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My Other World

by Sue Thompson

He is not easy to describe. Why? Because I have never met him, not really anyway. I don't think you can say you have met someone when you only see them in your dreams, can you? But if you insist I will try and describe him.

He is tall and has dark hair, he appears younger than his true age and has a boyish look about him. Every night I go to sleep knowing that he will be there waiting for me. I rush to do my evenings chores, looking forward to the time I am going to spend with him. His eyes are bluey grey and his teeth are pure white, I like to take his hand in mine and turn it over inspecting it, taking him in learning about every little imperfection. I touch his smooth skin, the warmth of his shoulder as I lean my head on it. He is mildly amusing and there is a twinkle in his eyes as he laughs. If I told you that he was my soul mate I would not be lying. I cannot contemplate my life without him, yet what about reality what about my waking life?

I feel more alive in my dreams with him than when I am awake; when I am awake I am dead. There is no life, I get up, I go to work, I come home. No, he is my life.

When did you meet him? I hear you ask. He first appeared after my mother died. I went to sleep one night and I dreamt I was sitting in a beautiful church yard, when I looked up he was there staring at me. I caught my breath, I knew then that we would always be together. We stood in the doorway of that church the smallest church I have ever seen. We vowed we would return and be married there.

Sometimes we wander along the river bank where he grew up and he tells me stories of his youth. He was blonde as a child he says, his mother worried because his parents had the blackest of black hair. He had a happy carefree childhood and I envied him that.

He went to university and studied to become a vet, he loved animals you see. I knew that he would have been a great vet. He had a kindness about him, his love of nature made me love him more. He never thought badly of anyone.

As I wake each morning I lie there not wanting to open my eyes, trying to get back to him, but it is no good he is gone and I must somehow make my way through yet another day of torture. He is with me every minute though, in my thoughts. I find myself talking to him, asking his opinion on every aspect of my day.

I knew this could not go on.

In the end I am lost between reality and fantasy.

I wandered into the graveyard yesterday the very one in which I met him, there on the gravestone I found his name; Jason Morris, much loved son, uncle and godfather, he was taken from us too soon. I laid down on the grass above him and closed my eyes.

He called to me and when I opened my eyes he laughed and I got up, he reached for my hand and I grasped hold of it never wanting to let go. The blossom fell from the tree like a layer of pink snow, and I knew I would never wake up.