



To You and For You

When I was abducted in the dream, I thought sleep would save me. That's how dumb I was, how mulish. I thought my sleep would stop them. When the man whispered in my ear, *If you so much as make one sound*—the words were so soft I tried to pretend I hadn't heard him, and his warm hand across my face hadn't disturbed me from sleep. I thought of bees locked in amber, the curlicues of their antennae inert but preserved in attention. I thought hives must be fear in miniature, a swarming of infinitesimal hooks and combs with its own scent and rhythm. Who was I? I knew I was useless, incapable in that moment of acting even to save myself, nor even wanting to. I wanted to sleep until the danger passed, as if it were separate from me.