

Yellow Dream

“What was *my* tragedy?” she asks me, after telling me her story. I must have used the word tragic in my initial response to all she has told me. “There’s a sort of tragic quality to some of your story” — is how I’d imagined I’d said it. Intrigued, she asks me to frame my thoughts in a less abstract way. Her words say to me, “I believe you that there’s something tragic about my story, now what does that tragedy have to do with me?” I pause and look away to think for a moment.

We are on a platform. All the buildings and structures around seem to be made of red brick connected by grey cement, with painted black metal handrails accenting things. We stand on a raised platform in a structure with a roof. The sides of this structure are open to the outside world, which is illuminated by a soft static yellow glow from unseen streetlamps. A nearby building wall climbs high — red earth brick against an endless night blue sky. All of that light is absorbed into black pavement. All radiates vastness and possibility.

“Isolation,” I say, and a thousand possible thoughts are discarded, leaving me with a handful of sensations and memories associated with that word. One of these thoughts is about someone else. It is a painful but helpful thought, reminding me that I am no stranger to tragedy myself.

We are both looking for something, and because we are different people we go about looking for it in different ways, and finding different things along the way. There is a mutual desire to pause and uncover something together. We are both on our way home, accompanying each other as far as we can, and in no rush.