A Dream in the Night
By: Jenna Hiltsley

It’s warm tonight. I guess I didn’t expect that. I wear the darkness like a cloak around my body, wrapping it tight to my form. I shut my eyes, but I still feel you beside me, a small sun warming the air around us. My eyes flutter open again, even though they are heavy with a tiredness that seeps into the bones.

It is warm tonight and my feet find their way blindly over the stones beside the river. The water, like my life, gurgles past me without pause. If I were to touch it, what with the moonlight playing upon its surface like light on silk, I wonder if my hand would sink through it, or lay upon its surface for all time?

It is warm tonight, and warmer still when you take my hand. It has been so long, and even though your fingers aren’t quite there, I know they are there. I feel the smile on your lips, and know how the chagrin in your cheeks will rise at that simple touch. But the distance between us, it keeps my eyes from seeing what I can feel with my every cell. The distance of mortality is truly great.

It is warm tonight, and I don’t want it to end. It is warm tonight only because of your presence here beside me. Will I freeze over again, a winter upon my soul, when you fade away once more? Will I survive? There are no answers and I am not sure if I would want them even if they existed.

It is warm tonight and I miss you.

It is warm tonight and I don’t want to let go. So let’s keep walking, you and I. Let us keep walking until the earth ends, until time has sung its last sweet melody as we move against its rhythm to the notes once played before. Let us keep walking, my beloved, racing against the dawn when I know I shall wake from this dream of you and I impossibly, blissfully together, and I am alone and weeping once more.

It’s warm tonight.

Yes, my love, it is warm tonight.