

A Floating Dream

By Sophia Sears

I had a dream. In the dream, city streets spread out in all directions around me. A black lamp post, unlit, shot up into the gloomy grey sky on my right.

A breeze swept under my feet. I felt my feet leave the ground. My hands grasped that lamp post, holding tightly, and the wind kicked my feet into the air once, twice, three times.

First came amazement. The joy of having an invisible power lift your weight like you were formless.

Second came fear. *What if I let go? Where would the wind take me? Would it be safe? Could I come back?*

Third was the feeling of censure. I could sense the skeptical eyes, the narrowing of town house windows, the bustling of the woman with her stroller as each avoided looking at my spectacle.

"It's not me!" I cried desperately. "It's not me!"

And like the shadow of your hand following itself or like ripples of smoke, I saw the spiral of wind rustling, gathering up the cracked withered leaves— spiraling once, twice— coming towards me across the concrete, and lifting my feet up once again. I saw the wind pick up a big man, and I wanted to shout, "See! It's not just me!" but the wind set him down, and picked up me.

In gusts and billows, like walking on the moon, I saw the sidewalk recede and rise to meet my feet. Over and over. And as I floated, my stomach clenched and released. Exhilaration and freedom. Fear and the unknown.

I couldn't trust the wind to carry me. I couldn't follow the wind like a feather. I didn't know how high or far it would've taken me away.

But sometimes I wonder, what if I had?