

Requiem for My Dreams

I lay my dreams upon rolling green hills of emerald paint.

I threw them into a sea of sapphire, and as I let go I felt their last wisps of nostalgia brush against my fingers in a kiss of farewell. As they fell, I saw myself reflected. My image was shattered into pieces as my dreams were swallowed by the waves and claimed by hard edges of rock. The wind sang my cries and the birds sang my grief, and I felt the soft brush of grass wave goodbye.

In this ritual of life, my dreams were blood sacrifice. I sacrificed what kept me sane so others would see me as sane. The wings of dreams were too weak to lift me away, too weak to break me free as I thrashed and wrestled in my pearl chains of family, money and expectations. The wings of freedom I longed for were torn from my back by the longing for approval and a lust for an image. I wished to chase after my dreams; to seize them and feel the security of holding them deep in my heart. But I felt the blood trickle down my back – my ritual had been complete. It was too late. I was too deep in this quicksand of expectations.

My love of home bound me to the hills but my dreams rest far, deep beneath the waves, and each time I tried to feel their presence, to see myself again, I felt the weight of my chains of pearls. The pearls shone in the sun, a sheen of iridescent perfection. But they dug into my scars and confined me to the hills. I long to feel the sapphire sea, and I long to sink my toes into the sand and feel the presence of my dreams no matter how shattered. I want to feel whole again. I want to see myself smiling back at me again, and I yearn to see my reflection. But the sea is too far down. All I see now is the silent protest of sapphire waters that reflect the cold, unfeeling clouds of a merciless sky.

When I tried to find myself I found myself trapped. Trapped beneath claws of vanity, confidence, and the nightmare of losing. When I gazed upon myself in the mirror I couldn't find myself. My last reflection had been buried with the sand and waves of sapphire, broken into shards of regret and longing. I had become a shadow, trying to bury myself in fame and money and praises; hoping in vain to find my reflection. But every time it turned away from me. My dreams took away my reflection and now they lay silent, just out of reach from my desperate clasps. Yet still, I felt their lingering absence, burning a hole in my heart, trapping me in my inhibitions.

This requiem will sing for the million pieces of broken dreams shattered by the weight of life, crushed by the weight of nightmares. Every night, the requiem sings over rolling emerald hills and sapphire waters to those broken pieces relinquished by their very own creators. Every night their absence spreads like wildfire covering each inch of my skin and sinking them deep in the sapphire sea, where my shattered dreams sleep silently at the bottom. When I feel the tender stroke of moonlight on my skin, I wonder if my dreams, beneath the waves of a sapphire sea and rolling green hills, can feel my warmth and feel their absence as their broken shards of glass reflect nothing but soft beams of moonlight.

Maybe someday, my dreams will rise. They will fly again with wings of freedom and newfound strength for someone with more courage and fewer nightmares. Someday, someone will see their reflection and smile.

Someday, they will fly over the rolling hills of emerald paint and a sea of sapphire.

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