"Dream"

693 words

My hands glow an eerie shade of blue, lighting up the dark forest.

I point them down to the ground,

I lift up into the air, the stars slowly coming closer, as if I could reach out and touch them.

Wings sprout out of my back and I fly to the moon,

And as I sit on the dusty craters, I see the Earth.

A little blue and white dot.

The planets in the distance seem to dance in the sunlight,

How weird, how I can breath out here without a helmet.

But I won’t question it,

Space is pretty cool,

But can turn on you.

You can drift on forever, farther, and farther away from your home.

Or a black hole can find you, swallowing you up in eternal darkness.

You can also suffocate. With the lack of oxygen here, it’s pretty easy.

But there’s a bright side, it’s beautiful.

It’s easy to stare at a photo of our galaxy, and get lost, as if you were in the photograph, drifting, floating.

But alas, it may not be possible.

Going to space is expensive, in two different ways,

It can take a lot of money,

But it needs a lot of training, spinning, G forces, floating around.

But as I drift past Earth, I realize it looks different than usual.

Everything looks distorted, twisted, liquid.

A black hole opens up beneath me and it sucks everything in.

The darkness swallows everything,

Including me.

I jolt awake, sitting up in my bed.

It was just a dream, I’m safe, my hands aren’t glowing, and I’m not in space.

If that seemed so real, how do I know if I’m dreaming right now?

I try not to think about it. I’m not the biggest fan of existential crises.

The moonlight shines in my window, onto my desk and necklace.

I lay back down to fall asleep again, and possibly have another amazing dream just like that one.

One where I have powers,

One where I can have any ability possible.

I start to drift off, and the last thing I see is the moonlight sparkling, and making my necklace seem to glow.

Not a magical glow,

But it’s just as beautiful.

I wake up once more, but in the forest, and my hands glowing blue again.

But this isn’t a normal dream.

I’ve seen this forest before, and this feels way too real.

I walk toward the trees, trying to find something.

I don’t know what, but I’ll just look.

I eventually find a rock, with a strange symbol on top, I rub the dirt off so I can see better, and it looks like a spiral, but with lines through every once and a while. I sit on it and just look at the full moon.

The wind howls, moving the trees and everything in the forest.

My entire body begins to glow the same shade of blue.

My hair moves with the wind.

It lifts me up, along with trees, rocks, and animals.

It’s a tornado. Please let me wake up. This isn’t as cool anymore.

I know I’ll wake up at some point, but this doesn’t feel like a dream

I feel completely conscious.

A rock hits my head from the oncoming wind and all goes black.

I wake up once again in the forest, but it seems to be morning.

The sun rises, and the birds sing. Everything is in shambles from the tornado.

I have to get home.

I run towards civilization, hoping I’ll find my home.

No matter how much my head pounds, I keep running.

I run into my house, brush off my clothes and hop into bed.

I know I’m awake now, that wasn’t a dream. And my hands feel tingly.

I look at them, only to see the glow is still there. Illuminating my bedroom.

I will await my next dream, but for now, I need a break. That was scary.

And so, as I lie there, trying to contemplate what just happened, I drift off to sleep, once again.

Luckily, it’s the weekend, so I don’t have to get up.

I need the rest.