

And Hers by Angie

I love, I am loved, he is mine
- Sara Teasdale, Joy

Having listened and loved Vincent's reading of what he said was *Bedouin Song* by Bayard Taylor, Catherine decided to read the poem she had set aside.

"I have a poem to read too," she said, and reached into the pocket of her cardigan to extract a little book of poetry by a favourite poet. She opened it at the ribbon marker and looked up at him. He was watching her intently, anticipating something special. She read softly.

*Never think she loves him wholly,
Never believe her love is blind,
All his faults are locked securely
In a closet of her mind;
All his indecisions folded
Like old flags that time has faded,
Limp and streaked with rain,
And his cautiousness like garments
Frayed and thin, with many a stain -
Let them be, oh, let them be,
There is treasure to outweigh them,
His proud will that sharply stirred,
Climbs as surely as the tide,
Senses strained too taut to sleep,
Gentleness to beast and bird,
Humor flickering hushed and wide
As the moon on moving water,
And a tenderness too deep
To be gathered in a word. **

Vincent gathered Catherine close to him when she had read it. He was flattered that she thought of him this way. He was at a loss for words.

Catherine moved to look up at him and recognized that he was both a little embarrassed and speechless. The latter was enough to make her smile softly at him.

"It's all true, you know," she told him quietly. "Everyone who knows you knows this. You should accept it and be thankful that so many see beyond the surface."

"But Catherine, one can only see oneself most clearly in others eyes. You have brought out the best in me. My '*indecisions*' are fewer, but my love for you is '*too deep to be gathered in a word*.'"

"Some things need no words, Vincent," Catherine countered, as he bent down to kiss her and she met him halfway. Indeed, the hum along their bond was enough.

END

Appraisal - by Sara Teasdale (August 8, 1884 – January 29, 1933)