

SERENITY DREAM

Steven Greenberg

I went to bed one night this week having consumed a lot of food at a very late dinner. Upon awaking the next morning, I spent time analyzing one of the weirdest dreams I have ever had. I'm not sure if the dream is the definition of serenity or stupidity, but when I think back on it, I don't believe I was ever so calm in a dream in my lifetime. So at least in my dream I had found serenity.

My wife and I drove up to the Publix in the Fountain Plaza, as we've done a hundred times before. Came in at the entrance off Jog Road, drove down the main thoroughfare, and pulled into a lane to park. There, we saw the very first space on the left was available. A very shadowy old woman was behind the wheel of the car, an older blue Caddy, lots of chrome, and she was attempting to pull the car out of the space. Her car was moving backwards slowly....I mean very slowly... 10 minutes passed, then an hour, then two hours, and we waited patiently. Started to get hungry, and I sent my wife into Publix to buy some food to hold us over until the woman left the space. We snacked. We chit chatted. We listened to the radio. And then I remember leaving our car to put the wrappers in the trash. Got back in our vehicle, waited patiently.

All through the night we waited. Slept comfortably in the car, reclining the seats back, and a threw a spare blanket we kept in the trunk over ourselves for warmth. By the next morning, the old Caddy had maybe moved a few inches. Progress was very slow, as the old lady was very cautious and very deliberate. And we waited patiently.

I glanced over to my wife, and noticed that she had acquired knitting needles and was now knitting a sweater. She had never knitted before in her life, but now, now that she had the time, and she could go back and forth into the store for yarn, she decided to take up the hobby. I noticed that I needed a shave, but what the hell, it could wait until I got back home.

Another day passed. We went back into Publix for supplies, ate in the car, and patiently, patiently, waited. A week passed, a month, and each with each passing day, the Caddy moved a couple of inches. I noticed my beard was fully grown. I haven't had a full beard since college. Back then it was black as the night, but now, fully grey, and I used the comb I found in the glove compartment to get the crumbs out of it from the latest meal.

By now, Sue had knitted half a dozen sweaters, and was working on her first blanket. She put her completed works in the back seat. We had plenty of room back there, as we only had to keep groceries for one day, well, because, we were next to a grocery store.

The months passed. My beard was now mountain man style, down almost to my chest. And Sue's knitting was starting to crowd out the meager grocery space. And slowly, slowly, the caddy was inching its way out of our targeted spot. And we waited patiently.

One year passed. My beard is now down to my lap. When I look in the rearview mirror, all I can see is stacks of knitting. The old lady in the caddy is now fully out the space, and pulls forward. We pull into the vacated spot. I look at Sue and ask, do you remember what we wanted to buy at the store? She has totally forgotten, as have I. So we drove home.

And I will never ever eat a big meal just before bed again.