

Let Your Heart Speak To Mine

(Catherine's Letter to Vincent)

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

Vincent,

I can't believe it... I understand what you were trying to say, but I just can't believe that it's what you really want... Do you really want me to live estranged from you, pursuing a life of happiness Above, without the only man that I could ever find happiness with? Without you? After all that we've been through, after all that we've shared and endured? After I have known the taste and the feel of true love, real, raw, sweet, honest and more powerful than I've ever known before?

When you left me standing there, I felt as cold as the steel door you closed behind you. Taking all my hopes, all my dreams, all my love for you away, never to return. And all I could think of was why do you have to be so noble, Vincent?

It is your noble heart, your way of putting my well-being first, which was one of the things that made me fall in love with you. Yet this time, you took your nobility to another level. One that causes indescribable pain from separation, of a loss so deep, and so terrible that I don't know how to deal with it. Losing my mother all those years ago was something that has marked me for life, but losing you is a blow so brutal that I almost can't breathe...

It's been only a couple of days since you've left me, sent me out to live a life that you think I deserve. If that's what you want, I will try because I have always respected what you think and feel. I'll try to meet my friends more regularly, spend more time with my father, do the things I like doing.

But please... Don't ask me to take courage from the love that we've shared and let it help me to love someone else... It is something that will never happen, and if you still feel all my emotions and feelings, you know that I'm right. For what woman could fall in love with someone else after having loved you? Some things are truly impossible...

Today was a lovely day. I spent it with my friend Nancy and her family. I played with her children, helped her to cook dinner; we celebrated the birthday of one of our friends. All surrounded by our friends and their loved ones. And I'm not going to lie and say that I didn't feel a bit sad, wishing that this was my family, that these were the things that I could do and enjoy with my own family.

But there was one irreplaceable thing missing in the picture, a puzzle piece without which all of the dreams and possibilities vanish in the wind like specks of dust - you... All of this would mean nothing if I couldn't share it with you, the man who fills my heart to the very last muscle tissue that holds it together.

I met an old friend of mine who also visited Nancy today. A man. He asked me if I wanted to spend some time with him. I could have said yes; he is a good man, caring and kind. I was given a chance to start a new chapter of my life as you wished it for me. I could have... But I didn't, I couldn't...

By the time the day was almost over, all the joy of seeing my friends again and sharing a glimpse of their happy lives had faded. Suddenly, I felt restless. Unable to silence my longing, I withdrew to my room, if only to escape the worried looks of the people I love dearly but who cannot understand what I feel.

Vincent, God knows I don't wish to make you feel any worse than you must already be feeling, but I can't help it. I feel unable to shut out my grief, the pain that cuts through me like a knife because you sent me away... I don't know how and I don't want to know how to do it. I want you to feel me, to share everything that I feel, for it brings me consolation that no one and nothing ever can...

Living without you stopped being an option for me the moment I found the volume of Shakespeare's Sonnets that you had left on my balcony, with that beautiful rose pressed between the pages, and I read the sonnet you had marked... At that moment, I knew that nothing could separate us, that somehow we were meant to find each other, care for each other, lift each other to the places we have never been before, love each other...

It's the middle of the night, and I should sleep, but the land of dreams seems such a remote place now, that I took to pen and paper and am writing these words to you, despite knowing you might never read them.

Vincent... I asked you this question some time ago, but I'm asking again: What will we do? I refuse to believe that I'll never see you again because that would

mean that I gave up. You can only give up when you lose all hope, and I haven't, for you taught me that hope is the first of many steps to reaching for what your heart longs for the most. And what my heart longs for the most is you.

Waves of indecisiveness and confusion are tearing through me constantly, as I fight a battle with myself, not knowing how to move forward. But I can't give up on trying; I need to find a way, for myself, for both of us...

My mind, my heart and soul are in a strange place now. I feel... disconnected... from myself, from my other half, the best part of who I am. Can you still feel me, Vincent, or has our separation severed our bond, that connection that makes our love even more powerful, uplifting and beautiful? I've been trying to reach out for you in my mind and my heart, but all I'm reaching is an invisible wall, painfully reminding me that you are somewhere behind it, and no matter what I do, I can't climb over or break through it.

I don't have the strength to do it on my own. Will you help me, Vincent? Will you reach out to me the way you always used to? Will you pull me to your heart and into your arms again and share your strength with me? We really are those lovers who the world conspires to keep apart... Yet we have always managed to beat all the odds life tried to impose on us. We have because we fought them together.

My mother always wanted a happy life for me. But what defines a happy life? Is it the vision of your own home, with a loving partner, children playing in the backyard and a dog running around, to create a picture that someone could have cut out from a perfect romantic novel? Or is it a life shared with your soulmate, someone who fills your whole being with their love, understanding and care, creating a home within their heart for both of you?

The more I've been thinking about it these past few days, the more convinced I am that it's a state of our inner peace of mind. A state where whatever situation we must face, we can and will face it with the knowledge that it's worth fighting for. I am still like a broken vase, the content of which has spilled all over the place. And I know that there is only one person who can glue all the shards together and make me whole, fill me up again. Someone who truly knows who I am, whose heart and mind is so tied to mine that it's almost physically painful to be apart from him...

Don't give up, Vincent, please... not on me, not on us... Help me find my lost balance, my joy, my peace of mind. Help me find a way for us to share one life, no matter in what form it might be. I can survive if you decide never to see me again, but I can't live without you; I've known that for a long time...

Listen, stop and listen for a moment, Vincent. You will hear the beating of my bleeding heart, that is still desperately looking for its other half, slowly withering in time and space from cold and emptiness. And when you hear it, please, don't remain silent, don't lock your words in the deepest chamber of your soul, but bear them out to me. Let your heart speak to mine so that they can find a way to walk together again...

Forever,

Catherine

