

Ah

As I walked down the pink fleshy corridor I was oppressed by a weightiness --

An opposition to my walking --

A refusal of things to focus.

Was this a dream, or the hall, or some strange hybrid fused within the space between
sleeping and waking?

My father woke me as I urinated in the corner of the bath room.

What are you doing?" he asked.

What could I say?

I was being born, I think.

I was trying to wake from the other world.

Today I awoke.

A honey bee weaved in and out of the bars at the window.

Idly I pictured myself following her to the flowers, the open
fields and the hive.

What then?

Could I steal a little of the honey?

I sat up.

"Ah." I said.

"A prison."

"Ah."