

My Journey to Your Soul

I take your hand in mine
as we walk down a path of clouds
I hear the gentle wind whispering around us;
I brush it aside!
Selfishly I don't want you touched—
That privilege, I pray, is only mine.

With wings on our feet, we fly
To our crystal citadel.
With trust, friendship, love,
We keep growing closer.
There is no hesitation,
nor a shadow of doubt.

Lightning flashes, and I stumble;
I hold my breath thinking this is the end.
Your hand steadies me, and I stand tall
I turn to look into your eyes,
You kiss softly on my lips.
Like a whisper in the breeze,
I feel your heart thundering loud
With answering echoes from my own.
A question settles between us:
"Do you wish to keep it?"

By Elena Sona Brugnera

