

Moon Musings

by Angie

The full moon drew Vincent above, to his favourite spot just outside the culvert.

He stared at it, glorying in its silver light, so beautiful that even New York's lights couldn't dim it.

How many sorrows, joy, triumphs and defeats had that serene orb shone down upon?

How many people had cursed its bright light, or thanked it for its illumination, or even hoped to find some peace in that pockmarked aspect?

'*The moon's a harsh mistress*'. The words came to him from long ago, oft repeated in songs.

Yet, the moon was eternal. Like their love. His and Catherine's.