

A Blue Dream

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

She felt safe. Even though she would sink eventually she had no fears. All would happen in good time and slowly, bearably and pleasantly. Her arms were docilely floating alongside her body. Yellows, blues and whites touching with their spirited reflections.

On the road above people were looking down with alarmed waves and calls she barely heard. She smiled at their fears: there was no danger. Her isolation had been the choice of her dreaming mind which had guided her down onto the blue mass of water where she was softly, oh so softly, drifting with the caressing current, away from the cliffs, wherever the ocean was taking her.

Seconds or perhaps minutes before, she'd been walking along with the group when, without a word and with no apparent reason to the eyes on her, she had jumped. She herself didn't question her inner being which played in confusing, impulsive ways, choosing its own surroundings: this time it had opted for the void below.

It hadn't been a dive or a splash, but a silent drop — a feather doll leisurely twirling down — to find herself flat on her back, clothes and hair intact, no sign of wet, lying on the wide breathing body of the ocean.

While people watched helpless at the small unmoved figure, she was idling, seemingly forever, for an eternity maybe, living to the full her feelings of abandonment, of weightlessness, of spatial closeness to the sea.

Too quickly though, stirring air insidiously trespassed on her bounds and vibrated through her dream. She turned off the alarm clock with eyes closed, recalcitrant will and lame hand. The tidal wave of reality was pulling her out of her surreal journey there on the open womb.

With the daylight inserting itself in the room, the images wilted away, slowly slowly discolouring the blue and forcing her to drift into wide-awakeness.

