

Beyond the Crack

What is happening to me? All is so dark—where am I? Am I alive? I feel submerged under a black lagoon, floating? Can't move. Looks like some light so far above me but around is thick pitch. What is this? I cannot move, just ... just am ... here ... somewhere....

Wasn't I walking about? Can't remember ... wait—it's like when I was a child and I used to like to take Rinny and go into my closet in the afternoon, close the door and I'd look at the crack of light at the door jam, then close my eyes and hold Rinny and imagine sitting in a garden filled with walkways and flowers and that spring with rocks on the bottom and Lilly pads and a dragonfly...and there were statues...so still....

It's getting brighter, I think—am I floating up? What's this? Something, or someone—some figure, some form...is coming closer...looks human but its body is shaped in light, kind of glowing. Am I in heaven? Who is this? This radiance is moving toward me...closer...closer...can't see any face...what is happening? OK—you stop. Now what?

“It's not your time.”

Was that a voice? No, I didn't hear anything...but it spoke, more than a thought, I think. Now it's departing into the dark...but above I see a crack of light...it's opening...who's this? It looks like a figure above me... like a grayish girl looking down at me, dark splotches on her face and body... is that a wing? And she has deep green ivy on her shoulder like a mantle....

Now I remember! I was in a garden, got real dizzy, and slumped down by the path into a bed of ivy.

I pushed on a marble bench and rose to my feet, staring at the winged statue.

“Did I imagine that glowing figure? And ‘It's not your time?’”

“Pardon me, were you talking to me?” An elderly man asked, who approached.

“No, sorry,” she responded. She stared at the statue one more time, then strolled down the path.