

In my dreams I find myself running.

I feel the pounding of my heart, my lungs expanding as if they've never tasted oxygen.

My feet hitting the pavement, my arms following the movement.

Exhaustion never comes, as though I could run forever.

Last night I dreamt I was running along a highway. Everybody was trying to get out of a city too dangerous to stay in. An unknown danger.

I wasn't alone. A whole crowd of runners around me.

I felt everyone's panic, but I kept a steady pace.

I don't remember waking up, but it was not a restful sleep, I suppose that makes sense.

The feeling I had in the dream was not fear. I can equate the pace to being scared, but I was somehow steady. Not wavering in my determination to get away.

As I said before, this was not the first time I dreamt of running. The past few weeks have been relentless in my dreams. Over and over again I find my feet hitting the pavement.

The only thing that stays the same throughout all these dreams, is the pace.

Just that constant pace.

Maybe the next dream will show where I am going.