

To Dreaming

By Sofia Nowell

Dark skies with bright stars like
a bowl full of black beans shifted
for twinkling. A cool breeze, refreshing.
A moon for a lamp post. All in all
peaceful; serene.

Inside, there's dragons, bathroom
incidents, powers of flying, and
sweet sweet nothings. Muscles and
eyes twitch in a good way. People lay
still in a good way.

But, when the bubble
pops! There's no more black beans.
There's just dark sludge, unescapable.
Thrust upon you like a curse undeserved.
Dark all over.

Inside and outside, there's bullets,
screams, cracks, thumps, and
sweet sweet chaos. Muscles and
eyes twitch in a bad way. People lay
still in a bad way.

Dreams are tricky and subjective
to where you stand, who you are.
Unreachable and unattainable,
especially for those that can't
dream. Cursed to each day see
Dark all over.