

Brave Whisper

Working to replenish our bodies from hours of dancing as one flowing song moved us again and again and again. We embraced, and I felt a whisper from your soul. You wanted me to feel your words, but to speak them might break the spell. A spell that was, for us both, long overdue and too fragile to trust to words.

I drank in those silent words with a deep full breath feeling you settle into my chest. My heart opened like a flower and joined the space where that whisper was born. The child of that joining, a single tear, ran down my cheek. A Tear of Happiness, A Tear of Hope, A Tear of Whispers not yet words.

The power of that brave whisper is with us even now. Its' spell, weaving and growing through us in a frozen moment of time.

Two souls that refused to let hope die.

Two fools not yet ready to realize that hope has already attached in a way that cannot be reversed with a power that will not be denied.

A Dance of Hope and Fear

A Spell of Love and Tear

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