

### Dreamscape

The hand reached down over the edge. A glance below reveals a dark abyss.  
Only seconds to decide. Stay on this ledge, or take the hand of faith.  
Pulling me up, cold grey eyes meet mine. Disembodied hand cast aside.  
A dripping Dali landscape greets my eyes. Vast plains stretching to the sky.  
The earth really is flat, I thought.  
Crawling back to the edge I peer down into my own cold blue eyes.  
My own hand, reaching up... towards mine, reaching down...  
The figure on the ledge recoils  
Contemplating a silent scream.  
Each hand withdraws from her fate.  
She chose the abyss  
Plunging, darkness, oblivion  
Awakening to another chaotic dream