

Honeyed Light by Agatha Haslam

Peering through the thick drapes, the thin gauzy light catches the small flecks of dust, like tiny waltzing fairies, giddy and exhilarated in the morning's quiet hush. Heavy quilts were piled high on their chest, a warm cocoon, laying ontop of their arm, was a cat. He snuggled tight to their chest, purrs reverberating, louder in their ears, but never painful. Lazy eyes closed again, content to just doze. The world outside could wait, sleep tickled the edges of their mind, coaxing them back into its soothing embrace. In this small, quiet moment there was nothing but peace and safety.