

# Keats Knew

by Judith

“This is what I believe.” Catherine traced the words with her fingertip. “Truly, Vincent. Always...”

She held up her latest gift, nestled in her open palm. The Keats quote said everything.

Beside her, Vincent passed his arm around her slim waist, pulling her close against him. He buried his face in her hair.

“Then tell me what I’m thinking right now...” he teased, his lips destroying her equilibrium.

“This...” Catherine turned within his embrace, lifting her eager mouth to his.

There was a long silence on Catherine’s balcony. The magnet remained safe within her grasp. There would be time later...

