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# This Side Of Reality

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## This Side Of Reality

I am in a long, skinny, familiar room,  
I feel stared at.  
Fear fills my body.  
There are pictures from ceiling to floor,  
The pictures stare blankly, penetrating me.  
As I look up I see a boy,  
A young, different looking boy.  
"I've been here before" I think,  
but I don't know where or when.  
Then everything makes sense  
I remember this boy, I see him every night.  
He starts running towards me; faster & faster.  
I run until there is a wall in front of me.  
The boy keeps running toward me;  
I fear for my life.  
I turn to the wall and start climbing the pictures.  
I look up-- there is a hole,  
almost impossible to fit through.  
I climb to the other side,  
then realize that I am safe  
on this side of reality.

*Jamie Potts*