

# REFLECTIONS

by Katrina Relf

*“Beautiful and impossible things – things that are lovely and that never happen, things that are not and that should be” ---*

To walk in the sunshine with Catherine, to share the daylight with her – a beautiful, impossible dream that we have dreamt time after time – a dream that can never be. There are so many things that we cannot share – things beyond my imagining – things that only a man from her world could give her.

The daylight will never be mine – but the night is ours – the only part of her world that we can share. I see her face – her beautiful face – in the moonlight, by candlelight – but can only imagine the sunlight in her hair, the blue of a summer sky reflected in her eyes. It is a world I do not know, will never know – so, do I have the right to love a woman of that world? Do I have the right to long to touch her – to kiss her, to see in her eyes that same longing?

It is beyond my comprehension that she can look upon me with love, to look upon me with such tenderness in her eyes. There are no mirrors in my chamber. I cannot bear to look upon the being who shares my body, my mind. The only part of myself that is mine alone is my soul. The Other has no soul, no compassion, no love. Catherine has seen this being, my other self, and yet she can still love me – the most beautiful and impossible thing.

But can love live without expression? Can it survive in the shadows? Will our love bloom – as a rose tenderly opening its petals to the dew of a new-born day? Or will those silent drops fall like so many wasted tears? For where there are roses, there are thorns, and thorns can wound – with a look – a touch – a sigh – they can pierce your heart and make it bleed – when love is hopeless, yet endless and deeper than all roses.

So, for the moment, let the moonlight be our sunshine, poetry be our words of love and, in the warmth of an embrace, a longing for things that are not and that should be.

{An Excerpt from Vincent's Journal}