

I'm Cold
by
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I'm cold. The air penetrates my bones. I stare into a sky so blue it hurts my eyes. This is the brightest dream I've ever had. It is a dream-but it's not. I'm not sure I can wake from this, so bright, so cold. I long for arms, a cradle, a place to lay my head. So weary.

The silence is almost absolute but for the whispering in my head, so loud. I listen but I can't make it out. It burns my skull. It feels like I've never been anywhere but here. My chest is heavy, my heart aches. There is a fog at the corners of my eyes, always there but never really seen.

I begin to make out the sound of waves, a beach, far below. I approach a precipice. The surface splits between white and black, water so dark. Both, as far as I can see, but in opposite directions. There is only the sound of the waves below me, now drowning the whispering in my ears. I have never felt so alone. I shout at the sky, but no sound comes from my lungs, only air. So cold, so tired. I see no other purpose to my being. Without a look behind me, I leap, only water, dark clear water below.

I hang in the air for an eternity. I know the leap was the right thing to do; I feel that deep within my soul. But the water rises toward me like a baby squeezing toward the light, toward life. I cry out again, but as I open my mouth, I drop. Water fills my eyes. Darkness covers me. I turn. I roll. I flail. Nothing.

When I stop my struggle, give up, my mind clears. My body rises of its own accord, and I break the surface. The sun warms my face and shoulders; the water stops its pull. I look around at nothing but a blue world. The water, the sky. Nothing but calm. The waves gently caress me, feed me. I wash ashore onto the sands of time. I sleep.

When I awake, I am above myself. I look around and I see me, below, still asleep? My body gasps, my soul drops, my eyes open.