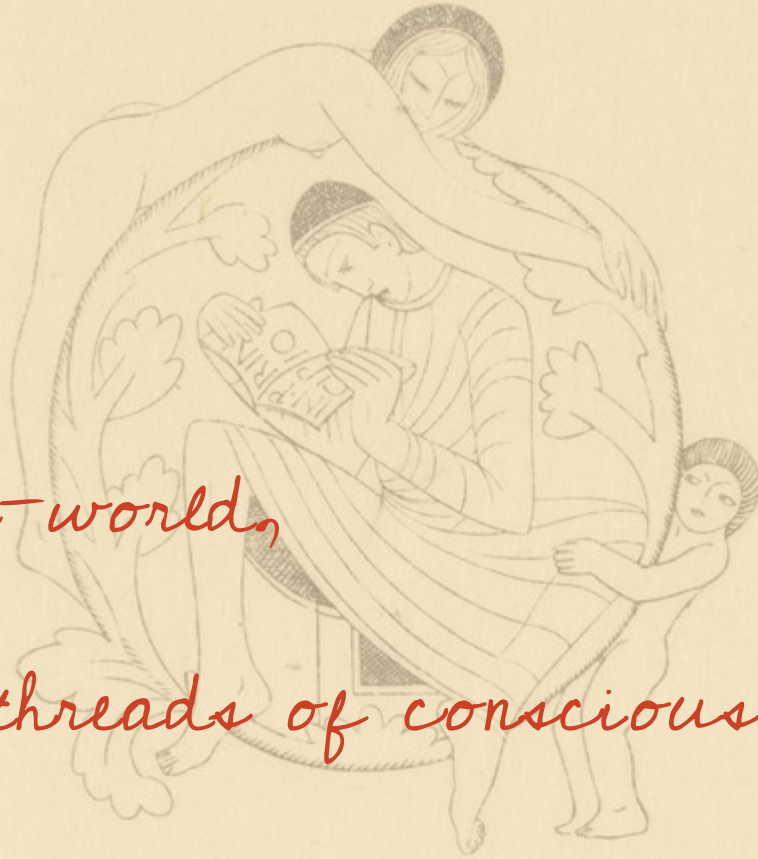


Dreams,

The non-world,

& our threads of consciousness

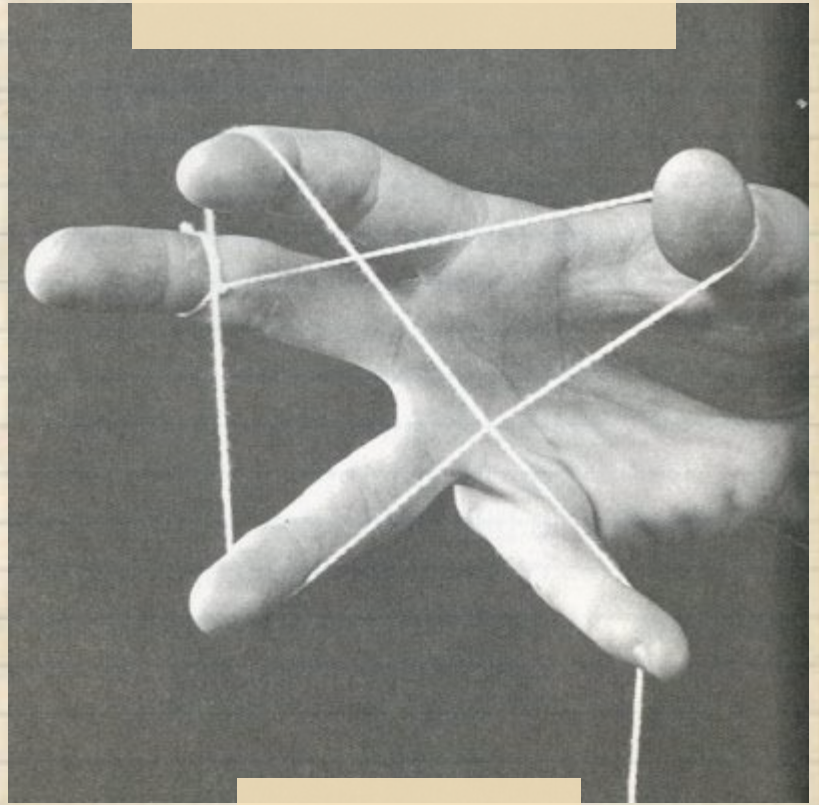


Within the
fragments of
those dreams
lie the symbols
and whispers
of the buried
past and
futures not yet.



Dreams are the fabric of
our subconscious
memory.

In those chambers of
sleep, we find elements of
humanity, sewn together
in abstract shapes and
magical timelines.





Circa 1976

I had a dream
once, about a bull
hiding within the
bushes.

Soon after, i dreamt
the moon fell into the
waters beside a
desolate farm.

I took these dreams
to mean, the pattern
of comfort was
shifting- that
somehow I would
feel the weight of
change.

In the coming weeks
I started to wonder if
the dreams were an
effect of reality, or if
my reality was an
effect of the dreams.

But in that magic
mystery, I could
never decide which
determined the other.



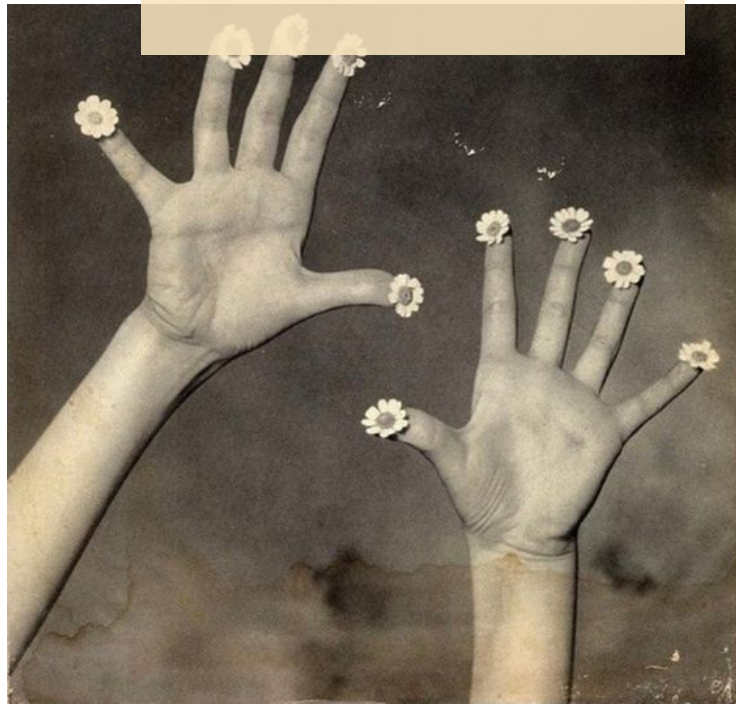


What you might find sufficient in your
dreams is that of questions,
And that of answers—

The secrets we keep in darkness and the seeds
that come from them.



As we all are a
woven pattern of that
invisible place,
Dreams slip into our
skin and live within
it.



ponder on your dreams, ponder on the shapeless faces
of people in empty houses, keep them somewhere beside
your gods and sacrifices—keep them inside the soft
prism of intimate shadows.