The Night

by Derek Osborne

her parents were gone they sat on the love seat side by side saying nothing the longest time just staring through big glass doors leading out to the deck and the soft blue rippling shadowed stone wall his arm on the back of the couch not touching not yet and not saying but getting there closer and closer so close he could smell her hair and sense her under the sweater and jeans the big fire roaring blue bottle of wine her thigh barely touching her chest softly rising and falling his own breath shallow and quick remembering how she had looked at the lake and how she had looked getting dressed in the sun and all to do now but lean in and touch her cheek her mouth and that would be that would be everything already spoken unspoken but said all the same when she looked in his eyes on their afternoon walk though never quite sure but must be so they were there after all alone in the dark with their bodies breathing whispering touching can't get much closer and nothing else now left to do so just do it her face is lifting her lips parting his own a taste forever tasted and measured compared then lost to living and lost to time until found in these words such moments in silence solitude wandering back to that day that kiss remembered that kiss reborn that kiss that kiss and oh that kiss that once and only fall into love

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