

Genesis of We

You see, I often wondered where you were even before I met you. I sometimes stood in passageways hoping we'd cross paths. I saw you many times before I knew your face and we went on many dates before we went to our favorite place and from there, I knew everything about you yet, somehow, barely believed in your existence.

It's like we have this type of cosmic connection that creates worlds and destroys vacuous conversations and mundane situations where I find myself lost. Then you explain, "at least you find yourself...lost." This happened before you even said a word. I heard you say you loved me the first time your eyes said hello. I felt you in ways nerves never had the nerve to experience... and then you touched my hand and it reminded me of the many nights I tried to do handstands while you forced downpours from my wetlands and the lyrics to our song flowed from my tongue and I'd sing:

Baby in the morning
Sugar in the evening baby
Baby in the afternoon
All I want is you
When I wake up
Well it hits me like a heat rush
It's like, it's like a hunger pain
Giving me the blues
Baby listen, you're my weakness
You get me speechless
You're like, you're like a burning flame
Coursing through my veins
It ain't a secret
How much I need it
I might go insane
Please lend me a blade
'Cuz you don't know baby
You don't know how much I love thee
My soul, my one, my only
And only God can keep you from me
'Cuz with me baby, you won't be lonely
And like the sun you shined upon me
When your gone I, I can't eat, can't sleep, can't breathe
Until I feel you, until I feel you

And then I'd harmonize my arrival with your technique, your adagio silently orchestrating my acappella as you choreographed impromptu choreopoems, my enjambment controlled by the flick of your caesura, our pas de deux synchronizing as I follow your rhythm, our melody deepening our meaning. Sometimes you'd call me just to see if I still remembered the piece and I'd come by and begin to sing and those notes would create jazz-filled symphonies. All this happened before I could measure the space between you and me.

You were my favorite fantasy, strongest memory. I waited to have the experience of you. I felt the strength of your arms before you ever held me; felt your heated pants before you murmured your soliloquies in my ear. I trembled before we touched. Now, I wait patiently for the creation of us.