

Wanting
By: Jordanna Matlock

Her conscience was the most attractive thing about her although her skin and nails told a story of spontaneity and wonder. She cared deeply, maybe too deeply about others around her but longed for freedom from her emotional chains. From a distance her looks could fool you. Her eyes were green and her hair was blonde like everyone else but the way she walked was evident of exuding strength. She carried others burdens yet not on her waist with weight but on her mind and shoulders. She walked with a rhythm that was ingrained in her feet and that's how I knew she was different than the others girls I had met.

It's true, I noticed her because of her womanly figure, her broad shoulders, her big bosom, and her wide hips. She looked as a tree of fertility. But little did I know she was wild, and after all, a tree is beautiful and strong from far away yet torn and marked up close. However, I knew she didn't have the best reputation. She loved to love, being connected to someone was something she wanted and would forever long for yet she looked for it in all the wrong places. I guess it was her passion and humor that had me enchanted when I saw her face for the first time.

She has a sense of sadness in her eyes, but her high cheek bones and tilted smile made me uniquely happy. She was easygoing, and loved to watch as the winds of life carried her through different avenues. The funny thing about her is once she knew what she wanted, she went for it, with such force as a wave of the sea, completely unstoppable by man. So that's what you had to do with her, ride every wave out because I knew inevitably it would bring me closer to her. She wanted me, god only knows why, but she did and I wanted her. For some reason we had connecting stories that would soon tie us together where whatever wind was blowing we would eventually end up in each other's arms.

Our life would be long together, I knew it would. She would love me and I would love her. We would travel year after year, wanting only for each other yet having everything at our fingertips. We would fight, passionately as artists do, with strikes that would hit so deep and most definitely go over the head of the average person. But that's what she would say was the best things about us. We knew each other well, almost too well, and what is it to love, really love vulnerably, if you know your counterpoint could break you at any moment. That is what made our love exciting.

You may ask others about us and they may tell you we were too cautious in our love. We knew our boundaries and we kept a good distance from them in order to last. But that is what you get from two people who watched their own parents rip one another to shreds. I loved her and I would not hurt her. I loved her so that I for as long as I lived would never be able to compare such a woman to any other. Her conscience was the most attractive thing about her but the concealed twitch in her hands showed her imperfections. That is how I knew I could save her, if she would just let me in.