

The Captive

by sara t.

He opens his eyes, the remnants of a dream lingering in his body, a juicy peach, the sun, a girl's shining hair and then he sees the beginning of the new day through the closed shutters, hears the guard washing up at the sink, feels the beginning of a cry in his throat. Every day the same. Every day for the last four years he wakes up from this dream to his reality, a captive in a war between nations, cousins, each determined to not back down, not give in, not lose hope and he the price to pay for future sons and daughters. Every other week, he never knows which day exactly, they shuffle him out in the dead of night, scarf around his head, to change his location, lessening the chances of a rescue. Every three weeks the changing of the guard, so no bond is formed. He never knows where he is, the shutters are always shut. Sometimes he hears the call to prayer far away, sometimes closer. Sometimes he hears children playing football nearby. Every day, the shutters, the white walls, the pita bread and humous, sometimes chicken, sometimes yogurt and if he is lucky, sometimes a cigarette. Every day this, for four years and counting. And every day he wakes up from the same dream, a juicy peach, the sun, a girl's shining hair.

