When I Wake

by Sue Thompson

When I wake up the other side of the bed is cold. The coldness permeates the room, waves of electrical energy reach out and touch me. I stare into the darkness, shadows leaping about me. You are gone and I have no idea where you are, I call your name, but you do not answer. Fear rises up inside of me. It is so so cold and yet I am sweating.

You didn't tell me you were going you did not warn me, did you?

I see your shape in every corner of the room.

The darkness scares me. Every noise I hear has your voice echoing beneath it.

Every echo reverberates around me. I breathe out and my icy breath sends icicles shooting into the darkness.

And then it is morning, the light streams in through the gap in the curtain. I breathe a sigh of relief. It was just a dream, a nightmare, maybe. I hear voices in the distance, laughing, jokes being shared.

I jump out of bed and race to get dressed, sprinting to the top of the stairs I take a moment to check myself in the mirror.

But it is not me.

I look again. I stare at the face looking back at me. A man with grey hair on the other side of the mirror looks back. A man in his 80s maybe. The same height as me maybe a little shorter.

My heart starts to pound, I feel myself sway.

 "Dad, dad" ......I open my eyes and look at the sea of faces peering down at me.

I do not recognise one of them. Strangers to me. But who am I then?

I am without you, I do not know my own face, I do not know them.