

WHERE DREAMS HIDE

by Eygló Karlsdóttir

I walk along the fence, among the trees. They look so old, as if they are antediluvian – and maybe they are? What do I know about this place? What do I know of its history? Of its life before me? Nothing. Or not much. I just know that I found it, and that when I come here to walk among the trees the fog thickens and the wind chimes in the distance sound low and muffled, but can still, always, be heard.

When I get to the trees with the silver leaves, I always stay and just watch for a while. I can almost see the sensibility, feelings, dreams radiating a slight aura around them. The beings on the bark seem to thrive especially, scuttling along the stem like small animals. I always take a long time walking underneath those trees, hoping I can find a leaf that has fallen to the ground.

When I do, I pick it up carefully and go to sit down by the fence. I lean towards it, but it isn't very comfortable, the wood is old and it needs to be repainted, it's easy to get splinters if you're not careful. But it

is better than sitting by the trees. They don't give much support and always seem to squirm away, like a fidgety child that doesn't like you very much but is too polite, or too shy, to say it.

The silvery leaves that fall to the ground are filled with dreams that aren't mine. It's quite wonderful. I sit with the leaf in my hand, feeling the heaviness of it and the rough texture between my fingers and the way it emanates the strongest of emotions. Emotions I have never even felt before come to me, and in my mind's eye I see things, wilderness, landscapes so fantastic that I doubt anything like it has ever existed in the whole wide world. I see wonderful people, evildoers, monsters, men and women who lived long ago, or who never lived at all. I see tales, long and short, told like they are playing right here, like they belong to me, like they are my own memories. And they become a part of me. I hide them within me.

I never pick the leaves that haven't fallen. They aren't ripe and I know that plucking them, before they are ready, leads to nothing but madness and death. I was warned by someone who used to wander the garden, if a garden is what you can call this place: a garden is kept

but this place keeps you, like a rose in the shade. She was an old woman, smaller than a mouse, with grey wavy hair and cold eyes. She whispered the secret to the leaves, said that the leaves would claim me if I broke the rules. Then she walked into the garden, plucked a big leaf of one of the silvery maples, sat down by the picket fence and just vanished.

I saw it all, in my mind's eye, from one of the leaves, and I don't know if she is me or I am her. But I know the same thing will happen to me one day. I don't fear it. I don't dread it. I will become a memory here myself, a dream, and I will hide in the garden until I am ready to fall and, if I'm lucky someone will pick up that particular leaf, feel the smooth texture underneath her fingers and be overwhelmed by the stories, by the notion that I've stored.

And I will always belong to this place, because I am your wildest dream and this is where dreams come to hide.

THE END

(Originally published on biit.space as a "Spark" reaction to Michael Marshall Smith's photo you can see [story and photo](#)here).