

Whispers of the Heart

by Katrina Relf

An Excerpt from Vincent's Journal.

As I sit here alone in my Chamber, Catherine, I think of you and listen to the words my heart is whispering. Words I dare not speak aloud – even to myself. For they tell of the hopeless longing for a life that I know can never be, except within my heart and within the deepest part of my being.

I dream of lying with you, loving you, touching you in a way I have never touched, nor been touched. I can only imagine the softness of your lips, the warmth of your body against mine, and I yearn to become a part of you. I know such thoughts, such dreams, can never be, and I curse my heart for wanting more than the miracle that is already mine.

What we have is more than I ever dreamt possible, until I found you, until that wondrous moment when you spoke of love. It is still beyond my comprehension that a woman such as you can look upon me, can touch me, can love me. And once, for me, that was enough. I knew contentment, I found peace, within your arms.

So why does my heart cry out for more? Why does the fabric of my dreams sometimes become entangled with reality? Is it because of the darkness that lives within me? Or is it because there is a part of me that is a man, and that man loves you and needs you more than life itself?

But dreams are not reality and I know what I am and can only accept the fate that life has chosen for me.

So, Catherine, you will never hear the words my heart whispers, words that can never be spoken, nor will you ever know the longing that lies deep within.

Rather, I will give thanks every day for the miracle that is mine, and forever worship you with my eyes and hold you deep within a heart that beats only for you.

END