

Powerful Words

by Angie

When he thought about Catherine, Vincent often found himself at a loss for words. Was it because of what he was?

He was reading a volume of Gustav Flaubert and opened it at random. His eyes widened as he read.

'Love ... had to come suddenly, with great thunderclaps and lightning flashes, a storm from the heavens upon a life, turning it upside down, blowing away its petty wills like leaves, and carrying the heart to the edge of the abyss.'

Vincent nodded. This was how he felt. Obviously, he was not at all unique, despite everything. He sighed, relieved.

