

My delicate eyes began to close,
The feeling of them crashing down felt oh so overdue,
I fall back into the cool water, letting my arms and legs go,
I couldn't breathe—
I didn't care,
I could almost taste the salt against my dry tongue.
My silky auburn hair brushed against the side of my face.
I didn't mind.
Before I knew it I was above the water.
A gentle breeze ran across my face as I gasped for some precious air.
The coldness wrapped me like an icy blanket.
I liked the sting. It was bittersweet.
I opened my eyes with immense force.
The light blinded me with a sharp awakening.
The smell of mossy trees filled my lungs.
It felt right—like I was right where I was meant to be.
Some Blue Catfish started swimming by my feet.
The tingle was nice.
I almost laughed.
Almost.
Before I got to breathe in the crisp and oh so sweet air I felt a tug,
My feet began to pull into the sand below,
My heart began to race as sweat trickled down the side of my flushed face,
Soon, the tips of auburn hair were submerged by rushing water,
My screams were muffled by the clear liquid that seemed to be a devil,
Bubbles the size of apples floated upward unto the mystic day,
My lungs felt like sandpaper just begging for a drop of precious air,
I could feel my life ending,
My eyes closing,
My lungs dying,
Then... It happened.
The glow.
Divine consciousness.
I can't describe what I saw.
It just felt like peace.
Seconds later I was back at the lake.
I think.

There was no water just... soil?
That is if soil was grey and more like powder.
Then there was a hole where the lake used to be,
No trees,
No sun,
No sweet air that makes your lungs whole,
Nothing.
Just... nothing.
There was no birds swinging by,
Just a silence,
An eerie one.
My heart began to melt in confusion.
How.
How.
HOW.
There was no light to guide me,
Just a dim light I can't describe,
My body felt like collapsing,
Compared to the glow this felt like hell.
I shouldn't care.
I shouldn't even be alive.
But this moment felt so real.
It was real.
More like a real meant to come,
A real that's coming,
WOOSH!
I was back in the glow,
Not just any glow,
The same one.
The odd sensation of peace emerged again,
The warmth in my heart,
The fresh scent of peace,
WOOSH!
I was back at the lake,
The normal one,
The one with vibrant trees,
Cool water,
Beautiful fish,

A sun,
Oh how I missed the warmth of the glowing sun,
I stepped out of the lake,
The cold breeze tingled throughout my body,
It stung,
I wrapped myself in a warm towel and knew what was coming,
—knew what the “vision” meant
Nature was a gift,
But one that may not stay one for long.