

# Vignettes – Webs

by Angie

## 1- Once Upon a Time in New York

Vincent loved to read, to become part of a world created by another, to explore it as a traveller without restrictions. He luxuriated in an author's use of language when it kept him suspended in another time and place. Every book, whether fiction or non-fiction, was structured on a web of the author's perceptions. He remembered the words of Robert Graves;

*"There's a cool web of language winds us in  
Retreat from too much joy or too much fear"*

He had favourite authors, passages, plays, books – some of which he read again and again, discovering subtle nuances, new meanings. Yet, when Catherine had read the last chapter of *Great Expectations*, it was as if he had never heard it before. She read it with delight, with care, with ... dare he say it ... love. He knew she loved the written word as much as he – or she couldn't have affected him so.

There on her balcony, with the lights of New York casting a magical glow, he had felt something stir, felt a touch of something he had never thought to know himself.

He was caught in a web of aloneness because of what he was. As John Dryden said;

*"Our souls sit close and silently within  
And their own webs from their own entrails spin;  
And when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,  
That, spider-like, we feel the tenderest touch."*

Catherine had awakened him, far more than any book could. They were linked by the strong silken thread of their bond. Through it, he could feel her emotions and know something of the world as she experienced it. When their eyes met, a thrill ran through him. He could see himself in her eyes. It was a joy he could carry in his heart – always.

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Catherine stood on her balcony but she wasn't looking at the lights of the city. She looked down at the Park, which she now knew hid something wonderful beneath its trees – the tunnels and staircases of Vincent's world.

She wondered what he was doing now. He could be wandering the night, a shadow among shadows, or he could be reading. How she wished he would read her to sleep every night, as he had when she was healing. She could hear his voice in her mind, soft, with deep mellow undertones.

He understood so much about life, about her world, yet was remote from all that she took for granted. He had saved her life, encouraged her to talk to him, and listened dispassionately, without judgement.

He had said so little, yet made her realize the hollowness of her life, that she needed to change. His courage in the face of his challenges had helped her tap into her own strength.

But their lives were complicated. She was drawn to him, wanted him to visit her, but knew that she could not demand he risk himself. She felt badly that he'd had to rescue her again. She must be more careful, more aware, as Isaac had taught her.

Vincent's parting words were a balm to her heart. He had told her he was part of her, as she was part of him. Apparently, an invisible thread linked them, and they travelled together, even apart. She remembered a line from Shakespeare's *All's Well That Ends Well*:

*"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."*

She hoped the strands of her life would not snarl his. He deserved better - all that she could give. She owed him her life - and he had spoken to her soul and awakened her heart as well.

With a sigh she went back inside. She must have hope. It was all she could do for both of them.

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