

My dream place

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For as long as I can remember I have imagined an extraordinary place, a beautiful haven and my own personal escape from the world. It is a place where I long to be, a place where I can be completely happy and boundless, where I no longer feel the suffocating constrictions of stress and expectations tugging constantly at my neck and limbs. I only have to close my eyes and my imagination will weave and swirl around, picking up bits and pieces before manifesting itself into a clear image before me. The process is effortless and awe-inspiring, with everything falling into place like pieces of a puzzle coming together.

I can see myself sitting on a fur carpet, with my legs stretched out comfortably in front of me. With one hand I run my fingers through the soft, white fur, combing them through silky strands. I feel the fur enveloping me in a friendly embrace as I slowly sink into something reminiscent of a sparkling white cloud, or a fluffy bed of freshly fallen, powdery snow. I hug my thick and battered sketchbook closer to my chest as I lean forward until my fingers find the smooth handle of my coffee mug. I inhale deeply, welcoming the delightful addictive aroma of freshly-brewed coffee as it fills my senses, the corners of my lips tilted upwards into the ghost of a smile.

I observe the translucent steam rolling off the dark lukewarm liquid and swirling with such elegance into the air before dissipating into nothing. I look up and see the white French windows that seem to stretch for miles into the ceiling. Outside is a vast sea of endless greenery with beams of sunlight streaming and peeking through the glass window in front of me. I can hear nothing but the faint sound of a clock ticking somewhere behind me, of whispering grass, rustling leaves and swaying trees. I hear the soothing sound of waves crashing against the shore from the other side.

Returning my gaze to the cup of coffee, still warm to the touch and ever so patiently waiting, I pick up the familiar chime of a bell, the ambient sound resonating in the room accompanied by a soft excited paddling of paws against the honey oak floorboards.

I smile again. I picture this exact scene and replay it in my head over and over. I am happy in my dream place; I am at bliss. I am where I want to be and where I am supposed to be, someday. This will be my home and this dream will exist as a reality, someday.

