

## Dream Paradox

by magus *Sunday, Oct 6 2019, 9:43pm*

international / poetry / post

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

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Inverse Times Open Publishing. <http://inversetimes.lingama.net/news/story-846.html>