

*I dreamt I was floating
over an absinthe-born sea.
(The faintest hints of
sandalwood and mulberries
wafted with the breezes
through the whole of me...)
The whispers of others
and the distinct sound..
(a sort of “haa-Woosh”)
..of butterfly wings
filled the air-
echoing in my soul.*

(and I was in awe...)

*I began slipping downwards..
(fearing for a moment
I might drown in the deep
of that silky, silent sea)
..and found myself
carried along with others..
(for years we engaged in conversations)
..beneath the massive wings
of a (Ginormous) gold-tipped
blue butterfly.*

(and I was inspired...)

*After a milenia I noticed
We were traveling
with others
towards a tainted,
setting sputnik and
saw dolphins..
(my favorite mammal
dabbled in water color
and just barely visible)
..circling the moon;
supporting a massive eye.*

(and I was mesmerized...)

*Glancing around I realized
all conversation had stopped-*

*the other souls, riding beneath
different-colored butterfly wings
had also gone silent.*

*An oppressive weight
slammed into me..
(like my mothers gaze
when she KNEW I had
done something wrong.)
..forcing me to touch down
on the surface of this
not-quiet-right moon.*

*And when it eased
I was no longer able
to float.*

(and I was afraid...)

*I yelped inside when
a scratchy, ancient,
booming voice filled the air
demanding I respond to this query,
“How do you enter heaven?”*

(and I was unable to answer...

unable to move on...

*My limbo lasted lifetimes...
and I began to despair.)*

*Until one day,
while wondering
and wandering,
I almost stepped on
a daisy which was..
(a Fuschia Gerbera-
the kind my Grand Dad
would always bring
his beautiful angel- his “ain-Chell”
when I was feeling down)*

*..growing vibrantly
in spite of being alone
on the inhospitable face of
my Dolphin Moon prison.*

*I knelt down and inhaled..
(Grand Dad's aftershave)
..a familial voice which whispered,
“You gain entrance to heaven,
my precious ain-Chell,
by getting past your stigmas.”*

*(And I understood;
and it felt so good to lay down my fears,
let go of doubt and anger,
and... just... drift...)*

*The veil separating me from heaven
was pierced by a ray of life,
illuminating the grin of my grandfather;
his arms outstretched,
waiting to catch me,
in the middle of a field
of mulberry trees
and faeries..*

(and I closed my eyes and jumped...)

*..and awoke to
my room smelling faintly
of sandalwood and mulberries...*