

The Music

by Judith Nolan

Father sat spellbound as the tunnel child musical prodigy played the violin so sweetly. His music filled the chamber with golden sound. The old man had tears glistening in his eyes as he leaned forward.

Catherine rested against Vincent, her hand resting on his. The melody rose, tender as a lullaby, fierce as a vow. It carried her memories, his dreams, their shared silences.

She whispered, "This is us..."

Vincent opened his eyes, gazing at her with a love deeper than music. "Yes," he breathed, "This is us."

And the music became their heartbeat, echoing long after the final note.