

Dreams

by Judith

“You can see where Devin lives now. He’s written it on the map. See, right there, Vincent.”

“I see. The whole country looks to be a magical place.”

“He says in his letter he wishes you could see it, Vincent. I wish that too, for both of us.”

“I see it in my dreams, Catherine. Devin’s letters take me there. We walk miles together, among the grape vines, in the sunshine.”

“Like we did on that beach?”

“Yes, Catherine. And as we walked in your dream, when you were visiting Nancy.”

“I think we could share that kiss now, Vincent...”

