

POETRY

Lost

By Angela Chou

Water passes over their splayed fingers.
It barely registers.
Their eyes are half open,
sunlight filtered through illuminated eyelashes.

A cloud passes overhead.
They caress their fingers over
smooth rocks in the river
and roll over on the grass.

Three hours have passed
in two slow, thready breaths.
They scramble to their feet
and run towards the bus stop,

but never make it in time.
It happens more and more,
until the last fragment
of their reality shatters.

Was it real? Or just a dream?
What is real? What is a dream?
What is it worth to be lost in your dreams?
Will we see outside of them again?