dreams and her Dreamer through the concourse of her unconscious mind and for another moment, another second she can have everything that she longs for.

She releases another breath into the world and wonders if it might someday find her Dreamer and caress the vaulted rim of his ear as it whispers her name to his soul. She opens her misty eyes, deep and fathomless in that moment as she contemplates her reality. A hint of that wistfulness in her eyes as she flicks them sideways and then drops her chin; a self conscious half smirk on her lips.

She tiptoes along the shore, biding time. Sand like powder, white and sharp with the scent of salt, crisp with ozone, shifts beneath her feet. Feet... she smiles... dainty little things, slender legs, muscles that ripple and bunch as she moves, knees that knock only slightly with every step and skin... bronzed skin, that gleams with a lustre stolen from the sun, glides over her body as it tries to contain all that

she is in that instant.

Midnight tresses, shimmering and silken, dance about her jaw as the wind picks it up and runs it through his teasing fingers, snatching it back from her brow one moment only to throw it forward the next, flicking it up into her chocolate gaze, warm and sultry and shy all at the same time. A tiny smile licks at the corner of her mouth, bravely trying to rally her lips into a form that will brighten her face like starlight as she thinks about how he would reach forward and brush her hair back from her face if he were here.

Fingers that were warm and sure; would skim across her brow and brush against her heart in the same second as they brushed against her skin and she would turn her face away, drop her gaze, her skin flushing hot, as her fear of showing too much robs her of his bewitching, witching, witch hazel eyes.

She knows he would see it, her Dreamer, the instant he glanced at her. He'd see the moment she gave over everything she was, he'd see the moment she lost her heart, the instant it leapt from her body, across the gap and into his. Nestling in to meld and blend, hearts beating as one, a pair so profound that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, souls so entwined about the essence of each other that Dreamer or not, they'd always be together no matter the distance that kept them apart.

She sucks in a breath, drawing in the night like her long lost lover. Light fades and she turns her back on the lapping, gamboling sea. Her companion, the wind, tries to catch her attention once more with a slow caress along the arch of her neck, teasing at the edge of her hearing, whispering sweet nothings in her ear and testing the sound of her name on his lips. She gives a sad smile and shakes her head, wishful thinking tearing at her happiness in the dream as reality sets back in.

She lifts her head and walks resolutely onward watching the way forward from beneath her brows, or is it the way backward? She blinks not sure which way she is going. Wind trails in her wake like a puppy eager for attention but she ignores him. Night dances in behind her and wraps himself like cloak about her shoulders, bowing her down as he settles his cowl over her hair and once again jealously guards the only thing she has of worth. She hefts her shoulders and draws him closer, her dark lover, her night. He is her shield against the mundane life that beckons to her once more as her feet leave the sand behind. A million tiny grains cling to her soles in one last desperate effort to keep her glowing light upon them as she steps from their backs and onto a greener land.

Earth and green crumple beneath her feet; crushed and as forgotten as an afterthought, when she steps away from her Dreamer. The footpath summons her... like the inevitable that cannot be denied. And once again that mantle of her life lays heavy around her neck. She strains back, twisting and

tilting her head from side to side as she tries once more to find that comfortable fit. But for some reason it cannot be found.

She stops for a moment, the path cold and grey, dead beneath her feet. She lets her head fall back, her closed eyes and open face imploring the spangled sky to just ‘let it be’... let her be... let him be! Her Dreamer, her lost heart...

Her sigh could fill a thousand sails, as she breathes it out into the universe, silent as a prayer and just as rare for her, as she wishes yet again that the invisible threads that hold her down were gone. She knows this can never be, but she wishes for it anyway and that sigh... that breath... it echoes out into the world, along the ley lines that pulse with the heart beat of the world and through the mists of an old forgotten realm, taking with it all that she is to her Dreamer across the waves, and whispers in his ear...

My love...