

Flashback



Chris Ingram

There is a moment in my daily routine, those few seconds when the sound of the alarm clock weaves itself into my dreams. I still cling to the safety of my slumber, yet there is something pulling, wrenching me away from my peace. For a few moments I am technically awake but my mind lingers in dream. I feel my eyes opening; I feel the cold plastic of the alarm clock. But for those first few moments of consciousness, I think that everything is all right, I think there is someone waking next to me, wiping the sleep from her eyes. And any moment now she is going to kiss the edge of my mouth and say “I love you.” This daily illusion lasts for a brief moment, and for that moment I am glad to be awake. But every time I eventually come to

realize that I am rising from my bed alone, and have been for some time. This realization brings tears to my eyes every day. Through the rest of the day I remember bits and pieces of the dream. I remember sitting on that beach, her head upon my chest. I can smell the aroma left behind by her conditioner. I can still feel the rhythm of her breath. All the small details that make memories worthwhile. I remember these things, and I remember that I will never experience them again. I feel the tears begging me to set them free ... All I have to look forward to every day is that moment tomorrow morning, when I think, for a split second, that someone is there. In those few moments of pathetic hope, I am content.