

The Story Of Us – I See You & You See Me

By Star McGill

Home

I close my eyes.
I am breathing you in.
Your lips pressed to my head,
my hand on your heart.
Just like the symbol of us
that you imprinted into your skin with ink,
the one I have my cheek pressed to.
I remember those eight hours in the chair,
watching you bleed and sweat.
Your shaking hands after,
unable to press a glass to your smiling lips.
It was finally finished,
this symbol you had seen a year before,
and your soul recognised
as it had recognised me.

The story of us,
you bare bones exposing all to me.
I hold your heart in my hand,
I have reached through your skin
and hold it warm and pulsing on my fingers.
It weighs heavy and full on my palm.
I have felt it grow, as you have mine.

I feel your hands through my flesh
each time your fingertips brush against me.
You reach through my body
and swirl my soul around your hand
like you were spinning cotton candy.

As it shimmers and glows, reflecting your light,
it willingly entwines itself around you.

You, my protector, my guide.
You lift me up when my feet falter,
and my memories take me to anguish.
You stand by me in joy.
Always there is peace and comfort,
after long days and long hours.
I see you and you see me,
you are my home.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [I Am an Emotional Creature: The Secret Life of Girls Around the World](#)

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