

The patient

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

He switched off the light. His wife was breathing softly. At her bedside he told her of her friends the roses, of the pretty carnation brooch he had pinned on her silk scarf, of her coquettish hat which fitted her so well. Small, simple and bright memories the heavy night whispered to him, such as the book of fables she had slid into his hand. All this and much more till the early morning. He only stopped when the wings of dawn touched the window pane.

