

On My Heart

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Sometimes you can not hold back from the things you truly want when it comes to love... also it isn't easy being cheesy :D



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I'm afraid to crash into you. I can't become apart of you and you apart of me. You said you needed me. I'm afraid of that and of what that might really mean. You know I can't help but fall head over heels for you every time you look my way.

Your hand opens out towards me and your eyes twinkle, your smile showing me everything. For a moment I let the thought of "us" occupy my mind, and for a second, I feel complete. I shake my head slowly, wondering if this is madness. Maybe we should just drop what could of been-

"Take my hand," you say.

Despite my thoughts, my hand rises out of my pocket. You pull me by my hand to your body, kissing my palm. A sliver of pain shoots in my chest where my heart is. The blood rushes in my veins like *the rabbit*, the one in Alice in Wonderland. Are you my wonderland? I'm glaring at you, my forbidden cure. You bend over me slightly, trying to keep collective, and plant a single kiss on my forehead. The air becomes thick and dense.

My arms involuntarily rise up, and wrap around your neck. No, I can't. My hands tingle as they slowly move down the back of your neck to your shoulders. They won't let free as I begin to shake, and I know I can't stop them from taking what they want. I feel your hot breathe against my face and become numb. I step back, and nearly sigh at your illuminated face under the light of the moon. This is far enough-

"I...love...you," you whisper.

"My savior," I say-too quickly, without a thought. It is too late to take it back, and your grip on my body tightens, protectively. I almost go limp in yours arms. This was that moment. The moment that becomes a memory, the special type of memory that flashes before one's eyes again, and again so that they never forget it.

You lift my chin up by a finger and kiss me feverishly... your soft lips melt onto my own and I kiss back...my tongue gliding along yours.

This couldn't be happening. I'm frightened, and yet fully alive. Oh god, please, you can't really feel this way for me. The pressure drops and leaves jolts of pure energy moving about in my body. There is no more control over my heart, and mind anymore as you step a leg between mine. My back moves up against the cold stone wall as you lift one of my legs to the side of your waist. I let my hands roam everywhere, just as frantically as your's does. Our lips don't give to let us inhale the night air. All I can consume is *your breathe* and all I can taste is this sweetness. We are doing the impossible. We are making something happen.

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