

The Dream

Note after note, octave after octave,  
Pieces of the melody start to flow together.  
My eyes attempt to follow the journey of the song,  
Only to be found in the music deity's hands.

The silky sound of the silver shining beings  
Lull me to sleep like a siren's pleading voice.  
The visual staccato of the leader's baton  
Holds me hostage like Medusa's dangerous eyes.

Straining to keep my drooping eyelids open,  
Dancing with the devil at the gates of dream,  
Hypnotized by the senses of the symphony,  
I finally lose my grip on the edge of consciousness.

My body awakes, believing it was a short while.  
Ears drowned with the same symphony,  
But my eyes are guarded from the world.  
All is awoken. All is loud. All is dark.

I cannot move my body

Or even feel the wiggle of my toes.

Confusion about where I am, what's going on,

And whether my mom is mad that I'm gone.

Suddenly, the symphony quickens.

The violins swiftly switch notes

While my inexistent body is thrown about

Like a baby's rattle.

Control is not in my hands.

Twists and turns blind my thoughts.

Am I on a rollercoaster with no seatbelt?

Nausea dances at the edge of my stomach.

Each note turns me around.

A chaotic, nauseating symphony

Is this the musical deity's karma?

A punishment for my foolish nap?

I hear the music slow,

The percussion soft and light.

My jolting torture transitions

To a boat ride on smooth waters.

Finally, I can breathe.

A moment of peace takes over my nerves.

My ears take in all the sounds around me,

My favorite being the violin.

I think of my mother,

And how she must be worried sick.

But then the music picks up again.

My boat hits rough waters.

Maybe I am on a stunt plane

Doing flips while people “Ahhhh” and “Ohhhh.”

Or have become an astronaut,

Blasting off to explore Pluto.

As my mind flies through outer space,

The music leaves me hanging.

I cannot hear or see or move.

My symphony of commotion has ended.

I feel my captors shove and push me.

I hear, “Honey, wake up. Wake up!”

Using every ounce of my strength,

I finally open my eyes, and see Mom.

“You slept through the entire thing!”

“You better have had a good dream!”

I think to myself. Was that a dream?

Yes, it was.

Well, what was it then?

Then, it hits me.

I was the conductor's baton.