

Home

by Angie

Catherine regarded Vincent as he sat completely at ease in their brownstone's den, reading a book of poetry.

Contentment seemed to radiate from him along their bond. She basked in it, felt it warm her through, but she knew the reason was deeper than their surroundings.

He looked up at her and smiled, sensing her mild puzzlement.

"What's your secret?" she asked. "You seem so very relaxed now. No more doubts?"

"No," he agreed. "Cohen said it best."

"You worry that I will leave you.

I will not leave you.

Only strangers travel.

Owning everything,

*I have nowhere to go." **

* 'Owning Everything' by Leonard Cohen