

***The Grandfather, 1969***

**(Dylan Oldham)**

On January 16th, 2025, the world awoke from that beautiful *dream* world suddenly-  
walking in the cold air.

A great heave in the owlsh darkness of the stars could be felt.

All day and all night I wept,  
red tears of blinding fire streaming down my face.  
A hole had been torn into the universe itself.

I pulled back the velveteen fabric and looked out behind the closet:  
a mundane and unambiguous reality began to creep in.

Something indescribable.  
Thin layers of ephemera peeled away and fogged up my eyes.

I howled, but nothing and emptiness replied,  
where there was once robins,  
owls, trees, leaves, witches,  
elephants...  
I found myself listing off forever.  
Eventually there was ecnelis silence.

I went searching for answers; any kind of meaning or reassurance.  
I returned compulsively to that street, again, and again, and again.  
Or was it a road?  
I can't remember. The tragedy hit me like a car. Recently I have been amnesiac.

Searching through what is now artifacts.  
Obsession. Haunted by fragmented images that wash over me.

In these frames I get a glimpse of the truth I am looking for.  
For a brief time, I am transported in a reel back to the mysterious room we all know.  
Here, there is cruelty, suffering, violence,  
but above all else: *hope*.  
That scorching fundament of happiness that sits like a curtain  
beneath the surface, meditating.

I have disappeared in a maze.  
But just when it seems as though everything is lost, when the day is almost over,  
there I see him:  
that brown-silver haired angel.

I smile. Everything will be alright.  
I can smell the pot of coffee. The freshly made pie in its plastic cloche. The cigarette smoke.  
He turned to me, and with that I was sent into a deep sleep.  
With that I was allowed to *dream* again.  
Forever.