

# Perchance to Dream...

Judith Nolan



Oh, Vincent,

You came to me in such a wonderful dream last night, I couldn't bear for it to end. I have never felt so close to you, in both mind and body. Could it be that you dreamed of this place, too? And me? I wish I knew the answer, but such an impossible question must remain unspoken, hidden here among the prosaic pages of my journal.

Vincent, I dreamed we were in a huge cavern. An endless, magical place, full of green and blue lights, that glistened and sparkled. I felt I could've stayed there forever, with you...

My hair had grown so long and wild, falling all about my shoulders, and tumbling down my back. It seemed so natural to have it that way. You said you loved to run your fingers through it. You told me solemnly that I must never cut it again. I laughed happily at your seriousness. You pulled me close and kissed my hair, sealing the bargain.

You brought a great fur blanket to this hidden place. You wrapped it around both of us. 'To keep me warm,' you whispered. But I wasn't cold, even though my nightdress was thin and so fine, I could've been wearing nothing at all.

That too, seemed not to matter, as did the fact that all of your masculine beauty was finally open to my curious gaze. You sat silent, allowing me to look my fill, so unashamed were you, in your nakedness. I could've sat within that blanket for days, simply looking at you. Have I told you how truly beautiful you are, Vincent?

My conscious mind struggles with the memories, now that I come to write it all down in the dawn light. Did we make love together, there in that secret cavern of translucent light? When I woke up, my whole body felt relaxed and replete, but my mind couldn't quite grasp the true answer to so potent a question. I like to think we did, right there on that fur blanket, beneath the sparkling stars that surrounded us. It felt as if we were floating in space, weightless and free...

Wishful thinking, I sigh now, with confusion and regret. That time, in that place, shall remain precious to me. An enchanted dreamscape where anything is possible and nothing is truly as it seems. Maybe I shall return there tonight, my love. Maybe one day soon, I will gather enough courage to finally ask you something.

Do you dream, Vincent? And, if so, of what do you dream? Deep, blue/green caverns, with endless stars and a great fur blanket spread beneath us, as we're swept away on the rising tide of our love?

Yours eternally,

Catherine