

With your blue eyes

by Ulrike

Every time she heard, or read of, worst case scenarios in the media, Catherine was reminded of those terrible days of "Shades of Grey"

"It gives me the creeps," Catherine thought, putting her arms around herself and rubbing over her arms, as if she wanted to warm up herself. *"It felt like an icy hand was gripping my heart,"* she shivered.

"I felt like I was losing the best part of myself, yes." She listened to an inner echo, resonating in her. She had made this statement to Vincent, after they had overcome the danger - and which should have become the introduction and transition to something more.

She sighed deeply, deliberately breathing out calmly and lightly. She had learned to chase away all these panic triggers, the ghosts and aliens of this nightmare. Otherwise, they would cause Vincent concern by flooding the bond with negative emotions.

"No! And yes !!!, their relationship wasn't a one-way road, anymore," she soliloquized, focusing her thoughts now on her final statement, given to Vincent wholeheartedly at the entry of her basement:

"It wasn't courage Vincent, it was love."

"Yes, it was, and most of all it still is," Catherine reflected, feeling how the cocoon of love for one another enveloped and warmed her up. *"It felt so good!"*

She was able to remember every millisecond of this scene and replay it past her inner eye, enjoying every moment of it once more. Again she took a deep breath. Most of all, she easily remembered the intensity of Vincent's look, the brightness of his blue eyes.

"Were the intensity and brightness of his blue eyes heightened by that dust in his hair, the leftover from those shades of grey?" Catherine asked herself. She wasn't sure.

She had felt the quality of that look. It accompanied her after they had separated. With every step, there had been an awareness of a rhythm, beating in the cadence of their heartbeats, which finally let to a symphony - the result of the echo of her statement and the look of his wonderful blue eyes.

Years later, she found a poetry book from the German poet Heinrich Heine. As she opened it, one of the poems caught her eye immediately. She bought the book, but in that short time, Catherine had learnt this special piece of poetry by heart.

With your blue eyes *

*Are you looking lovely,
It makes me so dreaming,*

*That I can not speak.
To your blue eyes
I commemorate everything; -
A sea of blue thoughts*

(Mit deinen blauen Augen

*Mit deinen blauen Augen
Siehst du mich lieblich an,
Da wird mir so träumend zu Sinne,
Daß ich nicht sprechen kann.
An deine blauen Augen
Gedenk ich allerwärts; -
Ein Meer von blauen Gedanken*

- Liebesgedicht von Heinrich Heine, 1797 bis 1856)

* **Christian Johann Heinrich Heine** (German:[ˈhaɪnʁɪç ˈhaɪnə]; 13 December 1797 – 17 February 1856) was a German poet, journalist, essayist and literary critic.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Heinrich_Heine