

## “Reverie”

Reverie, a condition of being lost in thought. An interesting concept, I'll agree, but for me it's a condition of being lost in the file drawer called thought, and in the folder labeled emotion. The thought is the carrier wave of electronic memories that can only be generated by our individual brains, and floating upon those waves of electromagnetic particles are further charged atoms called emotions, feelings, pain, joy, and so on. Without the thought we aren't capable of going that one step farther into tangible memory. Tangible memory? Is that an oxymoron or what? If anything, it's a thought provoker. Upon closer inspection I think it's a definite 'reverie' trigger.

What is tangible? According to dear old Noah W. it's something that 'can be touched or felt by touch; having actual form and substance'. Then what is a memory? "The power, act, or process of recalling to mind facts previously learned or past experiences." Wow, how did I connect the two and still be called sane? A memory is tangible when your senses go along with it. For example, when you remember a particular time on a beach, your ears hear the waves breaking against the jagged rocks, you smell the saltiness of the air misting through your senses, and your mind's eye can actually see the picture as you touch the dreamy sea salt that's gently, elusively landed upon your lips. Tangible memory? Reverie? If you don't believe it, just keep your eyes closed for a minute longer. If seagulls appear overhead then forget everything I've said . . . I'll have to rewrite this.

Reverie is like a mental movie that matches a particular song playing on my CD player. It never fails, every time I put a CD on, my thoughts are instantly carried away, anywhere different from where I'm at that moment. Sometimes I'm carried into the distant past, sometimes into the distant future. There are times when the two change places, and without realizing it, the past is tomorrow and tomorrow has already been lived. That's what music does to me, it propels me into a reverie that's unbound by any known or perceived boundary or limitation.

There are times when my life becomes someone else's and I'm deeply honoured to have a brief glimpse of that life; all the turmoil, the joys, the emotions, and more profound, the reverie locked within their particular moment of time we call a life-span. I never know who that person is or was, but I know that it definitely wasn't my life that I was viewing and feeling. That's what a writer's supposed to be able to do, to slip out of my time and space and into another's, and more importantly, to be able to take mental notes during that journey so I can write about it upon my return.

Why do people fear writers? Why are family members so fearful when a child shows the ability to capture those moments of life that everyone else hopes were forgotten? Sadly, those fearful people don't realize that it's their own fear of owning up to the truth that rules their inability to overcome those less than honourable moments of life that we've all experienced. Our deeds may not have brought us honour, but facing the truth will.

No one is any better, or any worse, during our tenure on this precarious planet we ignorantly call home. Granted, there are murderers, rapists, robbers, healers, teachers, et al, who would argue to the death that they aren't like the other, but I contend that if we are still alive, then we are the same. If we die a normal physical death and return via that infamous reincarnation syndrome, we're the same. But when we attain perfection we ascend and leave this planet forever and are not like our human counterparts. If we don't return then we've finally understood God's holy writ of love and forgiveness, both in us and from us.

You see, this is a moment of reverie captured by the electronic tentacles of my thoughts and imprisoned upon this paper forever by my ever obedient soldier fingers. My mind does the bidding and my fingers carry out their orders, ever vigilant to have a pad of paper nearby, or to be within reach of the computer keyboard at a moments notice. There are those who wouldn't give a moment's thought about writing down their thoughts, and there are those of us who wouldn't miss the opportunity to do so. It's those thoughts that are vitally important to us as living beings to be able to pass on to our friends and/or family. Granted, there will be times when our thoughts are outlandish, fun, maybe too deep for the uninitiated, and just plain silly, but what's important is being able to share them. The audience will decide for themselves what to hold onto. It's the listener who will either shake their head at our spoken or written thoughts, or hopefully, who will cherish us for having shared something that struck a chord deep within their knowing.

We silly little humans think we know so much, but daily we'll see, hear, feel, smell, and even think of something new and different. It's those new ideas that have sent man to the moon, built indescribable skyscrapers, created life-saving vaccines, explored the ocean bottoms, and are now charting the universes.

After all, Jules Verne was only a novelist, not a scientist, yet his far reaching, outlandish stories have nearly all come to fruition. And why? Because he was brave enough to have sought out the delightful thread of imagination and the needle of profound self-examination, then he wrote about it. I'd be willing to bet that his family feared him, and his friends simply thought him crazy. I should be so lucky to be able to write stories such as his and experience the ridicule of the unbelievers. Why? Because I know that I'm a sane, intelligent person, but I also know that those people who don't respect or understand that unique, albeit, inexplicable world that writers live in will neither respect nor understand the writer. I know this for a fact because my own family has proven my point to be true, and out of their inability to understand me, they fear me and what my pen may scratch across the pages of time.

