

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Kiss, Touch, Hold

by Melody Bertucci

Did you hear that?

No? perhaps not. But I heard it. I felt it.

It was the sound of my heart shattering as the earth that I walk upon crumbled beneath my feet.

It all started with a feeling.

A small, niggling feeling in the pit of my stomach that I couldn't shake.

An uncertainty, that kept me from my sleep at night and drove my thoughts to the farthest corners of my mind during the day.

Rational thought processing was anything but existent at that point.

Drip. Drip. Drip, the kitchen tap leaks.

Kiss. Kiss. Kiss, my rosy cheeks.

Did you hear that?

No? Perhaps not. Perhaps the maddening rage that grew was still silent on the outside.

Although the anger screamed heavily in my ears, deafening me.

That feeling grew more painful.

A small, niggling feeling in the pit of my stomach that now had grown.

I felt a hole begin to form, something...something seemed to be gutting me from the inside out, it was cutting through me, and I was slowly bleeding out.

Nothing seems rational anymore, I was seeing the ending right before my eyes.

Drip. Drip. Drip, the kitchen tap leaks.

Touch. Touch. Touch, my body weeps.

Did you hear that?

No? Perhaps not. The lump in my throat fought to push its way out, but I wouldn't allow it.

I felt I needed composure and I needed it fast, but where could I buy it?

That god damn feeling.

A small, niggling feeling in the pit of my...subconscious?

No, the subconscious isn't fully aware however it still has the over-ruling power to influence one's actions and feelings.

Feelings, the one thing I fought to no longer catch and yet I am but a weak magnet to them.

Drip. Drip. Drip, the kitchen tap leaks.

Hold. Hold. Hold, me tight it's you my body seeks.

Did you hear that?

No? Perhaps not. Those were my silences screaming for reassurance.

I stared into those eyes as my hurt was left yearning for endurance.

That heart wrenching fucked-up feeling.

A small, niggling feeling that makes my body shake.

I hesitate, struggling to make sense of my internal dialogue trying to find the best words to communicate.

I open my mouth, but no words come out and yet that fruitless action still holds its weight.

Did you hear that?

No? Maybe? Perhaps yes. But I still feel on the edge.

I shake, I fear, I think, I pause I love, I fear, I shake, I think.

That wretched feeling, I cannot shake.

A small, niggling feeling in the pit of my stomach has me stopped in my tracks.

The highs are now washed out by our lows, and no matter how hard I try to rationalise I can't help but prepare myself for the blows.

I watch you slipping further away, kiss my rosy cheeks today. Touch my body let the pain slip away. Hold me tight all throughout the night.

Drip. Drip. Drip, the kitchen tap leaks.

Hold. Touch. Kiss, me with words your love speaks.