

On a Dream
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A dream I had a couple of nights ago:

I was in a bathroom. Or was it a bathroom? There were no walls. There was only a bathtub overflowing, water rushing out, gushing; and a washbasin, a foot or two away, the same, water pouring, falling, reminiscent of a raging waterfall. Someone had turned on the faucets full out and left them on. I was looking on from a few feet away with a muted feeling of distress but no particular thoughts.

A young woman's voice from behind me, I didn't recognize it, I never saw her, said calmly, impersonally, matter-of-factly, "Do you want to turn it off?"

I stepped toward the tub. It had a three-inch-or-so circular handle parallel to the floor. I would turn it to the right to shut off the water.

Children--seven, eight, nine years old--perhaps four or five of them, darted around me, happy, playing, unconcerned, or so it seemed; they were fleeting images and I never saw them distinctly.

As I reached to turn off the water, I looked to my right and saw about ten feet away, in focus amid all of the commotion, a child of about seven or eight standing alone. The child was unclothed and had blond hair. I didn't discern whether it was a boy or girl. The child had its arms wrapped tightly about itself and was trembling and crying. So alone.

I walked toward the child. As I approached, I saw that covering much of the right side of its face was shiny red plastic with a circular edge. The plastic molded to the contours of the child's face.

I leaned down and gently asked the child, "Did you do this with the water?"

Our eyes met and, still trembling and crying, the child answered, "Yes."

I woke up.

The child was me.

