

Falling and Wanting — Having and Losing

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Rated: G

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Summary: Clark's description/analysis of Lois and her impact on him.

Super-short, and hopefully a teaser to a full-length fic that I'm currently working on.

Her essence is mighty; power exudes from her being — an independent strength built out of fear and for so long, maintained by control. The walls that she had constructed around her heart required more power than any superhuman force I could begin to contrive to make them collapse; only the natural disaster of falling completely in love with another — with me — caused an earthquake inside of her deep enough to shake her to the core and tumble those walls down.

Yet the container of this overwhelming force of spirit is small; her hand is engulfed by mine, dwarfed by its stature. But she doesn't shy away; instead she rises to a non-competitive challenge. Perhaps it was never my powers that she saw in me, but my weakness — the one thing more powerful than kryptonite that once unleashed upon my being would be my immediate execution — the loss of her.

Her initial rejection of me as a partner, friend, lover, all were trying; each refusal slashed away at my heart leaving only a persona of flying alien perfection where a man in love once stood. But at least she was alive; close — I could still watch the wrinkles form in her brow when she was in deep concentration, smell her perfume whenever she leaned in to read over my shoulder, hear her sigh and feel her breath on the back of my neck while she contemplated. Wanting and not having her was hell; having and then losing her would be death.

THE END