

*Literary**Lit.**Page*

## THE MEADOW

By

Wayne Timbury

There is a place, a beautiful place, I always dream of.  
It lies across the chasms of sleep.  
There, on the knoll by the large drooping willow is my place of  
peace.

I can sit there, and see all the dreams to come and all my  
dreams of past.

Off in the haze of the blue horizon is the city.

The city of emptiness, the soulless city of silence.

This is the boundary between the light and the dark.

For on the darkside of that terraced and towered city lies the  
lands of chaos, of fear, the place of ... nightmares ...

Lying there in the soft, sweet grass I feel the warmth of the sun  
the silence, and beauty of my world seeps deep into my

I'm at peace...

... I hear ...

... I hear a soft strumming of a sweet melody.

It's faint but strangely disquieting. Someone is here. Someone  
is here in my place, my world!

I relax and empty my mind of all thought. I reach out with my

essence to find the intruder of my peace.  
... I find nothing ...

When I return to myself by the willow I notice a subtle

difference, a disturbance.

Is the sky a sickly pale blue? Is, Is ... the grass!

The grass is tinged with the brown of decay.

The sun! The sun is harsh, burning!

Oh, what is happening to my world?

The darkness of the nightmare lands is racing fast  
towards the

knoll! What can I do?

I have to go ... I have to leave my meadow,

the knoll, my willow.

I have to face the harsh reality of wakefulness!

Oh, how I want to stay!

I strive to climb up from the depths of sleep.

... I'm trapped ...

