

Ray Yates

An entry from my journal.

For over twenty years I used my creative imagination to open a door to another dimension; your memory came to me through that door and gave me strength to endure this hell I lived in. When we talked the other day, for the first time in over a decade, I was shocked to learn that you no longer cared for me. This hurt me so badly that I can't even imagine your love anymore. But, since your memory gave me strength for so long, I believe she deserves a memorial; this is her epitaph.

I can't understand how or why you are sitting next to me. How does conceptual energy blast through the mind's eye, opening a door to another dimension? You came to me through that door; you sat with me and talked me through hard times. You held me and I felt the rhythmic vibrations from the beat of a broken heart. But you just stare at me now, as if you too will leave. I know you're not real, you're just a memory, and a shadow of what once was.

I could say something emotional, like; if you leave, you'll leave me only death. You'll take from me my soul, and take from me my breath. Take instead my heart, for you're tearing me apart. But I can't change your mind, I can't even change mine.