

5.3 Dream dungeons (2013)

I've travelled far this night.
I know I must have done because
my mind is peopled thick
with unremembered places I have been,
with themes of gravity and consequence which
undermine my conscious thoughts all day.
Observer I, the guardian of this consciousness,
tries hard to grasp and recollect the dreams:
if truth be told, it's more than
themes and dreams I'm wrapt in.

Down those stairs I did go this night –
the darkened realm I've visited before
of fears which brush my face, reminding me
... what of? Mortality we all inherit,
so it isn't that, and nor is it
impending death, disease, unhappiness
or fear of failing self or those we love.
It's none of that. The wing which
brushed my face this night had whispered words
I couldn't catch, about unshackling
of the mental frame, the fragile
bridge on which we tread above
those chasms we can usually contemplate
with equanimity but which,
when glimpsed on such a night as this,
remind us just how tenuous are
the ties which bind us to our whole reality.

Hampton Wick – July 2013.