No, there are other life experiences that I would rather tap into and write about than my family. My family is a study in psychological profiles, behavioural studies, irony, and dogma; ironically, the same thing that all families are made of. I think that most families play the destructive game of emotional Poker, physical Blackjack, and spiritual Craps. I don't care to write about family, I have enough trouble living the game. There are other times and places that fascinate me, and more mental journeys anxiously awaiting my eager yet soulful moments of reverent dreaming. There is a world out there just waiting to be discovered and written about, why should I waste time delving through the dying embers of family remembrances? I want to keep moving forward, into tomorrow, into newness, not digging into the past of an already lived in, tired old house we all call the past. Don't get me wrong, there are many lessons the past can teach us, but without tremendous precautions the past will latch onto us like tape to dust and before we know it, we are living the past, we have become the past—we are the dust and the tape is the past. It isn't a happy scenario if you ask me.

I love the thrill of looking forward to tomorrow, the excitement of wondering if it will be fun, sad, joyful, frightening or just plain boring. I never know what each day will unfold, but I embrace them one and all with the same curious interest, openness, and exuberance. I also struggle daily to shake off the dust/tape of the past and make sure that it doesn't stick to me in an unnatural way. I know people who hang onto every possible thing in their life and they attach all sorts of so-called important memories to those material items. My memories are in my mind and heart, right where they belong. I don't need to look at a particular photograph to remember anyone, my memories are ineffaceably written down and filed in the folder of my mental file cabinet. I don't need to have my walls full of inanimate objects that supposedly have wonderful meanings to them. I can store memorable objects in my mind, also. We all can, if we only used the remaining 90% of our brain that is left to rot from un-use. I even know a woman who collected ash trays of special places she and her husband once visited. Can you imagine attaching sensuous espousal interludes at romantic vacation spots to ashtrays? I can think of many other things to remember with, for example, my body.

If you think about it, those materialistic collectibles are merely dust collectors. They are the tape that threatens to imprison the free spirit of who we really are. I like my home free and clear of clutter, just like my mind, emotions, and thoughts. I can't be bothered to dust inanimate objects once a week just so everyone can see them and wonder why in the world I have them. And I simply refuse to have beautiful items that are forever stashed away in a hutch, dresser, or closet. I want my 'stuff' to be functional, out in the open, and to be used and enjoyed by all. Who cares if a crystal glass breaks? Who cares if a Staffordshire plate shatters? By all rights I should get upset when I break something, or when someone else does, but so what, it's only a piece of glass for Pete's sake.

Where have we gone wrong, so as to attach such importance to material items? Have you ever wondered if you attach the same importance to your spiritual growth? Do you look out for your child's heart the way you look out for that set of Nortaki in that beautiful china cabinet of yours? Do you treasure your spouse's love the way you treasure Grandma's carnival glass? Do you treasure the memories of your life, your marriage, your children's life the way you treasure your jewelry box? Do you take care of your soul the way you dote over your wardrobe? Do you nurture your spirit the way you preen your gardens? Aye, my beloved, I think not, and it's a grave injustice you do, not only to yourself but to the entirety of your life.

Reverie, huh? You see, tonight I played a particular CD which immediately started a movie in my mind. I won't tell you where it took place, or who the players were because everyone was on this particular movie screen tonight. We know them all, for we've all been there at one or more times in our life. But I do know one thing for sure— I want my friends to enjoy my company, not my clutter. I want them to enjoy my today and tomorrow mind, and not the dust collectors of my yesterday heart. Not only do I abhor the dust but I detest the tape in life. I want an unchained, loving spirit who roams the hills and countryside of my mind who freely returns to tell me the tales of a life yet lived. I could never do that with clutter in my heart, let alone in my mind, not to mention in my life in general.

So what's the point of tonight's mental travels? It's easy. Lighten your physical load if you expect to lighten your spiritual load, for where you're destined to go you can only go alone. Luggage of any sort, be it mental, emotional, physical, or spiritual, is neither authorized, allowed, nor expected. Just think of it this way . . . how can you soar through the infinite universes with angels as your guides if you have a moving van full of clutter hitched to your soul? Your soul is the natural (physical) you and your spirit is your Godly you, the two of you have to go together or the deadly reincarnation cycle is repeated over and over again as your spirit keeps returning for its lost but earthbound soul.

“Reverie,” is that what this is called? How about, “Reverent Self-examination?”

Maybe this one, “Tape, is it the stickiness or the packaging that’s so dangerous?”

Try this for a mind bender, “I’m at the station but I’ve got too much luggage, now what do I do? What’s that? There isn’t another train?”

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