A DREAM (from Metaphors of Silence)

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A journey began heroically though the landscape was cluttered. The landscape offered many dangers, of time and bulk and color. He conquered without effort, without benefit of knowledge. Behind his eyes, all was lucid. But the landscape narrowed, and hairy forms closed upon him from every side. He drove ahead, clearing the path of his will. And still the landscape narrowed. Smooth walls of a cavern, veined and wet. Fear pulled at his breath. The funnel, smoother now than onyx, narrowed. For the first time, he turned around, seeking a memory of space, or light. Behind him the terrible clarity of a mirror walled his sight. He plunged again, driven now by a greater fright, and as he moved into a thin channel, scarcely larger than his head, the mirror closed behind, sealing all regress.

When he awoke, he believed all the mirrors had melted into a stream, and the sea felt fuller.