

## Dreams

The sound of the fan overhead kept me semi-conscious as the world began to slowly fade away, darkness quickly consuming me, though not quite reaching its full potential—yet. People came and went, their voices worlds away, uttering and mumbling something irrelevant. It became apparent to me that I was no longer in my bed, rather somewhere in between reality and the chambers of my mind. Exhaustion eventually overtook me, guiding me into a place which ran backwards and forwards, sideways and under— cats barked and dogs meowed, sadness was felt in moments of joy while joy was felt in moments of sorrow, cars drove backwards in order to get to nowhere in particular. Sometimes, though, it is recreations of experiences, fears for the future, or something as simple as using the restroom; it is ever changing. I'm unsure this place can even be accurately called a place, as it has no definite location, and the people who walk upon its surface know no significance to the land. The people there both exist and don't; in a way, they are this place, and without them it would be incomplete. I also question whether or not I'm able to accurately refer to it as singular; it changes constantly, and is either everywhere at once, or an infinite amount of this place. This place, if it can be considered to be so, lives in everyone's mind, though it also only lives inside your, the reader's, mind, and as well as only in mine. This place becomes when someone gazes upon it, and fades away when they look away; if they look one direction, the place they one looked at no longer exists, and is replaced by the direction which you see, created by you and everyone else you know. It is both beautiful and ugly, terrifying and reassuring, vague and certain. This place is somehow condensed into one word; a simple word which means something so vague we have yet to find why it is, or how it is; a word so well known, yet understood by so little. Dreams.