

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Out of time

by Nick Parnell

I have this memory. I think I dream about it sometimes. But sometimes I think I'm just remembering a dream, half formed, half finished, halfway to nowhere.

She is sitting, crosslegged, in a summer field. It slopes down and down to touch the sky, which rises above us in its blue eternity without a cloud in sight. I am behind, watching.

She sits very still but I can see the faint movement in her shoulders of the slow, steady breaths in time with time.

No sound. The air is warm and light.

I want to reach out with my hand and touch her head, the dense black shiny hair cut short on her head, to let her know that I am there. To be with her. But I don't or can't or won't.

And now I wonder why. It is always the same.

Does she know I'm there? She looks straight ahead and never turns her head to look at me.

But I am there, watching, wondering, wanting. It will never be.

The air in my remembered dream, my dreamed memory, becomes suddenly cold. I watch and can no longer see the movement of her shoulders, now out of time with time.

I reach out to touch her but there is nothing there.