

DREAMSCAPE

He stood there for hours

Atleast it felt so

But with the calm of this night

Beckoned by the chirping of crickets;

The rustling of dry leaves on the moist earth

And the tiny echoes his breaths made

Through the scarf that dangled over his face

Time had simply stood still

The cool breezes sent shivers down his spine

The long electric type that made his skin crawl

He wasn't sure why he was there

At this place...

Near this house...

But his dreams had led him there

Every night for the past three weeks

And here he stood once again

He pressed his shoulders into the huge oak tree behind him

And that's when he noticed her faint scent

Intertwined with nature's aroma

Her fragrance always sent him reeling

It reminded him of the ocean;

Refreshing and calming

He could almost imagine her crimson smile and her jovial eyes;

And her graceful movement as the faint pattering of her footsteps greeted the night

He turned around and he was suddenly intoxicated
Her perfume flooded his senses
And he became light headed
Her long dark curly hair illuminated by the moonlight;
Bounced across her caramel skin as she walked
Her red dress laced with curves moved with her every step
And her supple breasts nestled underneath glowed, teasing his libido.
But still her infectious laughter;
The soft chuckles that complimented the atmosphere
Stole the spotlight in his head

He hid quickly as she cut through the hedge to her walkway
She stopped suddenly and kneeled near a flower patch
And he became intrigued when he saw her settle and sniff a bunch of red roses;
Her luscious lips grazing the petals and he lurched just at the thought
His careless movement drew her attention
And for a brief second her bright almond eyes pierced through his
Sending jolts of electricity through his body
And just as before, his thoughts evaporated
And he was back in the confines of his corporate office

He sunk lower into his seat and faced his view of the city
The warm rays of the sun penetrating the glass window
And nibbling gently at his skin;
So warm and calming
He could sense that he would doze off again
He would probably just call it a day
But his new partner was coming in today

And already late by the looks of it....

As he was about to stand up to pace his office
He heard the murmurs of office workers and the distinct laughter from his boss
“Finally!” he sighed as he edged to the door
But stopped dead in his tracks when a delicate fragrance pervaded his nostrils;

Refreshing and calming

He looked up to find the most dazzling brown eyes staring right at him
And the darkest black curls dangling perfectly over caramelized skin

The same red lips he’d dreamed about curved into a smile

And he quivered in the moment

Time had simply stood still

YOU SAY YOU LOVE HER

Like a maple tree during spring

Pregnant with lush greenery

Ripe, plush, radiant

So it begins a tale forced by nature

A tale of her

Her bodice tall and firm

Unwavered by interference

Even in the wind she dances to its song

A melody unrelentless

But with time she tans

Her trench coat now breathing a fiery red

Now bitter with age

The cold breezes frighten her

He nips at her foliage

She's tired...oh so tired
She no longer welcomes the gusts
But she gives in to him...slowly
He unravels her brown dress
And she crumbles under his touch
Button by button; leaf by leaf
She is stripped
Until her bust is bare; no longer supple
Until her hand is crippled, no longer hidden
She is naked and cold
And tired...so very tired.
You say you love her
But why would you leave her
You say you love her
But why would you strip her
To nothing more than bark and memories,
Remnants of a vivid past
For it was like yesterday
That you held her close and nestled her body
You say you love her
But why aren't you here
You say you love her
Well, that's what they all say

WORK OF ART

The mould of mud now lay lifeless on the turn table

Staring at him; challenging him

Dipping his hands in the refreshing warm water he breathed
in

Satiating his already worn out soul with its essence

He then massaged the red sticky mass before him

So natural, so earthy

Similar to her scent

Vanilla and strawberry cream

He breathed in deeply;

