

Birthday Gift

by Ulrike

Vincent's birthday celebration below was over and he guided Catherine back to his chamber. There, Catherine fetched out her surprise gift.

"I was spoiling to give you this."

Vincent unwrapped a little book.

"Bertolt Brecht, Amorous poetry".

He thumbed reverently through the pages, paused to browse, then stopped to read aloud ...

To read in the morning and at night

*My love
Has told me
That he needs me.
That's why
I take good care of myself
Watch out where I'm going and
Fear that any drop of rain
Might kill me.*

He looked up at Catherine and they both smiled.

*The poetry of Bertolt Brecht is featured here:
<http://www.alb-neckar-schwarzwald.de/poetas/brecht/>
English translation by J. Beilharz*

*More on this poet and his work can be found here:
<http://www.brechtociety.org/links/institutions.html>*