

# When You See a Sleeping Fairy

*Edwin Aguilar*

When you see a sleeping fairy, cradle it with both branches. Let the fairy breathe in the smokey wood from your palm and the dry grass from your wrist. When you see a sleeping fairy, don't startle it or it will fly away never to be seen again. When you see a sleeping fairy, sing songs about the moon falling in love with the sun and night chasing the day, for it craves light in its dark world. When you see a sleeping fairy, let the nightlife orbit around you, an array of endless fireflies and fluorescent mushrooms and glowing trees and blooming bioluminescent dandelions that stretch from your crackling roots and branches, because that's the fairy welcoming you in its dreams. If the fairy begins to cry, show it the fireflies or the glowing roses that bloom once every ten years, because even its tears burn your wooden eyes. When you see a sleeping fairy, it knows that you really are alive, and it wants a home in you. You call on the squirrels to dig into your center and lay a kaleidoscope of flowers for the fairy to slumber upon. When you see a sleeping fairy, it's because you'll never see it awaken. And when you see a sleeping fairy, it's time for you to fall into a euphoric, endless sleep, while the fairy dances and flies and springs in the mysticality around your slumbering shell.