



Wishing Upon A Dream

by Melody Bertucci

It seems as if I waited forever to see what your perfect little body would look like.

In my dreams I saw the loving and caring little girl you've become today and there I was also able to see my dream man and his perfect lips finally making contact with mine.

I loved those dreams. I already adored you both so much. I had my girl and my man and I was yours.

The trouble with real life though is that, dreams don't last. Sooner or later you wake up. Those lucid dreams eventually become more and more hazy. But the beauty of a dreamer is that anything is possible. Hear me out.

I've had my fair share of nightmares. They lurked behind shadows and jumped at me at the most unsuspecting times. They shook me and the ground I walked on. But just as quickly as they manifested themselves, they vanished, leaving behind disruption, pain, scarring and unanswered questions like;

Why him?

Why us?

Why me?

Why death?

Why to everything that has been taken away from us?

So, I realised. If nightmares can cross that fine line between subconscious and reality when you full heartedly wish them not to, surely dreams can do just so, right?

You see I believe that the universe has a funny way of making things work out. It tests you and chucks shit at you and suddenly a shovel is your best friend. It helps you to dig yourself free from said shit but.... only when the time is right. It's all about the timing.

When you're lost, numb and hopeless you fail to see that without darkness there's no light. Without pain there's no joy. Without heartbreak you would not be able to experience love. So, I accepted what had happened and welcomed what was to come.

That's when she came along and later that's when he came along. My dreams became reality and good things started flowing in. Of course, nothing is ever perfect and just when the going is good the universe chucks a curve ball. But the dreamer is now armed with a shovel.

After all the dreamer had her little treasure her mini her, delicate, funny, bright and sweet. And him, the artistic musician with brown hair, green eyes who was tall...tall, exactly as she'd imagined them!

So, keep dreaming, keep wishing.

To you both, you're my love, you're my light, you're my strength, you're my dream and I plan to sleep forever.