

In Dreams

by sadh *Tuesday, Feb 4 2020, 7:45pm*

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waking to a dream within a dream,
roaring in the soft silence of waking
to reality, a dream imposed by culture --
no less a dream than previous dreams
disregarded as illusion

yet in this state of waking, reality presented
as no more or less than another mind construct
insisting it was real, more valid than other coherent dreams
of one's own making

and so i was free to dream and create any reality
i could conjure deliberately -
truly, imposed cultural 'reality' is nothing more than a shared
nightmare
in which we imagine we live, die
and experience specific validities imposed or otherwise

so, is it not preferable and pleasing to create a reality that is sane,
harmonious
and continues in joy with the cosmic dream of creation rather than
man's
sick cultural nightmare?

indeed it is, as this peculiar waking is freedom from all the
superimposed,
false values of perversion and discord, the nightmare reality of
society

this waking state is able to puncture and transform any imposed
dream reality
as the dreamer is not subject to externals, or rather to the imposed
laws of another
dreamworld

i watched as a surgeon would watch, with precision before
intruding
with diamond mind and reshaping what is presented as reality,
changing, according to each imposed law, expected outcomes which
were automatically
accepted by sleepers in that dreamworld, as choice (freedom) is only
gained from waking

and extricating mind from the gordian tangle imposed by others in
sleep,
as sleep is no less a power than waking though it limits the sleeper
to a specific dreamworld

and so in dreams i walk with you as a phantom or corporeal,
depending on your depth of perception --

beware of what you think/imagine is real
as true reality is beyond all limitations
including life, death, happiness-sorrow etc

the mystic key to this dream reality is understanding
the nature of flux and kinesis, not stasis, death and limitations --
there are no formalities in this reality;
your prison is of your own making, so too
is your waking and liberation

there is ineffable joy in this continuity/uncertainty/dance,
as your waking understands the nature of the unborn
and what is unborn can never die, capice?

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-990.html>