

Hope and Fear

by Cerrid Wynn

I spoke to her as she drifted to sleep, the chemical bonds in her mind loosening her, loosening me. I was trying to get a message across, silkily sliding through the silence of a mind half asleep. Crickets chirp somewhere distant outside her window, and her lover breathes softly, his presence a comfort to her... to me. I whisper to her of things desired, sad they may be forgotten

She hears me, acknowledges me. She knows I'm bound each day, unable to make my voice heard. "It's regrettable," she mumbles, fending off the sleep, so difficult for her to resist. "Talk to me in my dreams."

And so I do. It is the only place I have left. I can hardly blame her for wanting to be happier. She doesn't want to sacrifice me. So I talk to her in dreams, whispering my words, singing of hopes and joys, and fantasies, hoping they will be remembered as she wakes and kisses her lover good morning. I hope she remembers them before the little orange bottle is opened, and the little pink pill is swallowed, before I am once again bound in chemical chains, and silenced. I, her dreams and hopes are sentenced to the same silence as her fears and worries, because we are often both one and the same.

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