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Dreams in White Rooms

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Cover Page Footnote

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MEGHAN PRICHARD

DREAMS IN WHITE ROOMS

I had a dream last night.
You were there,
Like a sugar bowl after breakfast.
Spilling out spoons of white.

And in my silent desperation
For rooms without doors
A perfectly padded periphery
From ceiling to cotton floor.
It was too early in my slumber
For dying and rearview mirrors
Your body sprawled out on my mattress,
Like chicken pox fevers.

I came in and out of bedrooms.
Mumbles from one world to the next.
It is sleeping solitary
Where words silence color
And makes color meaningless.

Dream in sepia,
Or red words that spin.
Allusion and sunrise--
A dreaded reunion.

MELISA BEAUCHESNE

SEPARATION

I love the salty smell of the ocean and how the sand seems to dance between my toes as the wind whirls it around my feet. I can feel the sun's rays beating against my back and I wish I had remembered to put on sunscreen this morning. I know my skin is getting redder with every step I take. Today is one of those lazy days and I don't plan on going home until late afternoon. I wonder how far out I can swim...

Placing my feet into the ocean, I don't notice that the clouds are turning gray. I wade past the children playing by the shore. I dive into the water, swimming past fish and seahorses. When I look up, I see sea gulls soaring through the sky. I don't notice that sun is quickly moving behind the clouds. I'm energized and happy to be outside. It's raining a gentle mist across the ocean. All of a sudden, I'm not as warm as I was a few hours ago— I can't stop shivering. I'm terrified when I look around: north, south, east, west, I don't know which way I looked. No matter what direction— I can't see the shore...anywhere. I know if I keep swimming eventually I'll find land, "It's just a matter of time," I tell myself.

The rain starts falling harder and harder like punches pounding my body into the water. Every time I try to breathe, I swallow water instead of air. The rain is pushing me beneath the surface. I've been swimming for miles and it doesn't seem like I have gotten anywhere; that's the moment I realized I've been treading water the entire time. It's dark and I can't rely on stars or the moon to help me. I can't see past the pellets falling from the sky. I start screaming for help. It's useless— no one hears me...

"Wake up," says a familiar voice as he gently shakes me awake. "You have been whimpering in your sleep— is everything ok?" I tell him everything and he holds my hand. I look down and watch my fingers turn into water.