

Dream Paradox

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a strange breeze blows a silk blanket, ever so light,
over my past, which of course,
only consists of frozen memories,
as the past has never existed, nor can it be produced --
we are left instead with chemical footprints of existence
to which we must cling as survival depends on what we have
learned

stuck in time, in a paradoxical location
which sums life into grotesque and pleasant silhouettes
and three dimensional splendour simultaneously --
memory-shadows tint and contrast the real colours of life,
charged with emotion they brand/scar mind, shape identity
and distort perception

yet i know neither the past nor future exist, why do we rob
ourselves of the present
where life, truth, reality endure forever as creative process?

without a past i would be nought, unlearned, untenable on this
earth plane,
this plane must have the past and future in order to exist yet these
two requisites
do not exist as no-one or thing has ever been able to produce them
yet reality, pristine, infinite, kinetic, original, evades this plane, the
necessity
to be real now - instead we live in inculcated or self-induced dream-
shadows
and aspirational fantasies with a condition
to make a dream into 3D reality, which has been done by many as
ideas/notions become
nuclear bombs and electric machines that now are able to emulate
thought and learn -
one wonders where it all leads, but again it leads nowhere as it
misses the present, the point, REALITY
where eternal existence dances for joy in its creation

but this three dimensional created dream is reinforced, recorded,
tho that very act places it in the past as oral or textual history,
compounding a dream into another dream, constantly escaping
the inevitability of all-enthraling creation

and so if you dare to ask me who i am, or what i do,
how could you hope to get an accurate answer, as you do not see
what i see,
so i have learned to respond with a dream within a dream, a shared
subjective interpretation
which satisfies the shared dream of culture while i simultaneously
dance in the secret,
ineffable, forever, which you do not see as your mind oscillates
between the dream past and future,
which blinds you to the real, now

tho if you force the issue i would create for you something that
appeals
to you alone, as the view from paradise sees everything there is to
see
and what is not seen i am able to create for your dream alone, as
you love your
addictions and slavery

the art and artifice of a poet is played in a shared world of
imaginings, hopes, expectations and desire,
dreams within a created dream world -- so be vigilant, actively
participate and ensure that this collective cultural dream does not
become a nightmare

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-846.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-976.html>