

Attention Daydreams Disorder

A Prose Poem

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“God, I have a castle in there,” I thought as I roamed the corridors of my interior heart.

If anyone ever asked me what I liked to do in my free time, I would say “Oh you know, exploring.” They would nod in agreement, encouragingly, and in their assumption ask “Where do you like to go? I know of quite a few local travels in the area that are great for a hike.” I would look at them, lovingly, and with somewhat of a mystified stare in my eyes respond “Oh no, I don’t usually go outdoors for that.”

With a furrow in their brows and a perplexed look on their face they would wonder, intently, what I was talking about. Then I would continue and reveal to them that my secret location for adventuring was not only usually done indoors, but also and actually within.

It may seem to an onlooker that when I go exploring, that I am really going “internal.” Indeed, I am. I am going internal to a grand mansion at the center of my mind. It has been under construction for years; there are even some structures that seem to have been artistically designed and erected.

Other places look as if they are in shambles, but those ruins are some of the best habits of exploration. Only knights and dragons are the kind who dare pursue these paths, perhaps in hope of finding the dear maiden.

There are yet other lands among the terrain, in need of cultivation still. Forests that need more trees planted, meadows that will grow more wild flowers. Beyond the castle wall looks like a dark abyss, but any astronaut would know otherwise. Space travels into the starry heavens are another way to get lost for hours on end.

Fellow travelers unite for this common cause of adventure and space exploration, yet- unless they have their attention on daydreams- they will not understand the map of disorder. Otherwise, no one else knows where I go when I go to escape, for hours upon hours on end.