

The Empty Chair

by Judith Nolan

At night, Catherine sometimes looked at the embroidered armchair by her bed. Empty, yet it never seemed truly so. In her mind, Vincent often sat there reading to her as she lay in bed unable to sleep. His voice was low and soothing, his presence a steadying warmth. He always seemed to know when she was restless.

She reached toward the chair, and though her fingers met only air, her heart knew better. Distance could not undo their love. She closed her eyes, smiling softly. In dreams, he was beside her, and in waking, his love lived in every breath.