so deep my love

Bea Eschen

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Also by Bea Eschen

FOREWORD

This is a fictitious work. Names, characters, places, events and incidents are either the result of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, alive or dead, or actual events, is purely coincidental.

DREAM



uge waves swallow the land. I roll back and forth in my bed. Clear pictures pass directly by me. Skyscrapers are seized by the rapid tide below, torn from their foundations and crumble. The current flowing past me brings cars, human corpses, boards, whole houses and dead animals with it. Waves of sea water and dirty foam give the hustle and bustle even more power. It penetrates deeper and deeper into the country. The destruction is of biblical proportions. Nothing is left standing. Lightning shoots down from the sky. It ignites short fires that are immediately extinguished by the mass of destruction. A man stands on a roof and clings with his last strength to a chimney. A woman holds her child in the air with outstretched arms to grant it a fraction of its life before the next wave of garbage reaches mother and child and destroys both.

Then suddenly the image in front of me turns into a red desert. The piercing dazzling sun melts the land down. A group of black people stand out from the sand. They sit