

A nightmare, or a dream?

A nightmare, or a dream?

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A lone man wonders on the point of dreams

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I succumb to my sleepy eyes and I wander into the dream land that lies within my selfish mind. I awake in a new world with my eyes closed and stumble on lush grassland while lying on a cobbled street. I eat a feast with kings while rats fatter than me peck my skin. I go home to a lover with my smiling kids waiting while alone and afraid in the London Streets. I fall to sleep and wake up. With my dream world gone to wait until the moonlight passes I turn to the bakery behind me. How do I differ which one is the dream? Maybe the land with the grass all around and the log burning in a fireplace is my home and this is the nightmare I must ponder in during sleeping hours. But how does one find out? Do they simply walk into the knowledge in a dark alley full of screeching cats and carnivorous barrels of fire? I guess it is with your birth comes your knowledge. All truly live in a nightmare, for man is too selfish to be happy. More must be had, and once a sample is given they take all, and then more is made. And all wander if when they close their eyes and their mind slows down to a cool breeze, which is the lie? A trick upon the mind caused by itself. And which is the world we truly travel in, the one we must observe with our beady eyes for the one thing, but no one knows what one thing, for that is the beauty of the night and day, the dreams and nightmares, reality and fiction. They are clueless without a doubt; for they are the same.

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