

# Eyes That Know

## by Angie

... "the darkness in my soul"  
- Don McLean (Vincent)

Catherine left Vincent as he had asked her to, not before giving him a last look of compassion, that she knew he didn't see, but perhaps could feel through their bond. Despite her desire to help him recover from the shock of Paracelsus' last revelations, he was having none of it.

She returned to her apartment, upset but deep in thought. Father seemed at a loss as how to console his son. Vincent was almost hostile in his despair, and no one else in the tunnels seemed to know what to do either.

*"They would not listen, they're not listening still ... Perhaps they never will"*

The words came to her as if waiting for her to open hear and acknowledge them. Of course she knew where they were from – how could she not? And the title of the song was so appropriate as well. She dug through her CDs and found the one she wanted, then keyed in the track. The mellow clarity of Don Mclean's song washed over her, gave her solace. She relaxed and listened.

*"Starry, starry night  
Paint your palette blue and gray  
Look out on a summer's day  
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul*

*Shadows on the hills  
Sketch the trees and the daffodils  
Catch the breeze and the winter chills  
In colors on the snowy linen land*

*Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free*

*They would not listen, they did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now*

*Starry, starry night  
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze  
Swirling clouds in violet haze  
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue*

*Colors changing hue  
Morning fields of amber grain  
Weathered faces lined in pain  
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand*

*Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free*

*They would not listen, they did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now*

*For they could not love you  
But still your love was true  
And when no hope was left in sight  
On that starry, starry night*

*You took your life, as lovers often do  
But I could've told you Vincent  
This world was never meant for  
One as beautiful as you*

*Starry, starry night  
Portraits hung in empty halls  
Frame-less heads on nameless walls  
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget*

*Like the strangers that you've met  
The ragged men in ragged clothes  
The silver thorn of bloody rose  
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow*

*Now I think I know  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free*

*They would not listen, they're not listening still  
Perhaps they never will \**

Catherine put it on again, projecting, as strongly as she could, the peace the song had given her to Vincent, along their bond. She felt something in return, a kind of ... stillness, acceptance perhaps.

In his chamber, Vincent felt Catherine, knew she was relaxed and was trying to give him some of that same feeling. She must be listening to music, he thought. He was now familiar with her emotions while she did so. What was it this time? he wondered. He felt her compassion as she listened, her understanding, and just a little sadness. He did not trust himself to go to her in his current condition, but he would ask her about it the next time he

saw her. The fact that she found solace in it, meant it was something he should hear. It gave him something to hope for, amid the despair he was trying to overcome. He silently thanked Catherine for that. It was enough, for now.

END

\* *"Vincent (Starry, Starry Night)" (1971) by Don McLean*