

Ladybird

by Nora Nadjarian

On the other pillow is a ladybird which escaped from a dream. It reminds me of when I was a tiny red polka dot. And then bigger, and other colours. And then...

I stare at the ceiling, searching its soul for little things. The ladybird touches my arm, whispers that it wants to be a tattoo. I ask it to tell me what it's like to live in and out of dreams.

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