

To whom do our dreams belong?

Are they our dreams?

Self centered and divided upon our souls
or are they psycho babbled
or are they owned by God?

I dreamed I was homeless and hiking in the desert

I came across a river with a rapid flow
a boat dock
I crossed a foot bridge to the other shore.

Waiting there for me was a rubber boat

my father
but the boat was under powered
as we tried to go upstream, the water was too fast.

I dreamed I was in a very old house

looking for some truth, hidden by the ages
as I searched I found a hidden door
darkened room and on the table a very old book.

I lighted a candle

read the book
it was simply the Bible
but more profound than I had known.

I dreamed it over and over

a simple book
profound truth
no one but me wanted to know.