

Dream Time

Dreams are funny things. There are a lot of hypotheses about dreams, and their purported function, but I lump dreams into one of two categories. I figure they're either important harbingers, or the random firing of neurons. The problem is that it's usually difficult to tell at the time to which category a dream belongs.

But the importance of some is evident immediately.

It was a short but intense dream, years ago. I was sitting in a leather chair. A man was in front of me, sitting in a different chair. He had black hair, black moustache and beard. He wore glasses; his face was rounded. I don't recognize him. He was looking at paper on the clipboard he was holding. He looked up from the clipboard, and said, "Good."

He reached forward with his right hand and touched my forehead. As he touched me, he said, "Dream time," and my eyes closed as I fell into a deep trance.

That was the dream. Now you know where I got that phrase. But do I?

Namaste-