

THE DREAMER

A man wanted to change his money in for some dreams. He went to the store and asked the salesclerk, "Where can I change my money in for some dreams?"

She sent him to the back of the store where he found a door. It opened for him and when he passed through, he found himself in another world.

He kept walking until he came to a man and asked, "Pardon me. I'm looking for where I can change my money in for some dreams, can you help me?"

"Go to that hollow tree," said the stranger.

The man went to the hollow tree and looked in. He saw a whole different universe, so he went into it. Again, he walked. This time he came upon a party of people. He went to them, and as he drew near, he noticed that they looked familiar. One by one he recognized each of them from before. They were people from his dreams. When he joined them, he felt the familiar feeling of his dreams, and as he became one with them, he forgot he had come to change his money for some dreams.

The next morning, he woke up in this very strange universe with strangers whom he had known for a long time. The hollow tree was not to be found, and neither was anybody else. As he looked about, he was suddenly struck by the silence of everything. It was not that the birds didn't sing, or the brook did not bubble and burble, but the silence was between the song, the burble, and the wind.

"Hello," he said, and listened to his word disappear, like the tinkle of crystals dropped into sand, into the no-sound of silence.

"But how can this be?" he thought. and then noticed that the sound of his thought was gone into the blackness of his mind. He closed his eyes and the light blinked suddenly into the darkness of nothing, like the void between his dreams – so silent, so black, so utterly alone. At the same time, he was feeling just the nothing of peace.

"But I have no plans, no way out of here." His anxious thoughts were gone into a stillness deeper than he had ever known. He was so curious about the stillness that he forgot to be upset by his present dilemma. He wandered for hours lost inside his looking. He waited patiently. A water drop stretching off the leaf, transparent indigo, it waits just long enough – and then it drops away, the splendor and the rainbow is gone into the music of a ripple of reflections, transformations of sight to sound and sight again.

Like breath, his thoughts would come floating on the surface of a deeper consciousness. Who, what, why, and how? How did he come here? How was he to get out? How to find those others again? How the silence? These thoughts exhaled, gone, of no concern, no use to him. Finally, all that was left was breath. The stillness purred inside.

His eyes moved with a knowing that was growing inside him. Soft and smooth they danced. Sure-footed eyes juggled the tree, the bird, the flower, and the sun. His vision, alive perhaps for the first time, blinded his fears before he knew them.