

Naush Sabah

Can you feel that?

I asked and I didn't mean only the penetrating fullness and awareness of an impassable limit at the edge we still pushed against. I meant are you riven with me? Aren't we boundlessly unified at last? I meant I've become serpentine and shed my skin to lay bare with you here; we're ouroboric with these wet organs trying to consume each other. I meant no one else has broken me like a dam, before or since you, and aren't you drenched and drowning with me now, isn't anyone who was here before me displaced? I meant wouldn't day after day of this, for all the short days we have left in this dying world, be greater than any heaven gods or men have devised? I meant tell me it's possible and true that two people can feel exactly the same sensation in exactly the same way. I meant do you remember how we reached the summit together the first time? Didn't we move to the moment with a synchronicity that meant sameness? I meant if I've loved you since then against every atom of my will you won't—having felt this—leave me again, will you? I meant beyond the galvanic pulsing between us, isn't this metaphysical, hasn't enough of this been as singular as divine revelation? I meant I've said so much, now tell me you've understood all that can't be said with bodies or words. Can you feel that? And he said, yes.