

 asks what being loved feels like*after K. Iver*

and I have to admit I'm still not sure. Maybe something like the fear of losing, or letting go. But the fear is mingled with sweat and joy and wonder at the possibilities of holding on. So maybe more like a clenched fist slowly releasing its tension, relaxing into the palm of someone else's hand. Mostly it feels like belonging, in both senses of the word. Having somewhere to go, someone to go to. And the weight of responsibility; belonging to someone, and someone belonging to you. Possession without the threat. It's like a lock clicking shut, and the safety of knowing exactly where the key is. It's like knees giving out and arms holding you up before you even realize you're falling. It's that tight clench of the heart when something goes wrong, and that long sigh of relief when everything goes right. It's hearing your name, your name, held in someone else's mouth. Choosing what to give and what to keep, what to tell and what never needs to be spoken. Endless choices and the ability to fix your mistakes. Cowering under the sight of someone before learning to look back. And then looking back endlessly. Watching lips part and chest rise and tracing a small scar traveling through the fine hairs of a limp arm. Someone feeling safe enough to sleep with you watching over. I'd say I hope eventually I learn that same safety, feeling my body sink into a bed not my own and my eyelids so heavy I can't keep them open and knowing somewhere inside me that nothing could go wrong. But even if it did, it wouldn't mean harm. I think maybe being loved feels like knowing there is time for things to work out. So I don't quite know yet and I'm never sure how long I'll last but when I give myself the gift of suspended disbelief I can start to imagine a future where I'm alive long enough to learn what being loved feels like. I'd say something like that.