

Laura Stephens

Turbulence

He sits next to me breathing softly in slow rhythmic sighs. I know he is dreaming. I look out the window to the land below us, all the miles we have traveled together passing through my mind. My stomach churns and I suddenly feel sick. I vaguely sense myself rocking with the turbulence of thoughts. When he awakens, how will I be able to tell him how I feel? Like at any moment we will go crashing down from the clouds we've known for so long. I look over at him. His eyes are closed, but I know he is slowly awakening. It burns me inside to be feeling this way, after I've flown through so many skies with him; but I know at some point very soon, I'm going to have to get my feet back on the ground. Until then, I stare out the window and dream of myself being outside this cage, slowly tumbling toward the Earth in a spiral of laughter and tears, pretending I have a parachute as I fall faster, while he sleeps.