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Dreams

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Dreams

I once had a dream that I stood at the roof of my house and dove straight down head first. My head cracked open on the cold concrete floor, out came blood and brains. I could picture my body, a little twisted in its own puddle, and wondered how long it would take for someone to find me. Maybe early when mom usually shoves into my room yelling, “Ya levantate!”

I knew they would care, but was it because they’d miss me or it looked bad?

I continued to dream of my own death for years. They all involved pretty gruesome bloody scenes. I shot myself, stabbed a kitchen knife through my gut, jumped off of different buildings, and my least favorite, I’d slice into the pulpy skin of my wrists, then eventually bleed out. Around 13 I made it a habit to ask Diosito, que por favor numb my brain enough at night to sleep through without any nightmares so I could wake up dry and mom wouldn’t need to beat me for wetting the bed again.

I didn’t tell her about the dreams and she never found out.