

Dreams

In the beginning God created the dream,
Later both God and man created the world.

Eons later the dream has become the illusion
And the mind-created world the reality.
This confusion between illusion and reality
Has remained the dagger between what is given to us
And what we could make of it.

We do not prepare for our dreams,
But are lead into an inward journey -
To a destination where we would like to go,
But did not intend to go.

Mind tries to convert all external reality to a dream.
The struggle between the two is the fabric of human existence.
It is the dreams which give us pain.
But if we shut off the dream,
The existence turns dry as dust,
And there is music no more.

A dream holds us strongly by its hand,
But reason commands coldly.
While intellect works by slow sequential steps,
A dream dances its way to the destination.

Works of reason are the jewels of human mind,
But the creations of dreams are both the works of logic and beauty.
Organized thought for too long may smother the birth of a new vision,
A dream has more power than a thousand reasons.

Life is a continuous inner dream
Smothered by reality.
We dream, we are awakened, we go back to the dream.

Maybe, it is all a dream,

The external reality but our own fabrication.