

When I dream again,
I hope it starts soft —
a flicker,
a color I don't recognize
but want to follow.

No ghosts this time.
No replay of what I've already survived.
Just space.
A sky without edges.

When I dream again,
I want to meet the version of me
who isn't afraid to rest.
The one who doesn't brace for pain
before she closes her eyes.

Maybe she'll smile,
or maybe she'll just breathe —
and that will be enough.

When I dream again,
I'll let the dark
be dark.
And trust that morning
will still find me.