

At her Bedside

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

He turned off the light. His wife was breathing slowly. At her bedside, he spoke of her friends the roses, of the pretty carnation brooch he had pinned to her silk scarf, of the alluring hat which fitted her so well. Small souvenirs, simple and vivid, the heavy night whispered to him, like that of the book of fables she had slipped in his hand. All this and much more until early morning. He only stopped when the wings of dawn touched the floor.

