

BEGGAR'S COMET

by Katrina Relf

I had often pictured you in my mind
Through the words that you wrote her,
Through the books that you read her.

I thought I knew you,
Knew who you were,
Knew what you'd be.

How could I have known?
How could I have imagined what it would be like,
How it would change my life
When I found you,
As the Beggar's Comet streaked the night,
And you came to her grave to die.

And through those long and magical hours
I watched that strange and beautiful face,
And understood why Catherine loved you.

I knew the gentleness in your heart,
Saw love in those hands
That could also kill.

I can only dream of what you shared,
And can never tell you how I feel.

But, Vincent, somewhere deep inside you, know
That if my love cannot mend your heart,
I would die in her place
To bring her back to your arms.