

a dream

something was poking my nose. something with a hard edge, like a fingernail.

i opened my eyes and lifted my head and looked at linda. she was facing away from me in the bed. pressed my eyes closed, opened them, and there, partially (but not entirely) superimposed on/in/over linda's head, was the head of a small, dark-skinned child. floating over/on/in/above/in front of the back of linda's head, it reached toward me with a long, thin finger, wasted, emaciated arm almost too short to reach me. almost too ephemeral to reach. almost.

*light's weird*, i thought, putting my head back down on my pillow and shutting my eyes.

*poke, poke*

i ignored it.

*poke, poke* - that bony nail, insistent.

again, the child was there when i lifted my head and looked. this time it shifted, following me with it's eyes. looked carefully. yeah, linda was there, under it, facing the other direction. it turned it's head toward me, reaching. *there's something you want me to do. What?* it looked into my eyes. *ugh. it's like five in the morning.*

i put my head down on the pillow, closed my eyes and waited. opened them. the dark-skinned child was gone. linda shifted in the bed, and moved toward the far end of the bed, disrupting the dog.

*i gotta write this down.* if i close my eyes now, i'll forget.