

Winter Musings

by Angie

Vincent stood at the Park culvert entrance, gazing into a snowstorm that reduced visibility to just a few yards.

Once upon a time he would have ventured out, no matter what the weather. Once he would have done so, even if it meant leaving footprints he would have to obliterate.

Now he could marvel at the beautiful snowflakes he could see silhouetted against a nearby lamp standard. Were there truly no two the same?

Restlessness had been replaced with deep serenity. Catherine had cured his aloneness and given him love. And she waited.

Enough was enough. He turned for home.