

Blue-Eyed Boy

Once I dreamt I had a son.

He wasn't mine by blood, but I loved him nonetheless. His father, a nameless and faceless shadow, stood in the doorway of his house, carefully cradling the boy against his chest. Although he didn't speak, I understood that he couldn't take care of the child anymore. Holding the newborn out to me, I reached out and wrapped my arms around him. Within the pristine white blanket, a small round head with black hair and dark blue eyes peered up at me.

He's beautiful.

My vision faded then, and the next thing I saw was my childhood house. Comfortable in my arms, the boy slept peacefully. I didn't know what to do then. I was alone at home. And on top of that, I was only twenty; not nearly experienced to care for a newborn. I still had much to learn about adulthood. I could barely care for myself, let alone a baby. However, his father had entrusted me with his life. How could I give up on him?

He's my son now. And I'll love him with every fiber of my being.

Hoping to find answers, I set him down for a moment. And when I returned moments later, he had grown up. Where once a newborn baby slept, a fine young man with chin-length wavy black hair and deep blue eyes now sat. I remember how he smiled at me; such a sweet and innocent smile. How had the years gone by so fast? How was it now true that my son no longer needed me? Once I had that realization, he disappeared forever.

It's a shame; I never even had the chance to name him.