

Venus Rises

A romance flash by Sonia Ramos Rossi

The evening's shadow has darkened the room since they've been lying together. The sheets have grown cooler, the heartbeat slowed, the sweat has dried.

Through the gap left by not-quite drawn curtains, a thin shaft of gold traces across the carpet, lights her hip as it crosses the bed. Dust motes sparkle where it cuts the air.

Half asleep, her cheek is nestled into the hollow made by his shoulder bone, skin stuck to skin, mouth half open, half pressed to his chest in a constant kiss. When she breathes out the air disturbs the short, slightly curled hairs that cover his chest. Through the ear that is pressed to his shoulder she can hear the blood rushing in his veins, mixed with the sound of her own artery pulse.

A young, skinny forearm is draped over his stomach, fingers falling over the edge of his hip bone. As thoughts cross her mind, the fingertips press into him, and then relax, a subconscious grip. She doesn't want to let go.

Three weeks ago is a different world. She didn't know that she could feel like this then, she's frightened to lose the feeling now. Her fingers tighten a little more on the muscle just below his skin, her eyelids half open, then close again. With knowledge of what can be, has come insecurity for what might be lost.

She's afraid that whatever comes next will never be as perfect as this. Impossible to ask for time to stop, to stay in this moment forever, knowing that whatever future mistakes are made will stay in the future, undone.

She stirs, shifts her leg so that it is lying on top of his, her knee now rests on his stomach, and she moves her arm so that it lies along the middle of his chest, her hand nestled among the little hairs. She runs a nail through them, grazing gently. He doesn't wake.

Something has been left behind, something new begun. A smile touches her face at the thought, and lingers as she drifts into sleep.

There is a perfect stillness in the air now, as the shadows deepen and the two teenage lovers breathe shallow breaths, in synch. The golden evening sunlight that lit her fades, and, as the Sun goes down, Venus rises.

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