

Senovara – dream at the second mooring

You quite often dream of your initiation ordeal, when you became a priestess. But this is different.

You're in the stone box full of water, with just your nose and mouth above the surface. It's cold, but not too cold. The night sky fills your view. You can smell the aromatic smoke of the herbs sacred to Sulevia. But something's wrong – the stars are circling across the sky, much too quickly. The moon zips from one side to the other. It's as though a month of nights is passing in one night.

You sit up, breaking the ritual. Now you will never be a priestess! Your mother's body is spread across the sky, the stars are dots on her skin. Her tears are the rain. You are flying up to be with her. The air is cold and choking – you wake suddenly, shivering uncontrollably.