

Perhaps, One Day...

by Barbara Anderson

It wasn't the first time they had had this argument, and they both knew it wasn't the last.

"... Because... our dream, Catherine," he said, with a hitch in his voice, "it is something that can *never* be!"

The conviction in his voice was heartbreaking.

"Why?" she demanded. "Why do you always say that?"

"...Because..." he insisted, his palms open in a gesture of pleading. "*I don't know who I am...*" he said, shaking his head in despair. "I don't know... *what I am... We... don't know... what I am...*"

"That's not true!" she countered, with equal conviction. "*I do know! I know who you are, Vincent... and what you are... I have always known!*"

He tilted his head to one side, inquisitively and waited for her to elaborate.

She approached him, standing so close that her scent alone calmed the beating of his troubled heart.

Gently resting her open palm on his chest, she spoke softly. "*You... are the man I love... You're the kindest... gentlest... most loving... human being I have ever known... You are my Vincent... That is all that matters.*"

He closed his eyes. Sighing heavily, he pulled her closer as he let her words flow into his soul. *When she says it, he thought, I can almost believe it's true.*

As if reading his thoughts, Catherine lifted her hand and lay it against his stubbled cheek. "Perhaps," she whispered, "one day, you *will* believe that it's true."



By Lynn Wright