

Excerpt from

CHAPTER 10: “The Ghosts of Late Dreams”

Selt is in his cell with nowhere else to go but into his memory banks.

“Yes, I’ll tell you about the beach that day. The sun appeared far deep in the horizon beyond the cloak of clouds, as if he was not of this world... yet so familiar that called itself home to him. It was reaching in from outside of something, outside of this world penetrating deep within. A chill breeze soaked our skin with the shiver of the night rolling in. I could sense her velvet cloak. The cold was warmly embraced by us both in surrender. It had chilled but not so far as to the bone for our blood ran warm and deep. I had carefully plotted every point of reflection to bring it to light, as if she didn’t already know. The crows flew with their silken feathers as if woven into the wind. A triad as truth had formed between them, but she called that out too as she already knew them all so well. She knew them as if it was her very own hand reaching through the evening sky softening the path above by which they chose. They flew the invisible stream that felt so real.”

Selt loves this moment, though he mourns the shortness of the simple sunset surreal and a love gliding within the breeze. He is numb and nodding from the intoxication of it. It starts out sweet, but has a tale that whips back painful recoil. He continues to etch another mark in the wall feeling the emotion of it all even before it plays out upon the reel he watches.

“Little did I know that it was just the observation of a dream and not the deliverance of a future I painted in foolishry. I had thought that the whispering eve would be the final eve before the blessed birthing of new day, but little did I know that it was just the eve before the cresting night. How deceptive a blanket of beauty can be that it should be an irony impossibility.”

It was an encroaching shadowy night that would cloak deep darkness upon him that unfolded piece by piece.

“There was no deliverance that night. The light that I thought was about to rise was just the setting sun falling into the sea. It was indeed a beginning, but not the one I bargained for or paid for in soul. It had extinguished the very fire I bowed down to the heavens in gratitude for. It starved out the very fire into a clammy cold abyss, void of the placid warmth of dreams. How far into the tunnels of delusion can one chase the flames of dear vision before reaching the mirages impossible to hold?”

Selt slides down the stoned wall in a tranquilizing weakness, “It was a virtual world projected like the painted carrot I’d chase, deceptions of holographic light no hand can ever hold. But I was right in a warped way: It was indeed the beginning, the beginning to an end. Yes, two worlds that had passed in flight, as they began to orbit out of sight through space. Like the towers that raised to the sky, they two would fall from grace. There was nothing anyone could say or do about it. Heaven fell with the thunder of breaking hearts and where the portrait of eternity hung perfectly balanced, was the imprint of a decaying fragile dream that took the form of a barren wall when the ashes cleared from sky.”

Self silences the rambling of his own voice rocking his head against the cold stone wall. It is in this moment within the spinning reel that Selt feels the devastating magnitude that was the fall from love.

He continues in numbing abyss, “The perfect picture had been stolen and only dust had remained as an offering for the sacrifice. Nothing else remained but the ash of burnt salvation. In truth, I and a walking dream crossed paths at a moment of time. I had stopped within the dream, but the dream kept walking without me.”

Gaining accustomed again to the old familiar numb, he moves to the window to look out the bars that are the freezing narrow frames of rectangular worlds. The sound of wind is blowing harder and sharper, as if the cold barren nighttime beach is speaking in musical riddles. He sees the vague sandy dunes with a hint of ivy landscape. The dunes often appear and disappear within the endless night with a haunting comfort of something. He sees something new though, ivy shadowy plants blowing within the endless night. They seem to be moving, as if alive. The sand shoots volatility, as it rides the force of wind. He sees yet another something new, a patchy dark cloud cover that coats the blanket blackness that has coated over his memory of stars. The energy of the clouds has a source of energy unseen. Are they derived from the thought storms within him? Or are they an external dark world that greets him in solitude?