

# You

## Kate Pozzobon

You were supposed to be here.

We'd had it all mapped out, ever since we realised what was happening. In 2020, wasn't it? When the world seemed to be ending for the fifth time. Although for us it was time ten or eleven. You lose track when you know you will return, but it's still a fear. Something strong and metallic you can taste it on the back of your tongue, your throat, dripping into the pit of your guts.

We were two of the lucky ones, to find each other. To be on the same path. Repeated over and over again, a few years gap sometimes, sure, but still close. Connected. I can feel your heart beating against mine.

Now you were supposed to be here, on this fountain while the sun was in the centre of the sky. I shield my eyes with a hand that seems too big and broad. It was always a test to re-learn who you were. Man, woman, other. Not sure until you grew and took shape and explored.

But I always knew there was *you*.

Where were you? What would you look like? Who would you *be*?

Questions that always filled me while I waited. Oh, I did things of course — we both did. One cannot simply sit around for love. This time I felt called to study mathematics. Can you believe that? In a former life the idea of numbers made me dizzy, but here they seemed to click. To help me make sense of a world that was new and, while exciting, rather frightening in equal measures. But where are you now? I've waited a lifetime to see you again. Will this be the one? The end? Will it —

Then I feel something. A spark rising from the ground, up through my legs and following along my spine. Light, happiness, joy. All of it comes from knowing it's *you*.

I turn and see you. In a body I've never viewed before, but that doesn't matter. It's never mattered before and it will never matter in the future. You are you are you as I am me am me am me.

"You're late," I say. My voice is deep and I'm still getting used to it. The vibrations in my throat that rise from my stomach, my chest.

"Oops," you say, new blue eyes sparkling. A big smile, dimples. Taller than me this time around and in a flowing dress.

All I can do is smile, forgive you for a mistake you may not even have intended to make. I'm still feeling out my own body of long limbs and cropped hair and a loping gate that tries to get away from me. I reach you, hold you, find and kiss your lips. No matter what these always felt, tasted the same.

You rest your head against my broad chest and I hold you there. A perfect fit. Destined. I murmur into your soft blonde hair, "Ready for our next go around?"