

James Foster

George and the Doorway

George began to wake from what seemed a deep sleep. The kind of sleep that leaves your body aching, and your mind hungry for more rest. His head ached as he opened his eyes just slightly. The room was dark, yet he could make out the frame of a doorway in the distance. Its frame illuminated from behind by a warm and bright light that shone through the cracks.

He'd seen this doorway before. In fact, every time he woke from sleep. Although the doorway, and his desire to go through it were intense memories, he could not remember ever getting to the other side. He'd tried, not with much effort he must admit, to reach the door yesterday. The same ache in his head, the weariness of his body, and the lack of resolve in his mind had stopped him.

Then there were the other obstacles. The floor inclined away from the door in a steep angle, and the surface was slippery. It was too easy to slide back onto the mattress and back to sleep. The air was thick too. It was hard to breath, hard to move against. Maybe there was even a strong wind from a window he couldn't see that was also forcing him back to the mattress, to be horizontal. Hadn't the handle been difficult to turn yesterday? Was it locked, or greasy? He probably wasn't dressed appropriately for the occasion, or gathering of people that might be on the other side. Surely his hair was messy. He hadn't washed. He didn't want to see his kids right now.

So he lay back on the mattress, as he had done yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that. He looked at the doorway, with it's warm illuminated, happy light, and cried for a while. Then slept. As he had done every day. Every day that he could remember.