

Untitled

by

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Night falls yet again. The warmth of a summer's day lingers on your porch. You wonder if this time you'll have the courage to leave.

"Tonight is different," you tell yourself. Out loud, just to be sure.

The forest beckons. You hear the leaves rustle, a promise of tenderness whispered in your ears. Forcing one foot in front of the other, you prove to yourself that this is not a dream.

Suddenly, all of your senses go into overdrive.

You can see the smallest insects crawling through the grass as if they were right before your eyes. The sticky layer of sweat covering your skin feels like a net, weighs you down. You can smell the decaying matter in the dirt beneath your feet. You taste copper and realize you've been biting your lip.

The green world beyond your flimsy wire fence holds the potential of so much more. If only you could reach it. If only you could get away. Your heart aches at the thought of the impossible. Still, you believe.

Deep in the forest of your dreams is a woman who will take your hand in hers. Fear leaves you as you rush toward your last test of will. She is there. She has to be there. She was made for you. She is a product of all of your loneliness and desire and sleepless nights and though intangible, the idea of her is so painfully real. Once you breach that final obstacle, she will be yours and you will be hers.

You reach the barrier, and with clumsy, long legs you haven't yet grown into, you leap.