

In my dreams, transgressing time, my soul struggles to reach the part of me left at that elementary school. The part of me who skipped classes to feel the breeze of freedom on her face, who died when she lifted a pen to write about a fatal fall on the balcony. On graduation day, standing in the same classroom I had walked into for years, I questioned whether I had ever truly been there. At the time, I had yet to realize a piece of soul was stripped off from my heart. What is lost cannot be retrieved, only mended. These are the thoughts I cannot voice, manifesting only in my dreams.