



emma milton

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ethereal

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Elise stands motionless upon the strange surreal surface which supports her effortlessly. A glorious day but no sun to accompany her; no shadow or reflection, simply blue. The texture and temperature so finely attuned with her delicate bare feet, she is unable to distinguish any point of contact. Not the slightest breeze tickles the unmoved hairs on the back of her long slender neck. No apparent air, yet still she gracefully breathes. Elise cannot recall ever having lived this peculiar dream, although the comfortable familiarity is so intensely immersive she must surely have once been the very embodiment of déjà vu.

Right now she is, well; she simply is.

Lowering herself slowly to her knees, Elise reaches curiously to reverently touch. As her fingers softly meet their ethereal companion they are greeted in exquisite harmony. With no resistance they slip effortlessly beneath and out of sight. No evidence of displacement betrays the act; no sound or sensation. Submerging further her palm is crossed by this mysterious stranger consensually absorbing her subtle inquisition. With just a flick of the wrist Elise withdraws instinctively and is amazed to see but a stump; her hand erased as though it never was. No blood, no pain, no fear; nothing. She draws her forearm to her face and examines the severed limb in wonderment. She gazes in awe at the unrevealing pool and considers herself; distinct, yet somehow part. Rising once more to her feet, she reaches for the non-existent heavens, before confidently diving in a spectacular betrayal of inhibition.

Hue and saturation adjust seamlessly, then only blue.

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