

Two Dreams 2025.01.

1.

Whilst sleeping.

I was there on a boat. There was a sound. The book on the shelf beyond the pillow had fallen. It hit the floor. The sound awoke me. I must have turned or something! I was in the here and now again.

Sounds are like that in the night.

They wake you up. Why I was there bewildered me.

The damn computer screen was lightening up the room. My story must have just finished.

It hadn't gone into its mode of sleep. That surprised me.

I was all agog! I closed the file.

I opened another and started typing.

To the point of waking up and there I stopped,

I couldn't think of why I was there, on a boat adrift.

There should have been a member of the crew, or chatting passengers.

Not a soul! but why? I tried to think.

Was I on the Marie Celeste?

I went to bed and tried returning to my dream.

It didn't work. I couldn't get to where I was.

I pressed the button on the talking clock. 8 o'clock.

It was about the time I should be getting up.

My clock is fast, around an hour or so. It's still on British Summer time.

I don't retire until after 1am Remember that!

I type away on my computer, until, I'm too damned tired to carry on.

2.

The following morning
or was it the day after?
I was at Lady Bountiful's mansion.
I was to tidy up alright!
That was after the night before!
A party to remember, it was said.
She left to do a little shopping, whilst I tidied up.
Which I did.
She returned a little while later.
I was almost finished.
She placed some Maid of Honours on a cake stand.
"You'll be gone, by the time I'm back," she said before she left.
I was alone again.
She had gone to pick up her son and two daughters.
I looked at the maid of honours.
I hadn't seen them since my grandmother's time.
That was when I was around nine or ten. So long ago!
My mother bought them from the corner shop.
Demolished ages ago it was.
Now, only a special baker makes them.
Too time consuming to be mass produced.
I looked at them. In the past I was.
I was a little tempted. No doubt about it!
I picked one up and tried it.
Oh, the taste. It took me back it did.
Delicious, it was.
My lips had crumbs on them.
I was a child of ten again.
I had to have another.

Now there were only two left!
Staring at the two before me,
I couldn't help it! Mesmerized, I was.
What a maid of honour does to one.
I took another.
I ate it, heartedly.
What could I do?
I needed a drink.
I began to feel a little sick!
Just a little, mind you!
Perhaps it was the icing.
The cherry too, to top it all,
Puff pastry encasing the almond filling.
A little jam as well.

I had to leave before the family returned.
mother, son and two daughters, for afternoon tea.
I had to think of something!
I had a thought.
I took the maid of honour, all alone.
I cut it into four
and put the parts where the four
maid of honours once were.
I left the house,
and hoped they wouldn't notice.
Dreams are like that.

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