

MONA MORSTEIN

A Page From Steed's Private Journal--Part Two

G-rated. Steed's elation over Emma's return.

You are here, and I am so filled with raw, manic energy, with a renewed zest for life, with joy, with silliness, with tenderness, with lust that

I am giddy, drunk, though I have drunken nothing but essence of you. I look down at my feet and on the floor are the already rusted remains of the manacles worn around my ankles those years you were gone, balls and chains of pain and sadness unlocked by your presence and quickly becoming the dust that those empty years are now, blowing away forever...

You lay there, on my bed, on our bed, by my side, on my chest, under me, and I cannot take my eyes away from you...I am awed, humbled, I feel prophetic, as if I have been chosen by something much greater than myself to carry your banner throughout the world...and such duty is the work of Heaven...I shall not shirk that duty...

You smile, those high cheekbones reaching to the sky and all the mysteries of existence, of Fate, all the dreadful "why's" that had brought me to tears over and over again for so long, too long, disappear in that smile, that impish grin, that open, heartfelt welcome, that acknowledgment of me...of my importance in your life, and if I weep now, it is for entirely different reasons...

You show me your genius, your independence, your flair, your spirit, your affection, your fears, your insecurities, your dreams, and you encourage me to do the same with you and I stammer, I mumble, you kiss me, and then somehow, somehow, I do...never before, never with anyone else...but with you it feels so safe, so right...

You accompany me to the theatre, to movies, to dinner, on a picnic, to a museum, a party, horseback riding, and I beam with gratefulness. I think, everyone, look, look at this golden woman by my side, has anyone ever been as lucky, as fortunate, as I...I have won the lottery, I have beat the house, I have no more need of four-leaf clovers, of horseshoes...I am charmed...I have won, I have won...I can walk underneath a ladder...

You are beautiful, sexy, witty, sexy, you smell good, your hair--though shorter--is so soft, your eyes dance and sparkle, your breasts soothe my hands, your taste is nectar, your sex so hot, so moist. I am perpetually hard at the sight of you, at your glance to me, and when you reach for me, when you caress me, when your mouth covers me...oh, I want to do nothing but make love to you all day, all night, all life long. It drives me crazy with desire when you shake and bite and moan, when you yell for me to go deeper, harder, faster, when you tell me to stay inside you and then beg or order me to do it all again...the years drop away, and I am young again...

You tell me you love me; the long, dead cold arctic winter inside me ends in a brilliant yellow-orange burst of sun from a horizon once so far away I thought it had become agonizingly unreachable. But, suddenly I found myself there, at the meeting of the sacred and the material, and

it was your light that greeted me, your presence that merged the two, and still does, and I linger and revel in that awakening glow, its warmth, its bright shine, its power to heal, to make me whole again...I am whole again...

You don't want me to say it. You say you were not being altruistic, not doing it for me but for yourself, for your need, your grief, your emptiness...but you came back, to me, to us. You've made us complete again, two as one, joining our lives together permanently, and I have to yell it out at the top of my lungs to the universe, maybe even to God, and then whisper it in your ears when we hug, tightly, never letting go...I'm never letting go...not again...I'm never letting go...I have to say it, I just have to...

Thank you. Thank you for coming back to me.

I love you. I adore you. Perhaps I even worship you.

Thank you so very, truly much. My friend, my love, my wife.