

Dilemma: Fantasies

Recorded on: October 21, 2010

I'm awake in bed, my pink leopard-print pj's all jumbled up on my body.

...

I groan softly, rolling over and blinking as I try to get the clock to focus.

Then, groaning again, I grope for my glasses and don them, blinking again at the clock.

Then, I sigh, burying my nose in the pillow.

Once again, I'd gotten up far too early.

I sighed...and took my glasses off, placing them back on the pile of books near the bed and laid there, eyes closed.

...

...

And I dream.

...

I truly enjoy this time, when I can dream whatever I want, however I want.

It allows me to do things that I really can't in the waking world.

...

I can see myself dressed as a French maid, teasing my mate with a feather duster...

...

...or as a prima ballerina, in full costume complete with pointe shoes, dancing "Swan Lake" on stage...

...

...or as a dominatrix, clad in snug-fitting leather and latex, playing and toying with my mate...

...

...or as a corporate executive, dressed in a power suit and corporate casual skirt, barking orders and dealing with crises in the company...

...

...but there is always one fantasy that makes me smile.

...

I always see this one from a distance, as though I am in the room...but it's me in the dream.

I am laying in a hospital bed, fur coated in sweat, hospital gown rumpled as if I had been moving a lot or exerting myself heavily.

I hear a loud cry, shrill, yet soothing...

...and someone places a small child in my arms, wrapped in a blanket...

...and I smile.

...

I smile...because this is MY child.
The child that I had just given birth to.

...

My mate is there with me, just enjoying this moment...as we become a real family.

...

I slowly fight myself back to wakefulness, feeling sad that I have to leave the
fantasy behind...

...

...and sad also because I know that, unlike the others, that is one fantasy that
cannot become reality...

...

...yet.