

## Being Somewhere Else

I lay on my back – the ground is smooth, the world white.

I try to move but I can't. I try to speak but nothing comes. I can't remember how to.

A vision appears – a man, maybe, or a woman – its form is androgenous.

It outstretches its arms – I try to move but again fail.

It asks my name, but I can't remember - I have forgotten who I am.

And then, free from malice or enthusiasm, it asks...

“Will you come with us?”

I muster my strength, to utter a single word.

“Why?”