

# I Miss You

(Catherine's letter to Vincent)

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

Dear Vincent,

*I can't believe it's been almost eight months since you have left me standing at the threshold between our two worlds. It is as if it was yesterday that I stood there, alone. I felt so lost and cold, as I have never felt before. The steady warmth of your gentle presence was gone so quickly. I turned, only to see you vanishing in the tunnels. Suddenly, all I could feel was the damp and chilly air creeping into my bones.*

*I've gone a long way since then, Vincent, personally and professionally, but none of it would have been possible if you haven't found me that fateful night. Not only because you saved my life, but because you saved my soul as well, opened my eyes to things I had until then pretended not to see. And you opened my heart to something which is filling my whole being with strength, courage, and a feeling deeper than I have ever known before, although I don't dare to name it, yet...*

*I miss you. Three simple words but they have been my silent companions since the day we parted our ways and have never left me. I miss you more than I thought I could miss someone, more than I would admit of missing anyone, apart from my mother. Whatever I do, wherever I go, not a day goes by when my mind doesn't wander down Below, and as if by magnetic force is pulled toward your chamber, to you...*

*What is happening to me? Why can't I let you go? Why does my first and my last waking moment of each day belong only to you? Why am I not able to just move on with my life and live it the way you believed, with strength and open heart?*

*I've been trying to find an answer to that question for almost eight months now and I think, I finally know it - I can't let you go and move on because I am a part of you and you are a part of me now.*

*I may have not seen you in person for months, but I see you every time I close my eyes, in every light of a candle, in every timeless poem that I read, in every star on the night sky...*

*I may have not heard a word from you for what seems like eternity, but the soothing sound of your deep gentle voice is calling to me every day and every night...*

*I may have not touched you since that night at the threshold, but the warm hold of your hand enveloping mine and the shy feel of your arm around me, is engraved in my memory as one of the most beautiful moments in my life...*

*At times when I'm home alone, I find myself talking to you, imagining I was still with you down Below, or you here, up Above with me. My sense is telling me that I should stop doing that, stop living in this illusion of you maybe finding your way to me again, someday. Your condition chains you to a life Below, hidden from the ignorant hateful eyes of my world. But what's the point of being sensible, if the heart has its own mind? And mine seems to be very stubborn...*

*Vincent, I don't know how long I can go on like this in my life up here. Pretending every day that I am feeling wonderful, and that despite of working harder and longer than I had ever worked before, my new life is filling me completely and utterly with a sense of pure satisfaction and happiness without missing anything...*

*Yes, my new work gives me a new sense of being useful, really helping people. But satisfaction from work can't replace the loneliness I feel inside. Though most of my days surrounded by people, in reality, I have never felt lonelier - because before, I didn't know you, Vincent...*

*I miss you.... I know, I've said it already, but I can't seem to think about anything else. And I wonder... if you might miss me too... Sometimes, I feel as if you were near me, almost with me, and then, my heart beats faster and I get restless, losing my way. I close my eyes, take a deep breath and then, suddenly, I hear your voice saying my name. A wave of sweet peace fills me inside and I feel my feet firmly on the ground again.*

*It's a beautiful night, Vincent. The sky is sprinkled with millions of stars and I watch them, imagining you seeing the same stars, as night is your only merciful friend in my world, lending you its invisible cloak of protection. Are you walking in the dark alleys of Central Park tonight? Would our paths cross again if I walked there right now? You have no idea how many nights I've been tempted to do that, to go for a late night walk to Central Park, in the hope I might see you again. But then I hear your voice whispering to me it's not safe, and that it's not the way it's meant to be. If we are ever to meet again, it has to be somewhere, where both of us can be safe, a place which would be only ours forever...*

*My eyes are protesting as I'm writing this letter. It had been a long day at work and yet, I couldn't go to bed without letting you know... Although you may never get to read my words, I'm hoping that in your heart, you can hear them. Be well, Vincent, be well and safe in your beautiful world Below, of which sadly, I have seen only a small fragment. And as I lay down to sleep tonight, I shall think of your voice reading to me again, taking me somewhere I have never travelled...*

*I miss you...*

*Yours forever,*

*Catherine*