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Meudon
James Vladimir Gill

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MEUDON

(After Rodin)

He sat in a wheelchair all night, and kept vigil. His old friend and *patineur* Limet, was nearby, in case he would need him. But all Rodin asked for was to have his wheelchair brought to the bed, now and then, so he could have a look at her.

"Do you know, Limet, we were married just fourteen days ago."

Limet smiled. He touched the old man's shawl-covered knee. "Yes," he said, "are you warm?"

"And we were together fifty-three years. I think Rose died of bride's joy! See how beautiful she is?"

In Meudon, the next day, they opened their tomb. Above it rose his Thinker. The old man was composed. But Limet, his arm now tightly locked into Rodin's, began to weep. Rodin turned to him. The sculptor searched Limet's face. He thought he saw a block of virgin marble.

Turning to no one in particular and in the loud voice of the deaf, Rodin said, "Where is Limet? Isn't it curious that he is not here. He was so fond of Rose, wasn't he?"