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## In My Dreams...

Mateo Ramirez Yelton

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# In My Dreams...

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## Mateo Ramirez Yelton

I flew. Across the desert, the sky an eternal sunset, light never quite fading on the horizon. You flew with me. Guiding me. Our spirits raced over the desert sands, across the sparse hills of manzanita bush. We followed the empty highway, white lines guiding us towards our destiny.

We began where we left off, we began where you died. Only this time we finished the journey home, but only I survived. Until this day I don't know why things turned out this way, but sometimes I remember that flight we took in my dreams, just you and I. You came back to me in my dreams, to remind me that I could still fly.

You are free, and I am chained. Shackled to life in a prison without bars, but one day we will meet again, you and I, and I will say: "hello, I've missed you my long lost friend." This is not a goodbye. Until we meet again.

For my friend and brother,  
Timothy Richard Dewhurst  
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