

Why should I leave?

by Angie

Catherine's poetry reading reminded Vincent of another poem in the little book he had brought. Moving slightly so he could open it again, he found the page and looked at her.

"I have just one answer to that, Catherine," he whispered.

Catherine smiled up at him. "Then I want to hear it," she whispered back.

Vincent read:

*"When I go away from you
The world beats dead
Like a slackened drum.
I call out for you against the jugged stars
And shout into the ridges of the wind.
Streets coming fast,
One after the other,
Wedge you away from me,
And the lamps of the city prick my eyes
So that I can no longer see your face.
Why should I leave you,
To wound myself upon the sharp edges of the night?" **

Catherine hugged him when he had put the book down.

"Does that mean what I think it does?"

"Yes, Catherine."

"Then let's go inside,"

"Yes."

And so their celebration began a night early.

END

* *The Taxi* – by Amy Lowell

Amy Lawrence Lowell (Born Boston, Mass. February 9, 1874 – Died Brookline, Mass. May 12, 1925), an American classic poet. She posthumously won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1926.