

Intended to last

Some loves have just been born, others that are about to die, still others that have lasted for days, months, or even years. But theirs, that was intended to last.

They are lovers in the real world, yet it seems that their love has been made for movie screens. Some people think that they live too far away from each other, some others agree that their love is too big for two little ones like them, still, others believe that they are too young to understand what love is. She reckons that if she knows what love is, it is because of him.

Yet she can not touch him. He is too far away from where she is.

They met by chance, so randomly that people would say that it is a storybook. They met each other in the other part of the world for some purely, unplanned and accidental conditions. He is always afraid that if he had not taken that plane, they would not have met each other, though she always comforts him saying that she would have found a way for crossing his path one day or another. Somehow, she would have found him. She would go looking for him.

Him, who was her other half, the one the Greek poets sang about.

Yet she can not touch him. He is too far away from where she is.

When you are in love, you understand literature better, she thought. She, who has always been so careful not to take off that armor that protected her for years, to prevent her from getting hurt, now begins to better understand the words of Emily Bronte when the poet states: *“He’s more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same”*.

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Love. She reckons that she loves him. She does so. He is the first one that she has ever loved. What is love though? It is a whirlwind of new and conflicting emotions. You feel like you are one step away from the ground but always far from the sky, you feel good but only with that person. You feel closed in a glass bubble unable to be without him. He is the center of your universe, he has your heart in your hands, and only he can decide whether to love and understand you or to destroy you in a thousand little pieces. Loving someone makes you the weakest and strongest person in the world, she thought.

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She didn't fall in love with him because she needed him, or that she wanted someone to hold, or that she needed him to make her feel loved. She didn't fall in love with him because she wanted to do so. She fell in love with him because it was the most natural thing to do. She fell in love with him because the moment she met him everything stopped. The sounds around them were all muted and all she could hear was his voice. And she had no other thought in the world but how can she make him happy for the rest of his life, because he was already doing so much for her and he didn't even realize that.

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He looks at her, with those eyes that speak for themselves. Those eyes have learned to communicate whole sentences without resorting to the intervention of the mouth and words. Those eyes know that talking too much would waste a lot of time, too much and they can't afford that.

Those eyes are therefore the main characters of either unsaid words or the whispered ones. Sentences that were breathed in the middle of the night, where it was the only moment that they could not be seen by the others. Only the moon stared at them.

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Most of the time they are only allowed to look at themselves through a screen. They get lost in each other's gaze, aware that touching each other is a gift that many have but which they consider to be a privilege: where a hug gives you goosebumps, a caress makes you smile and a kiss makes you move. They can not take anything for granted because nothing is owed to them. Due to the distance, encounters are rare but the few times that they are allowed to see each other, in love, they just stare at each other. Time, their archenemy, seems to stand still. Actually, it's time to go.

Yet she can not touch him. He's too far away from where she is.

They dream big, they dream of "The City", they dream of being able to indulge in the other without any limitations, without having to always be careful to look at the clock because soon one of the two would have to leave the other.

They live on dreams and good memories that they had created by themselves because only those they could hold on to. They hope to make it, that sooner or later they would reach the shore, and the sacrifices made to see each other would become just an etched memory to be able to tell.

Yet she can not touch him. He's too far away from where she is.

She turns, he is not there, yet she feels him close and seems to hold her hand and whispers:

"Keep swimming, my dear one, the shore is getting closer and closer"

And so they both did it, they continued to swim until they reached the shore.

Maybe, at the end of the day, he hasn't been that far away from where she was.

