



Last Night

(Vincent's Letter to Catherine)

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

Dear Catherine,

The night may be over, but the light I saw in your eyes, just before we parted only a little while ago, is still burning bright in my memory, never to fade away. It was the light of hope, of expectation, of tenderness, and of a feeling I dare not name, for I dare not hope that what I felt in your heart at that moment might truly be real...

Halloween is a magical night, a scary one for some people, a night full of legends and mysteries, but for me, from now on, it will be a night forever engraved in my heart as the most wondrous and beautiful in my whole life.

That was the night when I walked with you in your world, Catherine. Above - free from my eternal burden, free from fear of being revealed. I was blessed by your kindness and happiness in sharing that night with me.

*For one night, I walked empty-handed among my enemies.
For one night, I knew what it meant to be a mere human...*

We walked through the city like other people and you showed me places I have only heard or read about. I have walked through New York countless times. I know its darkest streets, narrowest passageways, tallest towers, rooftops reaching towards the night sky. But you,

Catherine, you showed me theatres, galleries, cathedrals, and streets filled with excited people...

And then, when we sat down on the riverbank and watched the sun gently rise above the Queensboro bridge, I felt like my whole life was leading to this one singular moment. I almost became one with the stream ahead and the air around us, watching something that had previously been forbidden to my eyes. Most of all, I was enjoying all this with the only person in the world with whom I wished to share every moment of my existence...

For the first time in my life, I saw the sunrise. The colours it brought to life in your hair, Catherine, were a sight I will never forget. It was as if the sky poured a rainbow all over it, dazzling and enchanting. The same first shy rays of the sun were reflected in your eyes - those eyes that seemed to be calling me, drawing me near, echoing a longing embedded within the deepest part of my heart...

For one night, I forgot what I was and lived only for who I was. All of this happened because of you, Catherine, and I will forever cherish those moments, when time seemed to stand still and open its arms to us, giving us more than we ever expected.

It is early morning and you are probably sleeping by now, having a well-deserved rest after last night's adventure. Yet, I cannot sleep; my mind is full of memories of those sweet, beautiful moments we shared.

I remember your arm entwined with mine as we were walking.

I remember wrapping you in my cloak when the night air was getting chilly, and the tremble of your small body under the touch of my hands.

I remember the melody of your soft voice, caressing my ears and breaking easily through the sounds of the city.

I remember your smile, almost blinding me whenever you looked at me.

And I remember the heat radiating from you and the colourful light in your eyes, full of unspoken feelings, as we were sitting on the bench side by side, so close...

Whatever happens from now on, nothing can take last night away from me, from us. Like the most precious treasure, buried deep in the ocean, last night will find its home in the most cherished place of my heart. It is the place that belongs only to you, Catherine...

Rest now, my dearest, for though I am miles away, I will keep watch over your peaceful sleep. And when you wake, I hope that when you think of last night, you will feel the same way I do now - blessed...

Vincent

