

It was my Grandmother's birthday.  
After we cut the cake I felt one of my signature  
Migraines coming. I take a moment to  
step out and get some fresh air.

The balcony attached to my room has been and  
always will be my favorite spot on my property. However,  
A room on the balcony has always eluded me.  
As I stare at it like I've done a million times,  
I feel the sudden urge to open the door to it.

My parents always told me to never go in there,  
but now my curiosity has gotten the better of me.  
I walk over and creak open the door.

As it glides along its hinges, I notice a bed.  
I open the door fully and it's a bedroom.  
I look around and notice that it's clean.  
No dust.  
The bed was made.  
And it smelled of oranges, the scent of my childhood.

After a bit, I felt sleepy.  
Too tired to go back to my room so I closed  
The door to this room and lay on the bed.

I stare at the ceiling and think to myself,  
Why didn't my parents want me coming in here?  
I wondered also why it was clean, but  
Felt the need to address it tomorrow.

So I close my eyes,  
Drift asleep, and the  
Silence of a lucid dream fills the room.