

## Touches

The touch of someone's fingertips against your skin can be felt only for a few seconds. Except for in those rare cases when someone's touch lingers on your skin for hours, days, sometimes you swear you can even feel it years later. Those are the important touches that you remember. Out of love, or hate, some people's touches can be felt even when they are long gone.

I wake up in the middle of the night and I can feel your fingers tracing down my neckline, and it stops me breathing. I sit up in bed and I'm shaking because that's how you made me feel, like I was dying. The touch of your fingers made me desperate for air, your soft kisses made me die a little, your harder and more passionate attempts made me scream on the inside so much so my head felt like it was going to explode. Every minute spent with you felt like an eternity and the intensity made me want to run away, but you wouldn't let me. Even now, long after you've left, you still refuse to let me escape, and every night it slowly kills me. Over and over again.

I can remember every single hair on your head. Your piercing blue eyes. The traces of the muscles you used to have, more subtle than what they would have been before I had known you. The feeling of your stubble against my naked skin used to make me want to scratch my skin till it bled, but I didn't. I didn't say anything because you shut me up. So into you that I didn't say anything, didn't do anything, just the little voice inside screaming for you to leave me alone, let me be, stop making me feel.

It makes me feel sick. The thought of you touching me, looking at me, feeling me, knowing my heart is beating so fast and hard all because you are close to me. It all makes me feel sick to my stomach. I wish I could go to sleep one night, wake up the next morning and you would be gone. I won't remember your touches, or how they made my skin burn. How your eyes made me feel scared, but so captive I couldn't look away from you, however hard I tried. Pressed against me, you felt so warm. I felt like ice being pushed towards a flame that I just couldn't beat, which would slowly melt me. Kill me.

It's irony at its sweetest. Love makes you feel like you're dying.