

One hundred beats to the heart

When she sits down to tell this story, she hopes that this will put her to ease. Like a cleansing process that would leave her free of a burden, lifted from this curse of a love that once possessed her. As she would tell me this story, word for word, the memories would leave her too. Wishing there will then be nothing left of this virus that haunts her to every part of the day. But as it turns out this story is not at all about love, but about the drive. It is about the making, its passion; this is desire.

He called, or maybe she did. Then he came over, no, she picked him up in her car. They had the excuse picked out, the movie they never watched till finish. It was a light comedy to make it a light hearted evening, or maybe it was a violent one, difficult to watch and follow in a language neither of them spoke. Maybe these are both true at separate evenings. But the first time was the beginning, and their play a carving job of memory.

This is what has stayed with her, every now and then she sees the images, feels a flash of the presence of the moments they shared. Let's see if we can cut to the core as to why, since love has nothing to do with it.

They lie together on the couch, she in front of him, stretched out close to him back turned. She feels him like that, so close, each breath and movement of his muscles. His being is focused on her, she can sense him not paying any attention to the movie that is playing unnoticed in front of her eyes. She turns and lay on her back, turning her head slightly and meeting his eyes, turning back to the moving image of the TV she draws a deep breath trying to find herself in the tension.

In memory she sees all this as a film, she is not the subject anymore, in her memories she is an observer, watching as if this was the movie and she not part of it.

He slowly lifts his hand and places it on her cheek turning her face; she is now facing the ceiling. He puts his fingertips to her chin and very slowly looking closely at her turning her chin upwards tilting her head back over the armrest of the couch. One slow decisive movement, she gives in, makes no resistance. He inhales heavily studying the outline of her face, her now extenuated jawbone. He runs his fingers over her face, tracing her lines, bringing his index finger down the centre of her forehead and down her nose, touching her lips he turns her face towards him and kisses her.

This was the first time, not the last, not even the most intense. There were many nights, many nights of playing this game with known rules, they were both crazy for each other and kept pushing the limits. Did they know, yes they probably did. All that time, waiting, and craving for each other. Touching between them was never boring, never without the outer most desire. Nothing about the attraction was ordinary; this was intense sharing of pleasure, of exploring.

Tirelessly they would invent new ways of bringing each other pleasure, finding another part of one another's bodies to adore and play with.

Looking back she can hardly remember ever having sex with him, and yet they did little else. They would

tease and challenge each other for hours on end without even getting close to sex, yet that is what it must be called. Time was of no essence and hard to keep track of, every move unrushed. His presence in the moment was complete and his way with her so sure and persuasive but still patient. This was all that mattered to them and if they spent a life time playing this game they would not tire.

Why then was this not enough, how can passion grow so wild when love is missing? Or maybe this was the premise; there was no promise of love, so there was only the moment. In the end this did not hold them, they are apart now. Never did she tire of him and yet their fate was doomed, like a beautiful constellation in the skies that after a brief moment in time dissolves.

One hundred beats to the heart, these memories exhausts her. So strong is the yearning, so deep the desire to have that passion back that it is like a punch. And yet, love has nothing to do with it. Like a little taste of heaven, a door left open but to an empty house.

She kept searching for love, because this is the reason he was never enough. Love is the life to our soul, passion the wood that will merge it with our flesh. She has fire in her heart now; since her love now has found her. So she makes a wish; that this will be the one, at last the one. This is the last stroke, the beat to the drum that pounds in her heart. All fires alight, for this dance into eternity, our souls unite. One hundred.

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