

# Dreamscape

Experiencing life far beyond  
anything one could in this,  
our day and age, in a landscape shaped by  
but not controlled by, an era without wonder.  
Colors vivid like gemstones  
which sparkle and glow as if  
each had its own private sun within or  
dark, gritty, and sullen like  
a star which has lost its luster.  
Friends, enemies, strangers, and beasts,  
-some dim and some bright-  
who all fill some pivotal role,  
like some fantastic legend of old  
as if told by a great storyteller of once-upon-a-time.  
Like Tolkien describing a world  
filled with great heroes and fierce monsters  
putting claw against blade and light  
against the darkest shadow.  
Like Lovecraft, painting a picture with words  
one of terrible horrors,  
writhing, malignant, and eldritch fiends,  
breaking minds with an ease  
quite like the act of shattering  
a glass under foot.  
Like Baum, a man before starry eyed children  
telling stories of witches, good and wicked,  
of material men, lacking hearts and minds,  
of monstrous men, lacking the guts that make them  
who they ought to be, and finally  
of girls who want to go home, like nothing else before  
with only a pair of silver slippers to guide them  
and saving a wondrous land along the way.  
All of these and more than that  
attained within the landscape, the seascape, the mindscape,  
many times the inspiration of something else,  
but at others only found within that changing place,  
that place of twisting thoughts, words without meaning

and images without true vision,  
all as understandable at the moment of conception  
to the dreamer as the written word is  
to the writer of tales.

And yet

This scape of all scapes  
so deep and poignant with connection  
to our own desires and fears,  
whether as a leader, a voyeur,  
a follower, or even a foe,  
It comes crashing down like a cascade  
the world becoming solid, pale, dry,  
and worst of all, real.

Only one moment remains  
to make a choice that determines  
the fate of the land which  
held your very being within it.  
Do you sleep again, a false sleep,  
a feverish experience which will end  
all too soon and with false sincerity or  
do you wake, live the life you were dealt  
and live to dream again, a true dreamscape  
and maybe  
just maybe  
bring a little bit of it back with you  
when the time is right  
and the dream is ripe enough  
to share?

*Austin Holloway*