

Vincent Alone

by Angie

"But I am finally alone"

- Michael Nesmith (The Monkees)

As Vincent left Catherine's balcony, he knew it was for the last time. He had seen a red-haired woman there, whose demeanour said she was a police detective. Catherine's apartment had remained untouched since that terrible night. He had gone in and picked up a book before the woman arrived, but now there was no reason to stay. No investigation was going to bring Catherine back. He avoided thinking about their son, now in the hands of Gabriel. There was nothing to be done, yet, so he put it from his mind.

He descended to the road and then crossed into the Park, finally able to put another chapter of the nightmare behind him. It was raining a little and a memory was triggered, a song from years ago, long before Catherine came into his life. At the time, it had seemed romantic, but apart from him. Devin had liked it - a wandering song, he called it, but had not known the title. They had listened to it on Devin's secret transistor radio, in an old tunnel close enough to the world above to receive a radio station. They had shared the single earplug. Luckily, the song had repeated.

*'Slowly I walk through the gently falling rain
And I know that I will never pass this way again
Never wondering why
Teardrops chaffing my eyes'*

Vincent looked back at the building, his expression one that Catherine would have recognized, that was often on his face as she left him and his world. As then, he wished the Fates had decreed otherwise for himself and her. He missed her warmth close to his heart. What he shared with Catherine was gone, along with the light and any hopes and dreams he might have had. But the longing remained.

*'Longing to be where the melted kisses fall
Lingering and still, while quietly they tell their all
Blue is the color of the sun
And nothing stops when everything is done'*

He had to continue on, he knew that. He had to think of his life differently now, perhaps as a new composition, a new piece of music, sadder. But the old one came back to him, still appropriate.

*'Now my whole world opens up in different lines and tunes
With the highways making up the verse
And then suddenly I see the light of something called the moon
And though my path is planned it's not rehearsed'*

He walked on to the culvert entrance, thinking about the work that awaited him in the tunnel community; his responsibilities to them and himself. He had avoided a lot of both during his search for Catherine. He tried to remember what they were, smiling wryly as he recalled the last verse of that old song.

*'So I move along to the next thing on the list
Knowing full well that some of them just don't exist
But I am finally alone
And where my foot steps down is where it's home.'* *

Yes, he was going home, as he must, but now it was different. He had lost someone he loved. He was truly alone, again, even in the tunnels.

Vincent took a last look at the night. He could just make out the outline of the moon, sailing above the scattering rain clouds, ancient and eternal. That same moon shone on the place where his son was now, not so very far away. He must be brought home. That determination made him straighten up with new resolve.

'And though my path is planned it's not rehearsed', he whispered to himself.

END

* (The Crippled Lion - written and sung by Michael Nesmith (The Monkees 'Missing Links Vol 2', 1968) Link: <https://youtu.be/Sul6OC3mCgU?si=F0-4q52EjVE9-bGv>