

LONGING

by Katrina Relf

“I wished that it was you ...”

Those words made all the horror of the past hours become almost bearable. The hatred, the cruelty that exists in your world – man’s inhumanity to man – so many wasted lives. Why does this have to be? When will it end? Yet through it all I sensed the closeness, the tenderness that you shared with Elliott, the dangers that you faced together, the love that he feels for you ... the moment when you kissed. I feared that tonight, as you knelt beside me, you would read my thoughts – feel my aloneness .. perhaps you did ...

“I wished that it was you ...”

Those words brought me such joy and such pain. The pain of knowing that I must not dwell upon them for too long, lest they take me in their hands and will not let me go. But, oh, the joy of knowing that you could love me, if only I could let you. Oh, Catherine, if only I could let you.

I would give every part of who I am, every thought of love that I possess – but to what purpose? To merely speak of love – to tell of longings that heighten with every touch – is but a timeless yearning, a voice lost in the wind. For what comfort can be found in feelings only spoken, and what power is there in a love that can only exist through words? For love is beyond definition – it needs expression. Or are we forever bound to accept a reflection for a sunrise, and a poem for a kiss?

This life we share, this love we share, is always circumscribed by what I am. I know that ours can never be a life without limits, nor a love without limits. To wish for more can only be a dream, a beautiful dream, that once dreamt, can only live within my imagining, like touching stars upon the mirror pool, or chasing after the wind. Just to hold you close, closer than a heartbeat, to smell the softness of your hair, to feel your arms around me, is a wonderment I thought I would never know, and this must be enough, for only in dreams can there be more.

And yet tonight, just for a moment, I saw in your eyes a longing that made my heart believe that, even for us, anything is possible, and I remembered, all too clearly, how only hours before, before all the fear and bloodshed, without thought, I had kissed your hand. Catherine, were your lips so far away?

Another excerpt from Vincent’s journal

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