

Nowhere

(a 100 word tidbit)

by Angie

Vincent sometimes chafed impatiently at restrictions, pacing the rug in his chamber during daylight hours. It was the reason he went above, into the city, at night. Yet, although the beat of that 'mighty heart' surrounded him, he felt more alone.

Returning below, the ancient darkness waited, implacable. He was not of this world either. He was unique, belonging neither above nor below. Nowhere.

Vincent whispered Wallace Stevens' poem:

*"I was the world in which I walked, and what I saw
Or heard or felt came not but from myself;
And there I found myself more truly and more strange"*

END