

The Pure Sleep

It had been a long day, and now the kids were finally in bed. The woman's pretty, red, wingback chair called to her, but she resisted. She knew if she sat for any length of time, she would fall asleep and likely wake with a crick in her neck. Beds, not chairs, were best for sleep. But she felt so tired, she found the siren's call of the chair was too much and flopped down in it despite her better judgment.

As she tucked a leg under her, she reached for the remote and switched on the TV with the volume set low. *Just a few minutes of mindless entertainment*, she thought, *then I'll start getting ready for bed*. "Getting ready for bed" – what a phrase! Bed sleep was something you needed to get ready for; it wasn't something that just happened. There were the dinner dishes and pans to load into the dishwasher before it could be started. Then, of course, she had her bathroom ritual to go through – scrubbing her face, applying moisturizer, brushing her hair and teeth, changing into a nightie.

She could feel herself sinking deeper into the cushions of the chair. Her eyes closed as if by their own accord. Suddenly, she realized she was drifting off to sleep. She roused herself and shifted her position. Blinking her eyes several times, she settled back into the TV show.

Soon, however, the chair began to whisper to her. Let go, it said. (She closed her eyes.) Feel the embrace of sleep. (Her head sagged.) Slide into the warm, black pool. It waits for you. It welcomes you. (In this liminal space, she could feel her conscious mind effacing and subconscious thoughts beginning to bubble in the blackness.)

This is the good sleep, the chair whispered. The true sleep. The real sleep. The pure sleep. (She let go.)