



I have always been in this room.



The cigarette smoke had filled the room and there was absolutely no movement of air. It was hot, the lights were bright, the music was very loud and everyone was talking. It seemed strange that a bar should be so well lit - maybe it was closing time. Suddenly, but as if it was expected, the roof was gone and there was the sky. It was clear and blue & bright. The smoke disappeared and so did all the people and the loud music. It made me feel good and I knew you were near. All I had to do was sit and wait. Then you came. Your hand and face filled the opening where the roof had been and you smiled and reached in to

pick me up. I was like a toy to you. I was small you were huge, as tall as a ten story building.

IT WAS
JUST A
DREAM



