

Do you dream?

by Meg Worden

“Do you dream?” Ana asked me. Her dark hair wet from the shower, she threads her fingers through it, pushing it away from her face, away from those mad black eyes rimmed with green.

She got the furthest into me, that Ana. I couldn't give her up. She was the most beautiful hyena I'd ever seen, I'd ever fucked. — But I didn't love her. It was more like I needed her. It was a problem, my stupidity. A problem I would pay dearly for. Megalomania is a kind of backwards leprosy. It rots your insides out while your skin glistens and grows tighter around your bones.

“I want to know everything about you, Oscar, do you dream?”

I kissed her mouth instead of answering. Kissed it hard and pressed my hand into the space between her belly and her hip, reached around and pulled her toward me. I gave her no choice but to respond to me because I couldn't give her what she really wanted.

Here is what I could have, should have said: I sleep the blackout sleep of death and drunkards. I sleep the blessed sleep of far away. I never dream of fire or flying. I never dream of losing myself, of wandering the dusty trailer lot behind the circus looking for that part of me that I have lost, my everlasting home.

But I didn't say that, I didn't say a goddamn thing. And now I know what I should have known then. There are no second chances for the soulless.

```
@font-face { font-family: "Cambria"; }p.MsoNormal, li.MsoNormal,  
div.MsoNormal { margin: 0in 0in 0.0001pt; font-size: 12pt; font-  
family: "Times New Roman"; }div.Section1 { page: Section1; }
```

