Letter From Dreamland

April 1, 2000 By Joe Westmoreland

Charlie, my significant other (domestic partner, boyfriend, lover, whatever), is in London. I'm happy to have the apartment to myself—no fighting over the remote control.

They switched meds on me recently. And since one causes insomnia, I take sleeping pills. I started a new kind last night, one that doesn't mess up my dream patterns and also helps my neuropathy—another miracle drug. Only, it didn't work. I kept waking up until 4 in the morning, when I took another half of a pill. Then I couldn't wake up this morning. I have enough trouble getting out of bed.

Also, when Charlie's gone, it gets creepy at night. In this half-dream state, I'm susceptible to spirits. Often there are people outside waiting for me. Our bedroom window is three stories up, but I can feel them out there.

One night I dreamed I was down in the basement smoking cigarettes with my friend Eddie. He looked much better than the last time I saw him. He had on those jeans with the ripped knee and his Yale t-shirt that was too tight so his hairy belly-button showed. He was with a couple of guys. I was glad to see him and trying to tell him all I'd been doing since I saw him last.

The guys with him were sexy in tight jeans and old t-shirts. They wanted me to come with them. I wasn't sure. They were standing by a door and getting impatient—kind of like gangsters or characters in The Sopranos. Then I realized his friends were ghosts, guys from the neighborhood who'd died but were still hanging around. Eddie wanted me to go with them. I got scared and couldn't understand why Eddie would want me to. Then I remembered that he was a ghost, too—I'd forgotten. He visits every once in a while, so it all seemed normal. I finished my cigarette. I didn't want to offend him, but I told him I wasn't ready yet. I woke up and felt them in the room.

Another night I dreamed a young woman was reading my tarot cards. Every time she flipped a card, a different spirit appeared on my left, floating above us. They were mad at me—pissed off because I was still alive but wasting time watching too much TV and complaining about my feet. All I do is go to doctors' offices when I could be doing something with my life. After turning over three cards or so, the woman looked disappointed and said, "I think we should just stop now."

I moved a broomstick from the bathroom to under the bed. For some reason I feel safer with it there. I'll be glad when Charlie gets back, even though we get on each other's nerves. He never cleans up the apartment—that's my job, since I'm on disability. But I don't feel like it because I'm

always so tired or my feet hurt too much. Anyway, I’ll be glad when he gets back.

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.
http://beta.docker.poz.com/article/Letter-From-Dreamland-10445-6916