

koi no yokan

when i think of you i see a film flashing right before my eyes.
i think of every moment we've been together,
i feel and see every single smile, every laughter and
kiss and dance and embrace.
the whole memory of you becomes a series of clips and frames and shots
and rewinds and analog films.
our love was avant-garde cinema, our memories were documentary cinema and our story was narrative
cinema.
a film reel. a stage. a play. the mise-en-scène was our lives intertwined.

cinéma vérité.
i could only look at you through my eyes, my natural camera lenses.
i can only write you from my point of view, my hands and fingers.
i can only capture you through my feelings and my truth.

i see the waves crashing on rocks at the beach.
the waves pull away from the sand slowly...
flirtation.
the ocean moves closer to the sand, touches it,
caresses it, teases it and
makes the sand beg for more.
just before they kiss, the ocean pulls away.
it crashes onto the rocks and slides through the sand.
it leaves its mark on the wet sand;
a testament that it was there so
that the whole world knows their story,
so that the sand remembers its destined lover.

i look at you. i see your eyes in a series of moments,
all bound to time,
all a different frame in my mind's endless film strip.
we lie on the sand,
under a cave.
the water can barely touch us here.
we are alone.

your kisses are salty and sweet.
they leave me begging for more.
your hands leave traces on my body.
souvenirs.
i always know where you were. your touch is timeless.

you whisper *Te Amo* in my ears as if
nothing else mattered in the world.
you whisper *Te Amo* through an
exhalation, as if keeping those words
inside had been killing you this whole time.

Te Amo.
yo a ti.

i see the pain and happiness and love in your eyes.
i look at the world around us.
the sand. the ocean. the cave. the sunlight streaming in.
i touch the sand with one hand,
and i can't help but think how perfect this is.
how poetic.
how cinematic.

our whole love story was a movie production with no cameras, screenwriters or directors to capture it.
it was so perfect it seemed staged.
we were a motion picture that could never be produced,
a film that could never be acted out because it was too real.
our love story could never be remade.
we were a real-life fantasy.

you kiss me.
i kiss you back.
i reach out for your hand.
we stop. you look at my eyes. i look at your eyes. freeze frame.
i see a flashback of every laugh, every little dance,
every stare, every cuddle and long walk and dinner,
drunk dances and inside jokes.
i see kisses.
the first day i met you. the first time i said i love you.
the first time i kissed you.
the first day you met me. the first time you said i love you.
the first time you kissed me.
i see my favorite moment of you.
the waves crash on the beach.
i close my eyes.

the feeling of falling in love with someone you were destined to fall in love with.