

The Journey of our Dreams

By Awen Eldorath

“Even if all the wisdom in the world was lost, mankind would find a way to get it back again.” –Maharishi Mahesh Yogi

Imagine that we are just beginning a great journey of Transformation, moving inward and outward towards true Realization of who we are meant to be. Stretching backwards behind us as far as infinity is a darkly splendid, black, ever-rolling abyss and stretching forwards to infinity and beyond is the ever-new, ever-reaching golden horizon of our soul. We stand at the crossroads between Was and Will Be; yet this is also a dream—perhaps it’s actually Seems To Be and May Be.

Further down the rabbit hole we go, inwards and upwards both, to see just where and when and how and why the spiral goes, though we haven’t moved at all. Dizzy now in the darkness with delight we see all these dreams dancing like bubbles through our brains and beings. There’s no end in sight, and no beginning—just the floating and the flying and the dancing and the dreaming in the ever-changing ocean of our stillness and our sleeping.

Sparks and shards of starlight burn bright around us and upon us and within us in this Day or in this Night. We are star seeds, star dust, star people, star crossed, starry eyed. We Empty and we are Full; we are Dark and we are Bright; we are Day and we are Night; we are Love and we are Light; we are Force, we are Fire; we are Fantasy, we are Desire—we are.

Don’t try to hold it!—let it go! Not too fast!—not too slow!

There is no journey any more—but why is this? Here and Now do not exist! There is neither heaven nor hell where that which is Most Sacred Dwells. Above, below; within, without—all is true and all is false.

Thinkest thou hast found the Truth? Cut that weed out at its root! Thinkest thou hast found a Fool? Dive not deeply in that pool!

When at last all is said and done, nothing has ended—it’s not even begun. We live now in the In-Between, on the threshold of Awake and Dream. Do we rise or do we fall? Do we gain Nothing by losing All? And what is That Which Remains?

Slowly surfacing, gaining pace—hit the ground running to rejoin the race. In the hustle and bustle of the day-to-day we’ve lost and found our way. Pedal to the metal as fast as we can go, speeding through this one way show. Will we stop and save our souls or just forget what our dreams foretold? This could be Heaven or this could be Hell—who can we trust if not our Selves?