

Sliver

by Dorothee Lang

When she woke up that morning, the last pictures of her last dream still vibrated in her mind:

She stood at a window and saw a comet flashing through the sky, leaving a silver trail behind it as it sliced through the deep black atmosphere. It was beautiful and bright and it felt so real.

And she kept dreaming of huge cities filled with streets filled with houses filled with colors and shadows. Sometimes she walked through them, sometimes she drove through them in a car. But no real memory of what happened there remained.

