

## **Just Soulmates**

*By Caitlyn Rahschulte*

I saw you across the pub in Germany, with your hat cocked back on your head like a black halo against your pretty blond hair.

When we saw each other, we gasped because we thought how beautiful we were and we thought we'd seen each other, in a dream maybe.

I was too shy to go over.

You kept watching, eyes tearing away only when you talked to your friends.

We had an unspoken, mutual surety that we had seen each other before, even though we hadn't. Maybe we felt each other before; felt souls touch in the primordial soup that once was the world, that once was human bodies and souls before they bound to bone and flesh. We think now that we once saw each other on the bus or something. There's more to it than that but we cannot yet grasp it.

But in the darkest corners of our minds where the spider plants grow in little light, where the gravestones of our former selves jut out of parched land that hopefully never gets watered, we know something others don't. With surety, we know that this is the moment when two black holes merge. A ripple will go out into space for all the ages, bending space and time because we've done what was impossible; we have met.

Two souls, two bodies, two hands that ached to touch one another, though one set was too broken by invisible scars and scalding water. And you knew that. Somehow, you knew. And you watched as I put gloves on and how my eyes smiled at you. You smiled back.

Electrified, breathless, heartache— I felt all three. Would you come over? Would you speak to me? What do I say, what do I do but look into your blue eyes, keep my hands from touching your skin, your hair, your black halo tumbling from your head, your head in my hands, your hands over mine, over and over, and leaving the bar and what would we do then but stay and talk and think about kissing but never doing so because it would be too soon, too soon to kiss and maybe too soon to think about it, too, but it can't be helped, just like my heart can't help but scream in my chest as you tell your friends to wait a second and you get up from your chair and start to come over.

“Hi,” you said, leaning on the bar. I smiled.

“Hey.”

And so it begins, though it had already begun. Like black holes, our meeting came from a lifetime of circling closer and closer to each other. And forming one will be rapturous bliss; the sweetest tastes, the sharpest breaths, and the deepest sleeps.