

BARB ARYANS



Today the morning came but my eyes would not open, as if they had been sealed shut, keeping in images from my dreams that I wanted to allow to escape into the nothingness of today's morning air.

They would not.

They were blurry with today's morning light unable to penetrate into their meaning save for something – what was it? Ah, I see it now, vague but clearer now – it is a barb.

But what do I see now? A thin line protruding from opposite sides of that corona-like, spiked shape that looks so much like something ancient barbarians would affix to the end of their never-ending weapons.

Later today, mine eyes could open slits that could see more clearly but still not that great, pulling back from the images of the dreams that had tormented me, now filling my field of vision. The thin lines were wires! They connected to poles, one wire atop another like a, a – a fence, yes that's what it was.

But what were those blurry, oval shapes behind the barbs with two ovals glowing inside each one? Late in the day I could see them up close, coming into focus as the barbs dissolved into a blur of their own.

They were windows looking back at me.
Windows into my own soul.

Just like theirs.



DAY 5 PROMPT: Wake up in a body that is not your own.

CREDITS: "Three Boys Behind Barbed Wire" (1944) by Toyo Miyatake (photo taken surreptitiously at the Manzanar internment camp with camera built of scrap wood - cameras were considered contraband).