

# Winged Victory

by Judith Nolan

My saviour grasps me, lifting me gently. Again I feel the surety of his strong palm. It's been too long; I've missed this.

He rescued me, from the detritus of abandonment. He repaired me, reattaching my broken wing. How could Victory hope to soar again with only one wing?

But his gaze is absent, unseeing. Perplexity darkens his eyes.

He stills, like a quarry at bay. Together we hear footsteps and sense the presence of another. He places me down, his gaze sharpening with confusion.

He turns to look, and we see \*her\* again. She waits for him to move...

