

The Heart

by Judith

Father retrieved the magnet from the cluttered depths his bottom desk drawer. The giver had been long forgotten, but the words were still true.

He held it in his open palm, reading its timeless message.

“The heart never becomes wrinkled,” he whispered. “It remains as true and fresh, as the day it was born. The heart never becomes wrinkled, because love stretches its limits, and it is renewed every day. The heart never becomes wrinkled, for it knows not the hour of its own demise...”

It was perfect for Vincent’s growing collection. He stood, and limped out of his chamber.

