

The Nightmare

As I was walking home, I saw white doves flying high above a cathedral. One of them swooped down from heaven and attacked me with its beak. I watched the bird pluck a vein from my ankle and tear it all the way up to my thigh, leaving a thin strip of blood.

When I arrived back home, goldfish in a large glass bowl began mounting the sides, trying to escape. An alarm clock rang. The fish spilled over the top of the bowl and fell on the linoleum. They were flopping around on the floor. One of them slid under the refrigerator. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled after it. Reaching underneath, I caught the goldfish between my fingers and pulled it out. Its squirming body was covered with dust. I tried to toss it back into the bowl, but it slipped out of my hand and fell again to the floor. I bent over to retrieve the forlorn creature, but in my haste accidentally stepped on it instead. I felt it squish on the bottom of my foot.

I went outside to the garden in despair. Locusts began flying around my head. One of them landed on my arm and stuck to my flesh, clinging to it as tightly as it could. I managed to peel the insect off, but its imprint remained on my skin.

That night after falling asleep I had a nightmare. My leg had a long red furrow all the way down it. My foot was wet with something gooey. My arm was in pain but I did not know why.