

Vignettes – Passion

by Angie

7. Masques

How wonderful it was to visit places in the city with Vincent, just like normal people! It was the most magical night of my life.

We were closer than we've ever been before, simply because we could walk without fear on this one night a year.

Every time he put his arm around me, I felt his happiness, and my joy matched his. We discovered a passion for this city of ours, a love of all that it is. I felt a joy beyond anything I have ever felt before - even with Elliot. Vincent knows so much about this place he sees only at night.

And I saw Vincent in the dawn, when we watched the sun painted Brooklyn Bridge. He was so beautiful. We talked, quietly, as if afraid to spoil the moment, the atmosphere of contentment we both felt.

I wanted to kiss him, but I was restrained by some sense of ... decorum ... in a public place. I knew, somehow, that he would not want that.

I saw him looking at my lips though, as I looked at his. Our eyes left no doubt about the passion we both feel for each other and what we want for the future.

Will it happen, sometime? I think it must. We do care deeply for each other. I have never felt this way about any man. Vincent brings out the best in me, I think, as the city showed it's best face to him this night.

How I wish it would happen more often, that the ... criminal side of this city would exert less of a ... hold. But it is my job to try and loosen that hold. I can't pretend that I don't find the challenge exciting and my work rewarding. Peace does not seem to be our lot, but at least I know it can happen, on magic nights like this one.

Perhaps passion can only exist where the dark and light are in bitter conflict.

I knew I would have to leave Catherine and return home, but as the sun rose, I found myself unable to do so. If that jogger had not stopped and reminded us that Halloween was over...

I put my hood up and I walked away from Catherine like an automaton. My feet moved me, but every step was like moving through thick mud. My heart was still on that bench. I dared not look back, or my resolve would have failed.

Even so, I experienced a lightness of spirit, because of what this night had been. We explored this city together! I felt her her joy - and let my own happiness travel down our bond.

Then as the sun rose, I was sitting in a park in daylight. There were sensations I had never felt before. I was tingling with pleasure, passion - simply because I was there with her.

She looked so beautiful in daylight. She wanted to ... kiss me ... something I find almost unbelievable. Of course I wanted to kiss her, but could never have done so there, then.

As I walked to the nearest tunnel entrance, and then down the long route home, I remembered all that had happened to this point in our friendship. Nothing could compare with this night, but now I know that some of what I dreamed is possible.

This was unexpected. I love Catherine, as I have from the first, but this ... this is so much more. My heart has grown wings.

I know she enjoys my company - and it was her suggestion that we take advantage of this one night a year. She was so right!

Why did I not think to suggest it? Perhaps I am too aware of danger, too timid to suggest such a thing. But this night all the barriers came down. I could walk freely, just as she saw in her dream. We could have had ice cream, although we did not. It was not daylight, but that did not matter. We walked through a city brightly lit and full of people.

There's a temptation to regard this city anew, but I must be careful. The passion of this night must be kept apart, in my heart. I must not forget who and what I am.

But I will never look upon this city as an outsider again. It has entered me, become part of me. I am no longer just an observer, a shadow among shadows.

I have Catherine to thank for that, as I have for so much that has changed in my life. There are no words, yet, but one day I must find them and tell her.

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