The Technicolour Hours
by Jowell Tan

The other night

I dreamt I was an astronaut
Tightly strapped into my seat
Blasting off into outer space

I dreamt I was a seaman
Anchors aweigh
Sailing away to conquer the seas

As I floated out to space
As I floated out to sea

I turned behind
And saw everything getting smaller
Everything getting quieter

And when I turned back forward
There was nothing to see
And nothing to hear

I was not afraid, I did not tremble
For in that vastness I saw excitement
I would lay eyes on things that no one else had seen

I gripped the controls
I turned on the thrusters
I zoomed into the great unknown

I spun the wheel
I turned the sails
I moved on towards the horizon

And just when I saw the sparkle of a distant star
the shore of a faraway island
Just when I was about to catch a glimpse of a brand new adventure -

I woke up.

Drab walls surrounding a single bed.
The sun shining through the window,
Blinding me awake.
My alarm, blaring and deafening,
Ordering me to get to work.

I just wanted to go back to sleep
Because reality was so dull
compared to my dreams.