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A Knock at the Door

by Janie Reynolds

One day, as I lay dreaming, a knock, knock, knock came knocking at my door.

What a bore.

That pesky tap-tap-tapping tried to tuck itself in to my bed. And slide itself into my head. What a cheek I thought. A bore and a cheek. No more!

So, I went back to the clouds where I'd been flying around, blue clouds and formlessness and rotating heads of Jesus. And back to the waters, all pies in the sky but my pies in my sky. But now they had little cracks in them, like lightening flashes.

Oh Bang, bang, bang it went, wanting to come into my house. But not only that. It wanted my dreams as well.

So I thought, do I step out onto the cold shores of the still black lake? Burst the bubble and watch the fizzle? Miss the coming chapters and never know the end? Sever the seal that's closed my eyes to let in the light and sigh goodbye?

But, "Oh, no, no, no" came the answer, the answer I'd been looking for.

"Tell me what's so important that it can not wait?" I said. "Why so urgent, knocker, that I should pull myself out of my float tank? Just because you're awake?! What's so great about that anyway? What indeed's so great, about being awake?"

And I know for sure that I've committed no crime, so you won't kick the door down or blow off the lock. And what have you to offer, Mr. Knocker? A blooming nightmare, no doubt, one I'd rather escape. You can't get on without me, so I doubt it's just for a nice cup of tea.

So I turned away and faced my back towards the door, because within my dreams were the secrets I was looking for.

And it was, 'Lights, camera, action', let it roll and let it run. I watched and learned and listened 'til the story was done.

And I knew that eventually, when you tired of one-way bang bang banging, you would go away. And come back another day. Unlike like my dream which would keep on running, whether I was there to watch it or not. I had to close my eyes and catch its tail, never let it run away.

So, never leave the story untold. And never leave the lesson unlearned. Let the knocks and the rings and the small earthly things to themselves. Don't lift your lids if they're not ready, nor your eyes if they're too heavy.