

# Dreaming with Eyes open

By Camryn Small

## Anticipation

The street was full of hustle and bustle.

Hustling, bustling people

*s*<sub>h</sub>*u*<sub>f</sub>*f**l**i**n**g*, **Squashing**, *s*<sub>t</sub>*e*<sub>p</sub>*p**i*<sub>n</sub>*g*  
on my tail.

But I don't care.

I just follow my trainer

and **Squeeze**, *s*<sub>l</sub>*i*p*, *s*<sub>l</sub>*i*d**e***

between the hustling bustling people.

Until finally I can see past the

*s*<sub>h</sub>*u*<sub>f</sub>*f**l**i**n**g*, **Squashing**, *s*<sub>t</sub>*e*<sub>p</sub>*p**i*<sub>n</sub>*g*

And the *quick*, **Chitter**-*chatter*ing lips.

Until my tail is F R E E

And it begins to sway to the beat of my *racing* heart.

Because today is the day

That I meet my new owner.

## Anita

Her name is Anita.

She doesn't smell like all of those hustling, bustling humans.

Her touch is *softer*.

A curious touch that makes my backs *q*<sub>u</sub>*i**v**e**r*.

Her hand cautiously *s**l**i**t**h**e**r**s*, slides, **s***t***r***o***k***e***s** my fur.

Her lips don't *quick*, **Chitter**-*chatter*; they whisper

like the old, winding river whispers to its surroundings.

*What is his name?*

I **Squeeze**, **slip**, s l i d e around her legs.

My shiny name tag glints before her eyes

but still, she does not notice.

***His name is Walter***

*Walter, how beautiful. What does he look like?*

And so I show off my golden coat

And place my sniffly, snuffly nose

right on her lap

where her hand maneuvers closer

to my eager body.

I await my new owner's touch of approval.

Her hand *s l i t h e r s*, slides, **s t r o k e s** my fur

but still she does not notice.

I embrace her warmth and

s u f f e  
h f l closer.

My ears wiggle, waggle, **twitch** as she speaks

to my trainer.

And then she is gone

and I'm left with my new owner.

## **Personal Assistant**

Anita tells me about her dreams

And how they are so close she can taste them.

I think I can taste them too

but I don't dare take a bite out of her violin.

Anita tells me that I will be her personal assistant.

I help her **Squeeze**, **slip**, s l i d e

between the

s u f f i g,  
h f l n **Squashing**, s t e p p i n g feet.

And usher her across the road when the green man lights up.  
I listen as her bow dances across her violin  
and she tell me that one day she will perform in front of an audience  
and I will be there with her  
because I am her personal assistant.

## **Waiting Room**

Today there is no  
s u f f i g,  
h f l n **Squashing**, s t e p p i n g feet  
or hustling, bustling people.  
There is just us and the dream.

Anita's hands **QuiVer**, **quake**, *shudder*  
as they *s l i t h e r*, slide, **s t r o k e** my fur.  
I snuffle, snuffle my nose against her hand  
and she briefly smiles  
but her lips do not whisper back.

I can see the people either side of us  
staring, g a p i n g, watching  
as we walk down the hall.  
But Anita does not notice  
and I try not to notice  
Because today there is just us and the dream.

## **Audition**

I watch the director's face  
as he embraces the music.  
Anita's head sways along with her bow  
and I watch in awe as her fingers thread in and out of the strings.

When we walk back through the door  
I can feel my tiny body flood with relief  
knowing that we nailed the audition.

## waiting

We sit and wait  
for a call.  
But a call does not come.

## opportunity

I wake up to the sound of anxious, tip-tapping feet at the doorstep.  
Behind the anxious, tip-tapping feet are spotty socks  
And behind the spotty socks is a man.  
The man is from the String Orchestra for the Blind.  
I recognise his eyes  
and now I know why he was staring, g a p i n g, watching  
at the audition.

When the man leaves  
his feet no longer tip-tap.  
Anita explained that the man was offering her a position  
as a violinist in the String Orchestra for the Blind.  
He had noticed her at the audition  
and knew immediately that she would be the perfect fit.

## Performance

The *quick*, **Ch**itter-chat~~ter~~ gradually fades  
as the grand, red curtains <sub>r i s e</sub>

The <sub>s h u f f l i n g</sub>, **Squashing**, *s t e p p i n g* feet  
are finally motionless

and the staring, *g a p i n g*, watching eyes  
are fixated on the orchestra.

Fingers and bows begin to dance

and music begins to flow

through the theatre.

Emotions begin to <sub>e n t a n g l e</sub>,  
with meaningful music

and hearts begin to beat once more.

## After

I **S**queeze, **s**lip, **s**lide

between the <sub>s h u f f l i n g</sub>, **Squashing**, *s t e p p i n g* feet  
until I feel Anita's hand *s l i t h e r*, slide, **s t r o k e** my fur.

And I suddenly realise

that sometimes you don't have to see love

to feel it.