

No Words

by Mark Haeuser

You walk through the door. I can see by the look in your deep blue eyes you have had a bad day. I want to take this all away from you. With a smile, I take your hand and lead you out onto the deck overlooking the lake. That large overstuffed chair is there and I put you into it. I head back into the kitchen as you sink back and relax a bit. It has been a terrible day and your head aches.

I return with a bottle of wine and two glasses. I fill them and hand one to you.

You sip from it as I sink down beside you. I put my arm around you and hug you close to me. We do not talk. We just sit there watching the sun lower itself across the lake as the fish jump before us. We sip our wine and snuggle close. No words, no sex, just being together and feeling the reassuring power of us. The two of us. We need little else.

Your head sinks to my shoulder and I wrap my arm a bit tighter around you.

Out on the lake a fisherman heads home, his boat motor a quiet hum against the sound of the fish jumping and the crickets chirping. You turn a bit, putting a leg across me as your head lies against my chest.

No words, no sex, just us.

We are together, alone in this beautiful place. At a time like this words are not strong enough. We simply enjoy being here.

The sun sinks along the lake. Here we sit. No words, no sex, just the two of us.

When darkness comes, we remain for a while. Across the lake an owl hoots, breaking the silence. It cools down now and I feel you move closer to me for a little warmth.

This is what we have always wanted. Away from the madness and hectic rush,
just you and me in the quiet solitude of the wilderness.

No words, no sex, just us.

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