

Midnight Visitor, 1977

by Cindy

Devin stood at the bars of the metal gate, his hands as full of memory as of iron.

Swinging on it. Running in and out. Chasing after Vincent. Being chased, by Mitch. Pushing boundaries. Pushing them farther.

The years fell away.

“You still in there, Little Brother? Still... locked inside the stones?” Devin asked no one.

He picked up his bag, preparing to leave. This had been a bad idea.

Devin was learning that he was no more able to claim love than Vincent was. Though he was “loose,” he was not actually “free.”

Time was teaching him the difference.