

Dream

by Lyle Rosdahl

Lately, instead of the images of dreams waking me up, as has always been the case, it is sounds that jolt me awake. The thumps and roars and slithering of creatures unseen. The ghosts that slam cupboards shut. The apparitions of robbers breaking down the front door: splinter. The crunch and splat of bodies falling from the sky. I wake up each time with my skull closer to the window at the head of the bed, as if my ethereal dreamself is trying to fling my mortal body out in the interim of unconsciousness.

I have begun to sleep at the foot of the bed like an obedient dog. But obedient to whom? Obedient to what command? To the existential commands of the conscious mind? Then what command, pray tell, am I obeying when I sleep? Whose command am I obeying? The intermittent black lines of sleep become more frequent, the dots and then dashes of a frenetic Morse code: meaningless repetition to someone who doesn't know. And I don't know.

Two days ago, when I woke up, my forehead was pressed to the glass of the window, my neck straining back. The glass. I moved away slowly, covering my eyes with my hands. Yesterday I slept on the floor, curled in a ball and when I woke up my forehead was pressed to the glass of the window, my neck straining back. I moved away slowly, covering my eyes with my hands. Last night I didn't sleep at all. I drank coffee and stayed awake and my mind rummaged through the concatenations of evil remembered and created. It's difficult, today, for me to tell what's a dream and what's waking life. The world outside is distorted by the slowly moving glass of the window. The world outside looks louder and louder and louder.

