

Someday Always.

We collide, just off beat. Almost within grasp, but slightly out of reach.

Infrequent glimpses of the exceptional, extraordinary are unrecognised.

Too easily overlooked.

Drowned out by innocuous superficial distractions, overwhelming mediocrity masquerading as the ideal, a conformity to an outdated construct that confines and sedates our essence.

So, we question the reality of love, too readily accepting good enough, merging 'will do' and 'I do', choosing logic and pragmatism over honesty and integrity to self, we compromise.

Perpetually unsettled settlers, prostituting our souls for cheap doses of life progression, image and good times, ultimately decaying in the uncomfortable reality of a normal life.

Other lovers are endured briefly, mere distractions, diversions, gap fillers. Destined for disappointment, an innate inability to have Always with anyone else.

Each intersection of our lives carves a deeper wound between heart and soul; rawer, pluripotent and pulsing with increased anticipation of Someday.

Soon?

A love, untamed, unframed, sweet, deep and worthy of our very being.

The love that withstands decades of cynicism, remaining infinitely hopeful, beyond naivety, that Always is a reality.

A rare collision of souls, a place we belong, home.

Home, where my soul breathes relief, a thousand sighs and deep release from the suffocating fear of never fully feeling more than the rote learnt diatribe of coupledness.

I crave the day I'm no longer homesick, when Kronos appeases my yearning for you and aligns our worlds.

Home, someday, always, when everything else, but love, is uncertain.