

MARY

Hamish, I am frightened. Not of the darkness of an unknown end or any pain and agony that I would endure. No, I fear never seeing you again; of having the lights go out for good without ever saying goodbye. And I am saddened at knowing you'll blame yourself for my loss. It is Spring here. The faintest signs of it reach their way to me. The smell and light of new life penetrate the darkness. This gives me reason, however foolish, to believe we shall be in each other's embrace once more.