

Dreams I Dream

I look at my dreams and discard some of them as not consequential enough to use time thinking about. Some dreams are violent and nightmarish. I consider them quickly to see if they might have meaning and then discard them. The waking world has sufficient violence and nightmarish qualities to meet any need I might have as I work toward an existence of peace and love, without violence and nightmarish qualities.

Some of my dreams are full of levels of mystery and deserve time to understand any useful information that comes to me from seeking meaning. A dream might clarify part of my daytime thinking or deliver information I haven't thought of on a conscious level or that I haven't thought of at all.

My dreams are often encrypted in metaphors and allegories, because my mind needs exercise or because not every idea in all its depths and implications can be delivered to my mind through my material senses in words, images, colors, movements, and developing action.

Some dreams demand careful thought or give me thoughts, ideas and realizations that can be conveyed or understood only by going beyond all material reality and beyond the power of words to make meaning clear.

Some dreams become poems whose meaning reaches into spiritual existence and will not entirely yield to material understanding.

1) Braking without Result.

I've dreamed many times over many years that I'm going somewhere in a car or truck or other machine, tractor, bulldozer or other huge machine, and I can't stop it. I apply the brakes, and they will not bring the machine to a halt, slowing but not halting.

I feel the force that keeps the machine in motion, the inexorable inertia, relentless, unstoppable, inevitable, sometimes very dangerous and frightening, always frustrating, always defining me as powerless and dangerous in my powerlessness of that moment.

The dream doesn't include the crash that ends the motion but stops before the crash when I wake, or the dream simply ends in blankness and dread of expectation.

Some of that dream comes from the moment in my waking life before collision when a drunk driver turned directly in front of me. For eternity, I tried to stop the motorcycle I rode, but I couldn't stop. I couldn't turn sharply enough, and I hit him with the force and weight and sound of two heavy machines. I was severely injured.

Some of that dream also speaks to me about the industrial revolution, about the impossibility of stopping this very large change in humankind's direction, sometimes slowed by human gains from the power of Love against racism, against misogyny, positive gains in the direction humankind goes, gains toward recognition of needs, gains against thought that splits humans into groups, into prejudices against any group, gains toward seeing all of us as one, all humanity, all life, all existence, one, bound into one by Love. Love slows but hasn't stopped the destructive force of the industrial revolution, the destructive force of the colonizing movement into further deterioration of humane values as humankind crashes and is severely injured or killed.

In my dreams, they are one. Crash of motorcycle and car severely injures me. The enormous crash of all humankind, injures or kills everyone, all people, all life, all existence. Is this motion inexorable, irresistible, unstoppable, inevitable, or is it a dream from which we wake into Love and harmony?

Yes. Yes.

Do we move into the harmony of spiritual existence only after the crash that comes at us, that we drive toward, trying to stop but encumbered by the blindness of much of humankind, lost in material existence?

Or do we move into spiritual reality now, by evolving ourselves intentionally toward ultimate spiritual existence before and instead of death?

How much better to achieve harmony now, before the inevitable personal crash or the inevitable crash that comes to all mankind when too few of us recognize and live by the harmony of intentionally living Love, with reverence for all life and for all existence.

2) Trips through Ideal Country.

Beautiful. Forest. Meadows. Clean water in small streams tumbles over rocks, large rocks, small rocks. Larger streams flow toward clean, live oceans. Lakes of clean water support uncountable forms of life. Stone mountains rise into clean blue sky, toward white clouds, grey clouds. Black clouds throw brilliant colors of lightning in jagged patterns to the earth.

Thunder of powerful natural music vibrates the earth.

I walk, run, or ride my bicycle on a trail of red earth, brown earth, earth green with grass. Sometimes I ride or walk or run with a companion I love, sometimes with several people.

These are places I have been, places I extend my imagination into, places I see in pictures, in moving pictures, read about in books, a combination of all. These places show me what is possible if all humans live a life of love toward all life, toward all existence, toward Beautiful Earth, unencumbered by violence, by greed, by attempts at personal aggrandizement, by lust for power over others.

I dream of beauty. I dream of life in harmony.

I live each day,

awake,

and I live in dreams.

I dream.