

## Dreams We Remember

We all have that one repetitive dream.  
The looming shadow behind my headboard at fourteen-years-old  
was a dementor coming to take my soul.  
It really just meant  
I had been reading way too much Harry Potter.

Some dreams are reruns of life events,  
However, altered to seem new.  
That kid in the corner wore a green shirt  
that day at the dojo, not orange.  
Like déjà vu, but not.

Then there are the bizarre  
border-line nightmare dreams.  
The one where the *Hoodwinked* bunny  
is a live toy, chasing me through a locked toy store,  
where I'm the size of toys and toys are the size of humans.

Our dreams only make sense to us,  
So then why do we insist  
on telling our roommate about that dream  
where the highway was like a rollercoaster  
and the car drove on a loop, and we didn't fall to our deaths?

Because it was so weird that  
we needed someone else to share in the weirdness.  
Because it was so scary that  
we needed someone to console us.  
Because it was so funny  
we wanted to laugh with someone.

The dreams we have are as odd as we are,  
as outrageous as our imagination,  
and as confusing as life itself.