

Dream walls, Illusory fears

by wisp *Friday, Dec 4 2009, 8:25pm*

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Sea Moon Desert Skies

It was at the Bay of Roses that I noticed a phenomenon that had escaped me for years - a full moon above a calm sea lays a path of light across the water from the observer to itself and follows the observer along the shore regardless of position!
A strangely insistent invitation it would seem.

A dancing play of moonlight makes for an alluring but unsound road for mortal coils yet the invitation, supported by the calm of a black cloudless night, became difficult to resist.

It was the dancing light on water that attracted; the moon was not in full splendour though it was round and bright. It hung like a limp prick in the blackness, cool and uninviting,
yet the unsure road of dancing light that it cast upon the waters held a strange fascination that drew me closer, signalling that I could indeed make that impossible journey.

In a flash i remembered a lesson learned from the Murrays in the red centre.

It was long ago when Western man took what he thought was man's first steps on the moon -- which amused the Murrays greatly.

Since the dawn of Dreamtime Australian Aborigines have been exploring the celestial sphere while leaving their terrestrial bodies safely on terra firma; nevertheless, they easily breached *our* self-imposed barriers of space and time! Consciousness knows no limitations; it is therefore a perfect vehicle and reality shaper.

I sat crossed-legged on that shore, took a few deep breaths and focused on the dancing play of light until the earth and moon exchanged places.

Eventually I returned (to my body) having seen the earth from a different place and time - scenes about which I am loath to speak, as that time is NOW; however, I would mention that upon my return I found myself strangely drenched to the bone!

🔊 [Behind Blue Eyes -- The Who](#)