

Sink or swim

She swore to God she'd never do it, but you oughtn't *never say never*, cause life's more intelligent than whatever Hell anyone's living.

The mere look of him, the sole thought of him made her whole body shiver. They connected like they had with no one ever before, puzzle pieces perfectly assembled together as if magically fit by a Divinity or a celestial creature.

She dare not breathe, not to awaken the beast that possibly lay hidden next to her inside that godly figure. Manly sculpture, masculine hands and the sweetest heart no Human would've ever imagined had they only been shown his face.

No regrets but a scary jealousy that bathed her entire self whenever she remembered who he was with when he was not with her. The bed seemed obscure and adolescent when he was not sleeping next to her.

She had tried so damned hard not to fall in love, but the unexpected words came floating out of his mouth sooner than what estimated and she found herself answering them back, no matter what, no matter how, just in case the wind would blow them and she wouldn't be able to make him understand the deepness of her caring before he ever left this world.

It was a forbidden apple so intensely dreamed of, a bitter-sweet melody herself had so many blessed times composed in her mind. Her head twisted and twirled to a new song she had forever fantasized, never reached. It was receiving the Christmas present you've been daydreaming for since you were a little child. The princess would no longer kiss any more frogs.

Too bad it all had a danger zone, too risky, a brisk in the wind, swan in the pond, melted ice and yellow snow. She hated herself for doing so, he hated himself for denying. Let them both shiver, tremble in the hot tub. The Jacuzzi had been prepared, warmed during hours only to reach the exact temperature at which whatever ego would liquidize; ice to snow, fire to ashes. It was difficult to think of anything else, almost impossible to imagine such a powerful desire, two perfect souls entangled in a sober match of drunken parties and never ending nights, when me and you, him and her, femininity vs. masculinity revolved together and evolved into a female chauvinism longer than the black race, stronger than past slavery.

He who wanted to understand did, them who wouldn't dare to try strong enough desisted in their call.

London calling and a desire that was higher than the moon, thicker than the sky, emptier than a drug addict's vein. No blood, no sugar, no vessels to be found. Inner happiness, smoked atmosphere and his cigarette exhalations maintained them warm, whilst her friends reminded her of the other partner; the sick, same old song that she had danced to for so long.

She deserved him; they were united. No existent force could ever separate such a fixed bond. No God had ever imagined of even creating such an emblematic celebration of casual coincidence or planned destiny; brown sugar, cotton candy, sugar rush, *Candy Man*. The rush hour hit the roads and their baby awaited them to decide which way to go; North or South, black or white.

In the meantime their psyches interconnected in a higher level. Intelligence flew away, body boards lay still awake, fingers and toes fitting even more exactly when together than when apart.

God bless thee who reads these words, save us who cannot reach a more complicated comprehension of the most unknown Universe that will ever exist in this our own planet.

Forgive those who shall sin and sink in your soles that who implies a difficult exposure of Eden.

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