

SIXTY SECOND FANTASY

by Sarah Littman

Sinking down into the hot scented water
I feel the knots in my back start to unravel.
Steam rises around me
bringing with it the relaxing smell of lavender

The bath tap is still running and closing my eyes
I imagine myself under a waterfall
in a secluded glen
surrounded by a dark and peaceful wood.

This is my place, and I am alone
but for once I am not lonely.
I revel in the sensation
of just being me and only for me.

The endless piles of laundry have turned
into a majestic mountain range
lining the horizon
and I gasp at their beauty.

I hear two birds calling in the distance
One with a high pitched warble and
the other cawing like a crow.
They are getting closer.

The bath is about to overflow
so I turn the tap off and suddenly,
the pretty warbling turns into the sound
of my infant daughter screaming from downstairs
where I left her with Daddy,
and the cawing crow becomes my son
calling "Mummy, Mummy, Mummy"
from down the hallway
gradually drawing near
to where I hide in the bath
trying to cling to my fantasy.

The bathroom door bursts open
and my minute of peace is over.
The mountains are suddenly
huge piles of laundry again
and I wonder
when I will next find
another sixty seconds
where I don't have to be wife, working mother
(so many roles to play)
Another sixty seconds
when I can just be - me.