

## 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 kenesis, 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?

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