

SS/VD 2//11/18

PART 1

It was just a tiny little thing – not at all remarkable – a token, really – nothing to be –

But you made her cry!

Yes, but maybe that's OK. After all, there's no rule that says if someone cries, you've committed a transgression.

That's true – no rule.

No rule! No rule!

Oh, I feel so faint – I feel as if I'm going to... Would you help me? I think I'm going to

Aaargh! Hmmpmph! Grrrrrrrr..... !!!!

And I'm afraid to call him. I'm afraid of what I'll find out – what kind of shape he's in -- & so I don't call, out of fear, & more time passes, it's been at least a year, & I – I mean – I care, which is why I want to call –

That sounds –

Familiar?

Yes, psychologically –

Yes, psychologically.

Maybe more sleep?

Sleep? Why do you bring up the subject of sleep? Are you trying to make me feel bad?

Not bad! Not bad!

Lions do it. Twenty hours a day. Twenty hours! Essentially, they spend 5/6 of their lives dreaming!

Oh, how –

Fabulous?

More than fabulous! Dreamy!

The dreams are more important than the waking experiences.

Or maybe they affect – they even CREATE the waking experiences.

This might help you sleep better.

Yes, indeed, it just might.

PART 2

I see a ship on the horizon! Could it be? Could it be?

I'm not a widow!

I'm not an icon!

I'm not a bighorn sheep!

I'm not a flea!

I'm not an amoeba!

I'm not an elephant!

Well, what ARE you then?

I though you'd never ask.

But that happened right at the end!

Yeah, I know, that's why it was fresh in my memory. Now for what happened before that –

Sort of a distillation of Version #1 – you know, the fainting southern belle wanting assistance from a gentleman –

Yes, there was that. There's often that.

Then there was the ship on the sea – its mast glistening in the setting sun, the shadows on the deck –

Oh, right.

Then, night descends.

Yes night, when most creatures sleep, &/or go to bed –

But not all creatures –

No, not all. There are the nocturnal ones who are coming alive –

Like your spine –

Yes, spine, & also tissues between the ribs –

The slow, expansive interlude –

Things spread out, get tingly –

And there was the grumpy growler –

Yes, who IS this creature?

I suppose someone quite –

Primal?

Yes, primal – this is an essential aspect of ourselves, of things.

Oh, thank god you say this & feel this.

Oh, I very much feel this.

Part of it is just plain remembering the flotsam & jetsam in the flow of ideas –

Oh, I LOVE those words! Hadn't heard them in awhile. Flotsam & jetsam. Jetsam & flotsam.

PART 3

The bones – so close, but not touching –

So close to the fire, face frozen –

What else? What else is frozen?

Dreams! What happened? Did they also freeze?

This is possible. This sometimes happens.

They organize the flotsam –

The flotsam of experiences –

Becoming memories – not a fixed thing –rather an aspect of the present.

This is a relatively new theory.

It makes sense. The ship's mast glistening in the last light of setting sun –

Was that the part right before the fainting southern belle?

Right before, or right after. Either location would work.

And then there's the lion – the dreaming lion –

He dreams about us?

Maybe, but more likely it's more abstract, like fractals –

Fractals! Yes! The lion dreams in fractals.

Which has something to do with his occasional growling, primal self –

Yes, things at the bottom get stirred toward the surface –

And this happens in relation to sleep –

Somehow.

Just in an instant. Asleep. Awake. Awake in a dream.

Sounds complicated but also like a path toward a solution.

The spine resides & is not always restless. It needs to be fed.
Frequently.

Amen to that.

Is this the end, if not a resolution?

Well, it could be a sort of chapter-ending.