

Embracing

by Pennfana

Comfort found in a single warm moment.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Note: To those who are unfamiliar with the haibun, this may not look like a poem, but I assure you that it is. I'll explain this in my notes at the end.

Two pairs of eyes. Gleaming, twinned like the smiles on our faces. Soft tones of laughter and the comfort of a friendship long established. We know each other too well. Thousands of memories behind us paint a vivid past in pigments both joyful and sorrowful. Hundreds of things picked up from countless conversations and from the actions which say more than a thousand words ever have. You have been ever present. The scent of wood smoke, a whisper of the wind and a howl at the moon. Bug spray and music that touches everything, a comparison between Beckett and Dali, Picasso and Donne. All this stands with us in this room together, familiar and comforting. Time trickles by, rivulets merging into a stream which once more must move us apart for a time. I am unwilling to leave. Still it sweeps me away. Fighting it for just one more moment, I move closer. I press myself up against you, twining my left arm around your waist and draping my right around your shoulder, holding you close. Surprised, you lift your arms and complete the embrace. I feel your strength surrounding me. Your warmth complements mine. For this moment I feel safe, the uncertainties of the past week temporarily suspended. For one peaceful moment I feel protected and cared for. In this one small moment I can almost believe that you love me too.

In my heart, I embrace you still.

Author's Notes: This was written partially in response to the LiveJournal community prompt_a_day prompt #50, "I pressed myself up against you". However, I had been intending to write this moment in the form of a haibun for quite some time—just slightly over a month, in fact. I won't state the specific circumstances here as it's a rather long story, but I will say that by the time that this particular incident happened, I was badly in need of a hug. Not only do I have some feelings for him which go a bit beyond our friendship, but he really does give good hugs—and anyway, we've always been able to count on each other when we've needed some support.

Unfortunately, I have several good reasons to believe that my feelings for him are unrequited, but I've managed to make my peace with this in the past couple of years.

Now that's all out of the way, I should explain a bit about the form I've chosen for this particular piece of poetry. The haibun is (as you may have guessed) a Japanese form of prose poetry. It's been described as being something like the verbal equivalent of a photograph with a caption. Haibuns are generally left untitled (except for a number, but I've actually lost count of the number of these that I've attempted; some people use the caption or the first line as a title, as with sonnets). Admittedly I've stretched the form a little—for example, while the haibun is traditionally quite detached, I've included as much as I can remember about my emotions at the time—but overall I've kept to the basics of the form. If you want more information about this form of poetry, see the Wikipedia article (and the external links) at <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haibun>.