

# Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

## 8. Nor Iron Bars a Cage

Catherine saved me from myself, as much as from that cage. I had despaired almost to death, yet she found me and reminded me that love - our love - is stronger than I am. It was a sobering moment, realizing that while I had given up, she had not. How fortunate I am.

Father looks at Catherine now with new respect. No one else could have found me. After seeing that I was not hurt, he left me with Catherine, sensing that we wanted to be alone.

Alone! I will never be alone again! I can feel Catherine's love like a balm around my heart. It has never been so strong. Somehow, she knew I was alive and in trouble. Since I did not seek her out along our bond, I cannot take credit for that.

Watching her as she read, I realized that I have no life now without her. Just the threat of her going away was enough to unhinge me. Does she realize this? How could she not.

When she finished reading, I rose and gathered her into a hug. I felt her joy at the contact and let myself bask in it. There are no words for that feeling, and I held her a long time, as close as I dared, whispering her name into her hair, feeling her passion and love embrace me.

When we parted at last, I saw that she recognized my love and she smiled up at me.

I do not know what our future will be, but I do know that we must face it together now. She has given me the courage to face the truth of our love.

Vincent is safe now. I love him and he knows it. I know he loves me too, although he will not voice the words. None are necessary. I can feel it.

In our long walk back to the home tunnels, he held my hand as if he could not let go. Father met us and expressed his relief and gratitude.

He left us and Vincent shed his cloak and boots and lay on his bed with a sigh. He was tired, but I knew he wanted me to stay.

I found a book of Wordsworth on his table and read one of my favourite poems "Surprised by Joy". Through it all, he gazed at me, as if he was afraid I was an illusion, or would leave him too soon.

Afterwards, he rose and hugged me, so tightly that I was breathless. He has never felt so close, so passionate.

I know he is ashamed of his despair at my leaving, at being proven less than invulnerable. Yet, that is what I love about him. He is not afraid to show these emotions and I can feel hints of them along our bond. That bond, I'm sure, is what led me to him.

He whispered my name into my hair and I replied with his as I held him close. When I told him that I would never leave him, or this city, and I heard him sigh.

I know this is not what he wanted to happen, but he can no longer pretend that our love is something apart from our daily lives. It cannot be separated from who and what we are.

It is all that matters.

END