To capture the air around him

To capture her

This exercise was supposed to help him

Well distract him

Well save him

From his thoughts

...from his past

From her

But it only worked momentarily

They all did

The cold brown clay clung to his palm perfectly

Hands dripping

Cupping the clay carefully as it took on a life of its own

Kneading; Feeling; Folding; Poking

Just like her

Her playfulness always mesmerized him

And her jovial laugh always warmed him
Like the warm clay melting into his fingertips
Making contours for his pot he swirled and prodded
Till it reminded him of her curls
And of her round bodice; so tantalizing
He gripped the outer body tighter
Then felt it drying out beneath him
Dipping his hands; now heavy with more water
It renewed him
Or maybe it was the tears that trickled down his face
See it always went back to her
It always did

With his mud-crust hands he nestled into his favorite
chair
And eyed his finished product
It was beautiful.....
She was beautiful
She always had been
Truth is he'd never forget her
How could he
It's always been about her
It always would be
The one who got away
His work of art

WORK OF ART II

Colorful prisms of light shot through the art store in all its
splendor

A spectrum of beauty exuded at every hue and tint
beckoning her into its depths...

As she entered, the faintest aroma tickled her nostrils
soothingly

Vanilla and strawberry cream...her favorite

She breathed in to capture the air around her...

To capture this moment in its entirety

Her gaze then became fixated on an earthen mass in the
center of the display chamber

It was the most beautiful vase she had ever laid her eyes on

With the richest paint glossing over its robust curves

And the most intricate details adorning its form

And an exquisite light brown undertone that glistened

It resembled her copper tone complexion whenever the sun
left remnants of its kisses,

Her bouncy brown curls trembled silently...

Somehow this seemed oddly familiar

It was weird that she could feel the pain of the sculptor with
everything in her right now

And as her hands smoothed over the voluptuous curves of
the figure, she shuddered,

It was the smoothest touch, sending the calmest chills down
her spine

She could tell that the sculptor took his time with this
one...

She could tell that this vase was something special....

Truth is, this piece resonated with her more than anything
else in the art store

She was drawn into that moment.....

It reminded her of something....
Something she tried so hard to forget...
Of someone she needed to forget...
Of all those years where his lips stole her breath and his
touch melted her inhibitions...
Even years after, thoughts of him ignited sparks of fire that
no man could ever recover
And here she was staring into an inanimate object that
evoked it all
This sent her senses reeling
It was all too much
She learnt how to mask her pain so well all those years
And here, it was reduced to nothing...
She tried so hard to distract herself from her thoughts
...from her past
From him
But it only worked momentarily
They all did...
And she was now reduced to a plethora of nostalgia...
Eying the label, her heart almost stopped... 'To my Elle,'
Thoughts of his voice cooing her name lovingly ripped
through her heart...
Joined in with his chiseled face, boisterous laughter and
mesmerizing charm,
She lurched to catch her breath and unexpectedly bumped
into the perfect clay mass
It crumbled into a mass of beautiful pieces
Each fragment glimmering on the cold tiled floor
Simultaneously, she was bombarded with feelings of
extreme pain and disappointment,
Similar to her first heart break when she left him,

And it felt like her heart lay on the floor once more
Fragments of him that would forever be pieces of her...

See it always went back to him...she knew now...

It would forever be him...

Truth is she'd never forget him

How could she

It's always been about him

It always would be

And she would forever be.... his Elle...

His work of Art

FROM A DISTANCE

He could always sense her presence whenever she entered the room,

Her distinct floral scent would flutter across and tickle his nose,

And her cheerful laughter would nip at his eardrums ever so gently,

Then he would look up to the most gorgeous almond shaped eyes..

Which sparkled with every second that went by.

Her dazzling eyes would make him blush every single time,

To him, she was the epitome of beautiful....

Her rich brown curls would bounce heartily with her every movement,

And everything she wore clung to her skin effortlessly...

Yes, her skin was the most flawless caramel he had ever seen

And it would glow like honey silk in the morning light

To him, she was the epitome of stunning

And her smile?

Oh her smile was simply breathtaking,

A contagious blend of sultry and endearing..

To him, she was the epitome of bewitching
And as she gracefully sat two tables over,
He could not help but think how lucky her guy was...
Because she was everything...Everything
And he had grown to love her...
From a distance