

## Dreaming in the sunlight

by mazaher

April 17, 2013

::

For irisbleufic, who likes snakes, and who never fails to delight me when she writes about Crowley dozing *en couleuvre*.

::

The bed was empty, covers rucked every which way, except for the pillow on the side nearest the door -- nearest to *her*-- where a rather unremarkable medium-sized grass snake lay coiled and basking in a sunbeam that filtered in lazily between the curtains. (...)

"*The devil hath power*," she quoted, almost in a whisper, "*to assume a pleasing shape*." The patterned back-scales were smooth beneath her fingertips, shining. "I just never dreamed that shape was a garden-variety *Natrix natrix helvetica*".

from *Always the bridesmaid*, by irisbleufic, in the *Crown of Thorns* series  
at: <http://irisbleufic.livejournal.com/365009.html>

::

He had been dreaming about the Garden.

Sleeping in the sunlight always did it to him.

He would revert to his most ancient shape, and he would dream of the Garden where no-one ever died. Or was ever born.

In the Garden he had glided smoothly in the freshness of grass, and savoured field mice without the need to catch them, swallow them, digest them. He would lick the air which tasted of them --warm, musky, their heartbeat ten times faster than his own-- and like that, his hunger had been sated.

There he had swum across calm rivers, and climbed trees, and shivered when a stork's shadow passed over him. He did not know why, back then.

Now, should the weather change to cloudy while he was sleeping, or the spot of sunlight move, he would wake up. If not, then the Eviction would creep into his dreams.

For thousands of years he had woken up chilled and trembling for re-living it.

Not anymore, not so often.

Because the Garden had held every good thing, except one. The one thing --the one Person-- for which Anthony Crowley cares most.

He had not had a choice, back then.

But he knows with perfect clarity what he would choose, now.

He would slither out of the Garden with not a backward glance.

He would follow his tongue, black and shining and quivering, and find.

A garden of his own, a garden of books and quiet love, where he is welcome forever.

Where it doesn't matter how many times and in how many ways his three-chambered heart has been broken, because the one to whom he gives it knows how to mend it.

::

photo by MP7Aquit at:

<http://www.flickr.com/groups/wildherps/pool/mp7/?view=lg>

