ENCHANTED

As she touched his face with her full palm, his head took another spin. He had never been able to figure out what happened to him when she was near him, blind to the world, careless to the sights and sounds.

This night, as the group headed back from the tour, he had requested her friend to allow him to sit by her. And as she rested her head on his shoulders and nestled herself in his arms, he was sure that he was dreaming. He wanted to feel his eyes, if they were really open. A dream that was too compelling and yet, was not breaking, like all others. In a fear that he would wake up any moment, he held her tight.

She asked *“Do you want me to leave you?”*

A flushed face, his face changed colours as the contours on his forehead traced his emotions. As if a tornado had hit him and caught him in its eye, everything was in complete disarray. A symphonic chime had just looted him of all his strength, and had left him unarmed. And what dangerous question had it asked! Anger, fear, pleasure, pain, every emotion twisted and churned in his gut and contorted his face.

It is surely a dream, he was convinced. But he was afraid to wake up. Afraid, that his voice would break the spell, he said nothing, just kept holding her. He tried to look to the other direction, but the velvet fingers nudged his chin to her direction. Before she could inquire any further and wake him up from this charade, he put his finger on her lips. She smiled, and oh, he could bear it no longer. Now he wanted to believe, and he wanted to live this moment without fear. Hopelessly he waited for the anxiety to subside, all in vain. Perhaps, her charm was doing this to him. He was burning. His heart was thumping and heart beat plummeting.

She grew impatient, and tried lifting her head to see his fuller face, his reaction. He wanted to answer, but he just couldn’t. He wanted to spill his heart out, wanted to cry out loud, wanted to dance in joy, wanted to twirl her around. He wanted to say “*Never*”, he wanted her to be with him and wanted to be with her forever, but he just couldn’t speak.

Now he was afraid of himself. Unsure of his own words, closed his eyes and kissed her forehead.

*“Sleep, my angel !”*

(Lullaby)

Hush my love now don't you cry  
Everything will be all right  
Close your eyes and drift in dream  
Rest in peaceful sleep…………….

Oh my love... in my arms tight  
Every day you give me life  
As I drift off to your world  
Rest in peaceful sleep…………….

She asked *“Do you want me to leave you?”* A symphonic chime had just looted him of all his strength, and had left him unarmed. Read more at http://aestheticblasphemy.blogspot.com