

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 owlish 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.