

Two people who shared a life, shared a home, yet two people who never actually met. Two people who shared a love for the cool breeze, for the lonely moors, two people who never understood how could they feel so close to something or someone that didn't exist. How could they always feel a presence that wasn't there. How could they be one and two at the same time.

They lived their lives in quiet loneliness, breathing each other's silence, feeding from each other's presence, their mutual longing their only bond through space and time. They heard each other's whispers around the house, like invisible children playing hide and seek. They drank tea from the same favourite cup, they played music from the same old music box, at night they looked at the same starry sky, wondering how could they feel so close to someone they couldn't touch, someone that existed only within themselves, so near and so far. They felt it was real and that was all that mattered.

That house was their bond, their connection. Slowly they began sinking into themselves, spending more and more time exploring the secret of their place. Its stone walls, the secret rooms, the whispers of the trees in the garden; everything felt like a small world waiting to be explored. They never tried to communicate; their awareness of each other's presence was everything they needed. Not a word said, not a sentence written. Just this feeling that didn't need any explanation. Sometimes they dreamed. Dreams of a cool breeze, dreams of what it felt like to hold each other's hand. The kind of dream that that swallows you deep into yourself.