Theme: DOUBT

FAULT LINE

We're very close, you and I. Like a pair of tectonic plates. Any latent flaws neither yours nor mine as we forge ahead differently.

But stealthily we suspect one day one of us could go under while the other rises. Minds loaded with enlightenment, we assure our oneness we're above ever letting it happen.

Still, just behind our smiles, those wide fissures in surface crust, lie seepings of molten truth. Attrition, subtler by years than friction, builds the heat. And down the ruckled road I fear my borders may be lost.

Even so, it will take me by surprise. You'll say again in that casual tone, "You don't blame me, do you?" as I brace myself for what I supposed would be just another minor tremor.