

Light Musing

by Angie

Vincent gazed at the blue-bright threshold, where his world joined Catherine's. She was a child of the sun, where he could not go. Candles and torches were mere illumination, a necessary compromise.

Yet, here she came, through that magical light into *his* world. He could feel her love, always.

But she belonged to the day, he the night. With a man of her own world, she would have both.

Stop rationalizing, he berated himself. *Think.*

What would another man do when she came to him, as now?

He held her close, closer, and smiled.

Yes, give her a kiss. Always.

