

## **Flying: Sandra Faase**

She remembered it vividly. Flying out the back door of their old Queenslander home – the one she'd nearly knocked down by carelessly parking her car a whisker from one of the thick wooden stumps that held it up after a big night out. What mayhem could have been unleashed that night.

She felt the humid afternoon breeze in her hair as she flew out the back door over the wire clothesline. The sun was low and there was a pinkish-orangey tinge to the air. She wasn't far above the ground: three metres maybe. She could smell the freshness of the rain that had fallen and collected in the drain in the middle of the back lane to their house – and saw her reflection in the water, her skirt fluttering. She flew past the other unkempt houses on stilts, past the mango and papaya trees that had shed their over-ripe fruit and the frangipanis that had shed their flowers in the storm, past the old tin-roofed carports that backed onto the lane - buoyed on the breeze of the moistly scented late afternoon.

The lane ended at a road juncture. She tilted to the left, looking into the haze of the sunset, where she craned her neck to lift herself further above the road, the cars becoming smaller, flying over the bridge over the river that had never looked so sparkling and enticing.

She remembered when she awoke, the elation of knowing for the first time that she had dreamt in colour. The invigoration of having felt she could fly.

She had never dreamt a dream like that again. She bunked down in the back of her van, under the musty blankets, her dog's eyes watchful. She awoke in the small hours of the night, her heart thumping and threw off the blankets. The dog rearranged himself and whimpered. She was unable to remember what had vexed her subconscious and had led her to this point – a point where wonder and possibilities were a folly she could no longer afford.