

## The Dream

I had a dream about her. There was a pink and golden field full of wheat and plentiful food. So tall and steadfast the wheat situated; unshakeable and fixated into the mothering soil. The sky burned an Egyptian blue with speckles of emerald light fading on and off as the fireflies hovered below. She was wearing a suit and was younger. Running. arms stretched as they brushed against the vegetation like the wings of a dragonfly floating in the summer air. She turns to me and smiles.

She exclaims "Look at me, I am free."

She stretches her arms to the vibrant sky and the light of the moon shines out from her fingertips. I gaze in wonderment at this goddess. Beautiful, unashamed, courageous, strong. I step forth. I want to feel the light. I reach out and she recoils.

She exclaims "Let me leave you so I can be free."

Tears stream down my eyes like the falling petals of a dying lily. I beg I am not ready for her to go. she has only seen me walk; she hasn't seen me run. she protests "I never ran in life. let me run now." Then a shooting star flies by leaving a trail of star dust that rests on top of the wheat like an child in a mother's arms. She is the moon, and she belongs here with the stars. I turn away and leave her. At peace.