

To Be... Vincent

by Judith

I was born anew, the night she found me.
I swear I did not find her.
Until that night, I had always wondered,
What could be?
And, what if?
To be or not to be?
What answer, when I both am,
And am not, what I always was?
I was transformed, the night her world shattered.
All things I believed to be true and constant,
Suddenly ceased to exist.
I truly came into being,
The night she first touched my hand.
I no longer care what the world thinks of me.
Only for how she goes on, changing my life.