

PASSING THROUGH THE MIND

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Delial awoke in a four post bed that deemed itself unrecognizable to her. The cabin she awoke in was foreign to her but still in some remarkable way reminiscent of some memory that found itself unchained to her mind. She stood, disoriented, and made her way to the door of the empty cottage and let herself out. She found herself trapped inside an aging photograph, the sun above merely a yellow stain on the otherwise black and white world around her. Before her was a long, winding dirt road that stretched out into a field filled with muted flowers fenced in by grey mounds of hills.

Down the path stood a figure, a boy, with his back to the cabin. She began to walk towards him, still curious of the place she had found herself in. When she was near him he suddenly turned and stared at her, his sharp blue eyes seeming to say that they belonged here, that they had been here forever. He slowly extended a hand, large, meaty, and masculine and as Delial let her fingers entwine with his the hushed sun above seemed to crack like an egg, its yellow yolk slowly dripping down the sepia-toned world bringing light and color to the now-blue sky below it. She felt the boy's arm tugging at her, encouraging her to go with him through the fields before them. They began to run through the grass, towards the great field of wildflowers up ahead. As they hurried onward Delial looked back, still unaware of where she was or where she was going, to see that the slow molasses drip of the eggshell sun had also quickened its

pace and that the world behind her had turned into brilliant color. The cabin had regained its ancient brown and the fence along the dirt road had become a dusty red and Delial could see sprigs of green filling the grass under her feet as she raced into the thicker growth with the strange boy.

As they continued into the vegetation Delial noticed now that melting sun had almost completely engulfed the world around them. The distant hills were now a lush green and the bleak stems of flowers pelting their sides began to fill until exploding into brilliant blue, red, and violet blooms at the end of each stalk. The world resembled nothing she had known but instead reminded her of a painting constructed from some rebuilt memory. There was no perfection here but instead a wet sensation that persisted in the moist leaves despite the ever increasing radiance of the sun above.

Ahead of them was the only bare spot of earth left. They continued to dash through the field, petals being wildly tossed into the air as their legs and feet made quick work of the obstacles before them. The sun and its onslaught of color had also begun to increase its pace and it now seemed as if the world was moving proportionally faster as their limbs navigated the field with impossible speed. The egg-yolk world now bounded with them towards the bare patch and Delial felt herself trip into the muted sphere. The boy too tumbled and they found themselves lying frozen in the grass as color embraced them.

The Parents watched their child stir in its sleep, a happy grin spreading across the baby girl's face. Her eyes twitched open to find two incredibly loving parents looking down on her backlit from the sparkling Christmas tree placed in the corner. The girl giggled up at her parents, only six days old but still somehow instinctively knowing what happiness was and, incidentally, learning for the first time what luck really is.