

All That Glitters is Not Gold - I walk past your house...

I walk past your house. The one with the big glowing windows that stare into my soul, but you don't see me. I look back, expecting the orange lights to illuminate your face, staring me down.

You're in my head.

I walk past your house again. Herded towards it like a lost sheep, mesmerised by your orange windows. Orange like the leaves that cover your garden, like the fruit that dangle off the trees. Orange dahlias spread through the grass like the flowers in my hair.

They have withered away.

I dreamt I was drowning in my own blood. If we were still talking I would have told you about it much sooner. Told you about how I was writhing and twisting, bound in a leather strap that was made of my own skin.

Looking ahead of me, I saw a mirror, but there was nothing there. No walls or floors, no chairs or people. Nothing. As if I were a phantom, gliding through time like a catalyst, trapped in its taunting abyss.

It came out of nowhere. Spilling from an invisible vat above me. Part of me craved the idea of disappearing behind it, hiding behind a curtain of blood.

I stood still, waiting expectantly at the edge of the cliff as the taste of iron filled my mouth.

For a long time, there was nothing but a stream of scarlett, until slowly the current died down, clearing away. Blinking through the bloody haze I saw a white room that had appeared almost miraculously. It was a maze of porcelain. Ghostly white walls, white floors, white ceilings. But in the middle, was a woman in a black leather dentist's chair, meticulously clean.

I realised that it was me sitting there, dejected and empty. That where once I was dripping with blood, bathed in the intoxicating scent, I was now just a woman, sitting calmly, waiting for something that would never arrive.

I looked nothing like myself.

I was bathed in an orange glow like the windows of your house. *Your* orange glow. As you wandered into my thoughts, the shadows hid, cowering away from you, the monsters surrendered themselves to the dark once more.

Who are you, if even creatures of the night find you unnerving?

So I took their advice, and never saw your face again. Or told you another secret. I refused to look into your eyes and see that same pain that I hide behind mine.

But I still walk past your house. There's a new car in the driveway, smoke hangs overhead, the grass seems greener.

I wonder if I've finally reached the other side.

And if I have reached it, will I find you there? Waiting for me in your house that comes alive at night?

I walk past your house for the last time, and hope the crows keep you company.

Because I thought you knew.

That all that glitters is not gold.

And I refuse to see one more orange glow.