

# In The Mirror...

by Judith

“Whitely it stole up to a maid - to be within the silver mirror,  
and in her...”

Facing her reflection in her bedroom mirror, Catherine  
whispered the words.

Slowly, she closed the book of Rilke poetry. Beside her, a  
single candle cast dancing shadows across the walls. She  
heard the rustle of shifting bedcovers. She did not turn to look.

Vincent loomed out of the moon-lit darkness behind her.  
He came to stand at her back, his hand clasping her naked  
shoulder. Together they gazed silently at their reflections in  
the silver mirror.

The unique being, and his beloved lady...