

DREAMING, DREAMING...

*...All acting begins with an 'as if'...*

*now take that 'as if' and set it as a plank, a bridge between what you think you know and what you are really capable of*

*... It is time to stop being dreamed and start dreaming... time to let go of the rock of identity that is accompanying our gravity-bound descent from birth to death, time to abandon belief and surrender to faith, to fly rather than fall*

*The shift in consciousness is from fear to faith... an unclenching of the contraction of self, that myth of identity so insidiously woven, thread by thread, day by day, the neural networks wiring into patterns of self-relation, the well-trod path mistaken for the ground upon which it was furrowed, this must be 'me', these fears, these inadequacies, these thoughts, these images these stories... these repetitive intimations of selfhood... the carefully maintained scaffolding of who... Time to relax the tightened pattern of the known... It is time to shed the past like a serpent sheds its skin...*

*No more victimization, no more passivity, no more being written upon, seize the pen*

*Feed the fire with the conceits of the known, the delphic hubris of self-knowledge, unmoor your presence from the anchors of your habituated self-images,*

*Any time you find yourself feeling inadequate, guilty, self-pitying, hopeless, victimized, blaming --become aware, watch how your mind has become parasitic, feeding off the established negativities, watch from the utter present (you are larger than your mind, back up into the full energy of your being in this given moment, relax into your totality and watch how your mind, your self-regulated self-portrait, is working to keep you in these patterns). You are responsible for how you feel. Wake up, start watching, awareness of this 'pain-body', this limited parasitic version of you, will expose it for what it is...*

*time to regain the power that is always deferred and distributed elsewhere. Approval, love, affirmation all come from within. Truth = subjectivity = truth. You are only as limited as you have come to believe.*

*"reality" is merely tora shebichtav. Your inheritance (genetic, historical, cultural, habitual) are mere alphabets, hieroglyphs of energy... Now take the techniques you inspired me with and radicalize the text you call yourself. this does not occur by remaining in the head, in the intellect while the fundamental parameters of who and what remain untouched ... it is a bodily-energetic process of dilation, to access the power of transformation, to realize the power of nature/world/spirit/whatever within you, as the totality of you (rather than 'you') is not distinct from everything else*

*no more bemoaning the patterns, no more masturbatory "confessions" of the self, suffering is boring, and easy. universal currency, it is the epitome of conformity*

*Dare to be happy/free/whatever*

*Dare to take full responsibility for everything that happens... everything there is nothing that is not you*

***Your life is a dream, it is time to become lucid***

Naftali Ungar 2011

DREAMING, DREAMING...

My grandfather had a recurring dream and told it twice to my cousin Anthony who said he cried each time he recounted it.

He found himself in the Paradeisi synagogue (Cochin) with his grandfather from Jerusalem dressed in his golden frock.

He asked him who the three men on the front bench (Mizrach) were. he replied "Abraham Isaac and Jacob". He then asked what the light on the bima was (a column of light projecting up and down) and he said "that is God".

He cried as he told over this dream.

Cousin Anthony remembers the tears of Dada.

I too had an experience in that same synagogue in 2008. Visiting the graves of my ancestors in Cochin. The Sargons of India. On arriving in the synagogue the beadle told me to remove my shoes because the famous Chinese 400 year old tiles. They had been manufactured before the invention of glazing so the tiles had to be protected.

Having removed my shoes and place on my tefillin I realized that this was the first time in my life I was davening barefoot (usually proscribed because a sign of mourning).

*I then had a vision of the roots of some ancient tree arising from under those tiles engulfing my legs slowly creeping up until my waist line then stopping.* I felt so grounded in this place where my ancestors had prayed and so rooted to the earth. So present to that moment in time that I actually felt comfortable just being. For a glorious moment being alive felt appropriate and without conscience.

My father had a dream.

Having escaped Hitler in 1949 from Vienna on the *kindertransport*, my father forgot his father's Sabbath zemira "*yismach moshe*" sung each week at the Sabbath table.

Some 40 years later he dreamed himself at that very table, and the song came back to him. Now 90 years old he has sung that song each Sabbath since the dream.

So,

Dreams, dreams  
dreaming, dreaming  
this wellspring of the soul.

I dream of a blue sky filled with what appears to be the wings of birds  
but on closer inspection  
turn out to be hands open in a prayerful posture  
millions of them filling the sky  
a darkish blue with a persistent light of a setting sun  
just before dark.

DREAMING, DREAMING...

In this in-between space the blue turns from royal to dark ink blue  
in this firmament I remember as a child going to this place in Finchley near "the brook"  
where we lived  
and sitting on a park bench with the night sky filled with a myriad stars  
feeling my total insignificance at age 14  
my life as insignificant  
and time collapsing to where I might be at the end of my life  
and the terror of that fact  
removed for a moment in the face of this awe inspiring vision of the sky.

I resist the search for meaning  
just basking in the gift of the very image itself  
a sky full of caring hands  
the very logo of my medical school comes to mind  
an upright stick figure helping one crouching  
with the "helping hand"  
that logo representing everything I hold sacred  
in a post genocide world  
where one individual helping another  
statistically is meaningless  
in the face of mechanized technologically assisted slaughter.

In the in-between space of dreaming  
just before we awaken to the terror filled day ahead  
the endless traffic  
and loneliness  
where the reigns of consciousness are loosened somewhat  
and the ego not yet awake enough to summon the inner *kritik*  
this image comes to soften the night  
to provide a wish that the unloving natural world  
might be loving  
in the face of reality, history and geography  
genocide and natural disaster  
In the face of all of this  
there might be a caring  
out there  
a pair of hands  
a sky-filled pairs of hands  
filling the sky  
with caring  
in the bleak firmament above.

Was this all about caring? or its absence?  
was all this yearning for the lost mother?  
all these years seeking the potion to quench the pain?  
is the inner child so wounded

DREAMING, DREAMING...

he will stop at nothing out there  
pay no heed  
respect nothing  
in pursuit of her?

Can it all be reduced to some psycho-babble  
analyzable  
DSM III label?

Is there nothing left to be soul?  
ensouled?