

Her body fell through my fingers.

Groping, reaching, I grabbed for her, but she fell through my fingers like sand in an hourglass.

No! I will not fail her.

Every muscle in my body rippling I heaved her up. Cradling her head in my arms I made sure she could stand on her own. Tired and gasping I leaned on her for support, her, who needed me most. Long I held her in our impassive brace until I felt strength return to my chest.

Stepping back I countered her cold stare. I saw no movement, only my breath moving on the wind. Her emotionless eyes gave me no gesture, no suggestion, only scolding me for helping her. She seemed to not be affected by the cold air, seemed not to breath in the harshness. For a moment I followed suit, holding my own breath and returning that sentry stare.

Determination warmed my blood. Stepping forward I massaged her neck, then her thighs. Was that a look of wanting, I asked myself. No, that is a look of gratitude. Slowly I dragged my fingers up her body, stopping short out of respect. She was beautiful, and shined with my love. My thoughts drifted, wondering if I had ever touched something so perfect. Casually my gloves fell to the ground.

She did not reciprocate my gesture as I felt her with my flesh. But still I held close, imagining my warmth would melt her as I placed the carrot upon her face.