

A Young Twenty

by Kerri Dinneny

This is no age for love; this is a time for discovery. So no time for me to sit around my candle is slowly burning, while wind combs my hair. If this is what loves comes to then I predict in the eventuality of me being an old woman by the sea living with her friend, the wind. It will take one day less than forever for me to admit to him and if I die tomorrow may my soul delve in the revelry for the thrill of almost perfection. I kissed him with I was young and drunk, second time foolish.

Two loves had come before him but neither quite the same for me. I seem to admire ending their love rather than ending their fairytales. But that is precisely my point. Perhaps my decision will hurt me more later on but my reasoning stays devout. The treasure of holding him at a foot's length until that day before forever, may never even come.

Gentleman at heart and at his will as well, his prose is few and not delicate but his intent is wholly pure. I've seen his contented-sour and he's been forbidden magic since the age of fifteen. Now at a young twenty, my cravings tell me he would be a suitable marrying mate. And while I wait to satisfy the itch to see and feel him day and night, he grows the same distance older from me each year, not yet far away.

Friendship belongs to our heads not our hearts. He is not the sole person on my mind. No immediate gratification except my hope as my home for him. And if or when he loves another, I would truly be happy for him. No tension grown from jealousy, nor rage of impatience. Our laced intimacy will still survive.

And if I love a fourth, I would keep my word to the statement above. No scarring, just eloquent bones and a small ache that will be forced to subside. Even now as I gush, my ached is pushed from my sight to maintain this silenced but inscribed relation. I don't want to let it go because I'm afraid he won't come back. If i grasp for control over possibility, uncertainty along with the mystery will be lost.

And in all honesty, I am terrified that my third love would be my last. Judge me, shame me, and hurt me but my will to love him is only inside because I cannot, will not, finish that love.

