

The Story of Daydreamers

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I spent years traveling through
time, dislodging myself from the idea of

permanence.

Pressed into the corners of someone else's mind,
I make a living out of borrowing second hand

realities.

Used, dirtied, neglected
like the pair of jeans you thought looked nice
Until it no longer did. Back in the closet

it goes.

I scramble up walls I created. Call it
mental exercise. I call it

protection.

slip tumble tumble
because even I am too tired, too

afraid

to face the light that won't always greet me.