

## **Back in November.**

she visited me again in my dream last night.

the moon was pallid and stunning in the sky, although no stars surrounded her tonight. a void, as empty as the emerald clearing i sat in, a few violets grazing my toes.

“back again?” she asked, looking down at me from the black abyss above.

“yes...although, i’m not sure why.”

she smiled.

“i’m sorry.”

“for what?”

“that the world treats you so unkindly.”

i looked down, eyebrows furrowing.

“i was unkind first.”

“didn’t your parents teach you that if a child hits you, you shouldn’t hit them back?”

a melancholy laugh escaped my lips.

“i was a kid.”

“you still are.”

“doesn’t feel like it.”

a tear escaped my eye. i swiftly wiped it away, embarrassed. i felt her tilt my chin upwards.

“you are allowed to cry.”

“you could tell?” my voice cracked.

“darling, i’m the keeper of the universe. i can tell.”

and we laughed.

“what do i do now?”

“sleep- it’s late. i’m high in the sky.”

my stomach dropped as i saw the everlasting green stretch before me. she noticed, as always.

“there’s the door.”

i turned my head and saw a colossal oak door embedded in the grass. it swung open ajar, a silvery white light beaming through.

another tear.

“i don’t want to go.”

she smiled sympathetically.

“can i stay?” i begged. “i’ll be good.”

the door clicked shut gently. i exhaled.

“that’s what the night is for,” she whispered in a voice of silk. i laid back against the grass, enjoying the absence of mud and dewey-ness.

she planted a kiss on my forehead.

“sleep.”

and i slept, for centuries, as the moss and ferns and flowers grew, breaking through my flesh - the soil was my heart, the bud of the flower was my eye, the grass was my soul. suddenly, i noticed i wasn’t alone. the clearing was full of other overgrown children, sleeping peacefully in a nature bed, half -garden half-human.

“sometimes,” she explained. “we must undergo change to see the others.”

**Poem by Tabby Evans Yr 11.**