

The Minister's Dream

-Circa 2065

I am standing on a wooden fixture in a steep jungle valley at the edge of a black lake in the dead of night. It has been raining in torrents but for a moment there are only the residual droplets sliding off the surrounding trees. A gentle wind passes by. The stars are out and about in boisterous mutiny against the deafening blackness above. The air is heavy. I walk along the slippery rotten wood beams and fall knowingly into the lake. There are animals in the jungle surrounding the lake. Their racket is warm like a swing band playing at the end of a long, stretchy night in London town. For a moment the Earth seems colossal, striated, warm in its blackness and completely known. Then the thought of deep sea monsters creeps into my soul, my very soul. The sweet water runs across the back of my neck as I swim, and the cold metal fear seeps across my heart. There are monsters here. Below me in the silence waiting. For my mistake. Coming to smell the blood-spurt that will release them from the confines of their pressure-imprisonment, to frolic in airier territories where each flick of the tail is a cosmic disaster. At this point in the dream I come to the realization that the beauty of the entire scene: the moon and the stars and the trees and the animals and the smell in the air, are all subjugate to this fear. They derive their existence from it. I derive my existence from it. It is my heart and soul. My rational mind races forward. It is very cold and so very, very clear. I begin to smile and the water runs over my lips, through my teeth, and with the taste of fireworks in my mouth I wake up.