

NEW MAP

By *KitsuneJey*

THE ROOM IN MY DREAM was white and infinite, like a prison from that movie named THX 1138. There was no trace of walls or ceiling, no visible paths, and no one else around. I even wasn't sure that I was really there, since I was feeling myself like the draft of a thought beginning to be forgotten. And then, the carefully rolled paper was lying on that infinite white floor, so my hand manifested to pick it up, with my other hand manifesting to unroll that paper with equal care: It was a map! A brand new map, seemingly of a national park with a path that reached a secluded camping ground with a stream and a waterfall. That was the moment when I felt I became vulpine flesh again, a fox lacking of clothing when there was care around, care from casual but sincere affection, or from old flames that still burnt deeply inside. Suddenly, I was dressed with memories I always cherished: the flannel shirt from my friend of Johor Bahru, the graphic tee from my friend of Minneapolis, the fedora hat I bought abroad—after I gifted my original fedora to my younger brother—, my old college jeans, and the brand new backpack with camping gear from a future memory. A future memory? So much time locked up in that white and infinite prison, but hope still burnt deeply inside me. “*There’s a hole / in your heart, / begging / for adventure!*” sang M83’s New Map, while the path was beginning to tread itself with shades of green before the hopeful melancholy of my sight..., hoping to bond with my travel partner..., with my travel partner old or new..., with my travel partner old and new..., whoever my travel partner was.

E N D

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