

I met myself awake, not sleep

by Keshe Chow

Once I was told
That I would not fall asleep
Unless I completely shed all my vice.
To lucid dream meant changing,
(losing my Ego)
Becoming the purest form of my life.

So I stayed awake
(in the dark darker darkness)
Listening to the rhythm and beats
Of the night:
The occasional rumble of a distant freight train,
Car tires squealing,
A siren;
A yell...
A bird unfolding its wings to take flight.

These sounds drew me in
(like the moon draws a moth)
'Til I sank into a night which was
Pitch-black and soft.
Eventually, I wondered
As the birds chattered wildly
And the dawn woke with a heave
If it were true that I could die of
Fatigue?

I met myself once, walking around,
And I said to the vision, "How do you dream?"
And myself, it said to me,
"I am your future, your past and yourself.
Do not fear the darkness, for the dark is in me.
And now that you see,
You know me, you faced me,
You can banish me back to the place where you seek."

At that very moment
I fell into slumber
(the sweetest form that my body embraced)
I slept with the knowledge
That the best form of my soul
Was already walking around, wide awake.

