

Back in Time

As she lay sleeping her arms tucked comfortably around the pillow with her head resting. Her mind was sound asleep going back, back over the deep, not knowing what to see.

Her spirit takes off with glee over above the trees she goes higher, her spirit soaring faster. To a different time and space the very trees are changed old gnarled oaks large heavy limbs. Her spirit continues past time to the old places where there used to be sages.

Back even further, her spirit goes forth. Back to the beginning of time. She finds herself there in the sands of time lying face down on the beach, her spirit finds her there and she enters the form, it now has air. I live her thought as water laps up around her, the still form now alive.

Old stiff arms dig at the sand and rolls over to the merciless sun beating down. The sun's heat felt clear through skin and closed eyes beating life into the barely breathing form. The water lapping on her skin the sun beating down upon her body.

With great effort suddenly the eyes spring open. The sun, the light, searing daylight, the dark making way for light. The mind, clearing in the LIGHT. No memory only the SHEER DELIGHT of this WARM LIGHT. The eyes close. The LIGHT remains, new life for the form on the beach, her spirit did finally reach. Waking, waking in the warmth of the bed. Her spirit comes back over miles and sea.

She awakens, once again feeling water lapping up around her, feeling the sun sear down upon her. Yet, yet, she awakens in the comfort of her bed dry, dry her head all there. She pauses, reflects a moment in time. Don't forget, she murmurs to no one listening, "Once I was with God?" And she rests once more her arms tucked comfortably around the pillow with her head resting.

By *Jill Shepherd*