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Unicorn Living

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Wolfhart never recovered; he remained a babbling, mindless invalid for the remainder of his life, but I remember that when I visited him thirty years later, he would still tap the wall with his fingers.

Why was I spared? I can't say for certain, but I think it may have been because my music was meant for here. I had Greta as my anchor to this world; the others did not. I feel no ill will about this; throughout our marriage, our music together never ceased to be anything but wonderful. It was the rhapsody *we* were

designed to play, and I believe we have played it well.

And what of Christoff? His parents mourned him, never fully understanding what their son had been. They took him back home to Weimar and buried him in the ground there. But every evening I look into that vast, sparkling night sky and I know that behind it, Christoff Gothart is sitting at some vast celestial instrument, producing glorious music, with a chorus of thousands upon thousands of hosts singing in harmony with him

THE END

Unicorn Living

by

Kate Reilly

She follows night creatures in her dreams
where the unicorn meets her,
brushes its cold horn against the wind
and lets her feel the surface of the moon.

The mane of the unicorn is white
like the crystals from the den Winter inhabits
and where Snow exhales frost.

The clouds whisper to the trees
and the tire swing creaks
pushing itself further into the black space
we call night.