—A Euphoric Feeling

He was lying in bed. It was a warm summer morning and the sun had not yet risen. He didn't exactly know whether he was asleep or awake. But he liked to think that he was awake. He didn't even think about looking at the clock because there was no clock in his room. It was as if all moments, whether good or bad, had traveled from his room years ago. He no longer felt the weight of any moment. His feet felt the coolness of the morning air under the blanket. The euphoric feeling inside his head made him think he had become someone else. He saw himself thinking about writings that passed through his mind like a train full of wagons. And how sweet writing seemed to him. How light he felt. But why did his head feel so heavy? It was as if all the weight of his body had moved to his head. He could playfully and lightly move his entire body except for his head, which was glued to the pillow. He wondered if he could put these thoughts down on paper and where to start. Can he be a skilled storyteller. The thought of letting go of these thoughts and falling back asleep saddened him. Like letting go of a dream that has come true...

Buttoning his shirt, he looked at himself in the mirror. Was he the same person? The sun was rising, and he was thinking about the boring meeting he had in the middle of the day.

Nas
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