

I only dream when I sleep in.

I used to overindulge upon discovering this trait, gorging myself on eight, ten, twelve hours of slumber at a time. To be tranquil and awake at twilight was my tiniest joy, and the knowledge of impending reveries during the daytime, my blinds employed to shelter me from waking hours, would fill me with serene longing.

My dreams were always set at night. Slipping into slumber, my mind's eye was often treated to visions of beaches, their alabaster sands faintly glowing underneath some nearby moon. On these moonlit islands, austere dormitories sat atop low cliffs, yellow lights illuminating spacious rooms. Standing on the shore, my feet caressed by sparkling, tepid waves, I would watch, waiting to meet eyes with her. Book in hand, glasses low on her nose, she might catch a break between paragraphs and match my glance. Feet in the sand, mouth ever-so-slightly ajar (*in attempts to catch my breath upon feeling her gander*), I might mouth the words that could beckon her earthward.

Then I'd wake - still filled with longing, but now ardent; dire, even.

I always wondered if she was out there, wasting away the sunlit hours, gorging herself on sleep and considering a walk with a newcomer, our feet submerged in lambent waters.

*"dreams i"*