

John's Worldly Ramblings



Saturn Devouring One of His Children – Goya

4.5

Bad Dreams

“Been here before, couldn't say I liked it. Do I start writing all this down? Just let me plug you into my world; can't you help me be uncrazy? Name this for me; heat the cold air. Take the chill off of my life. And if I could, I'd turn my eyes, to look inside to see what's comin'. It comes alive and I die a little more. It comes alive. Each moment here I die a little more.”

I've been having this recurring dream. I didn't know it was recurring until recently, when I woke up and was able to remember. Well, maybe not remember, perhaps I was still experiencing it because it was more of a feeling than an actual dream. After I woke up with this experience still going on in my head, I was able to remember some other times I felt like that.

I feel like I'm driving in a car, but I can't see out a window, there's no road, no sky, no traffic. There's no windshield, no steering wheel, no seat. I don't feel trapped, but I can't get up, although I may not be sitting at all. I get the sensation that I'm moving, but there's nothing changing in my view to make me believe it, no view at all, in fact. I try to stop by pressing on brakes that may or may not be there and while I do slow down, I can feel it's not enough to stop my momentum. I don't crash in a physical way, but I know that some kind of doom is imminent because I can't stop. I will hit something.

I woke up and still felt like I was in motion and was pressing on imaginary brakes so hard, I gave myself a charley horse in the arch of my right foot. I stood up, tried to relax the muscle and began to recall the dream and the other times I had it. I sat down and massaged the sole of my foot and more and more memories of this feeling came back to me as my thumb pressed into my arch, circular motions like you'd use on a clitoris.

The ambiguity of the dream is what bothers me most of all. (But, still, I'd rather have this dream over the Jesus one any time.) Am I trying to tell myself something? I never believed that your dreams were actually anything to pay attention to until other recent dreams, in hindsight, could be called prophetic. But I don't believe in prophecy, so call it my subconscious connecting dots that my conscious can't or won't connect itself, or can't or won't pay attention to. But that's probably giving the subconscious too much credit, as well. There may be no subconscious at all in the sense that we think of it in common terms. If your brain is a computer, which lots of people say is a very appropriate metaphor, then your conscious and subconscious would be programs running. When you sleep, your conscious shuts down like Outlook when you exit, but other programs still run passively, like daemons. They sit out there; awake, but not interfering with normal operations, doing only what they are supposed to and nothing else.

Intuition is the defecatory material of what you call your subconscious. I've come to the conclusion that once, and if, I learn to trust my intuition, or shit, if you will follow *my* metaphor, I'm going to be very dangerous.

It's no fun to go through life being naive: trusting people to your continued detriment, not knowing that those come-hither looks are actually come-hither looks until way the fuck later, even after the groping stops in the hotel room, not knowing

how intimidating you can appear to others. Whatever, if it sounds like I'm bitching... I guess I am. I'm entitled.

They say every six months all the cells that make up a person die and are replaced by new cells. We are each of us made up of about six trillion cells. Think: six months from now, there will be no cell still with you that makes you up today.

If we are completely rebuilt every half-year, how can we be the same person? We go through changes all the time: change beliefs, change our minds, think of new things and forget other things. Sometimes I wonder if the reason for some of these shifts is because our cells are being replaced and the new cells don't retain all the same properties of the old ones.

If I were different person from the one I was six months ago, why, that would be okay by me. After this long, I should be a completely different person and I'd need to be reintroduced to various people, and wouldn't that be okay? Because maybe I'd be able to do things differently where I could change things and...

No, I wouldn't necessarily make the same mistakes again since I am a new person, a different person.

But what are those mistakes? Who calls this a mistake versus an experience? Who are we to judge?

Response: silence.

I suppose that's fine. If it were up to me, things would be different. Since they're not I have to take it up the ass. I'm here. Waiting... silently but not quietly.

Where was the wrong turn? What was the wrong move? What were the wrong words?

No hard feelings, except for the one, way deep down below the ocean depths, somehow past the Earth's core. Somehow beyond space, time, reason and faith.

Somewhere beyond the view of the Hubble, the eyes of god, that place where skies laugh and oceans scream.

I keep looking out for that collision I can't see coming. It's a futile effort like so many things we do. I pop awake, ready, but it won't come in the night. It comes on the phone, in an email, through the mail, while watching the news. Fucking world. Fucking just desserts. Fucking irony. Fucking fuck.

John

This chance can come to us only from you, do you hear me? Do you understand me? ...And me, the purest of bastards, leaving bastards of all kinds just about everywhere.