Chapter 3 – tainted Dreams

So, how can we Dream – in this World? How can we live, when every step of every way that we might choose demands it – this World – to be? Demanding it to stay as it is. Demanding us to become blind to the consequences of its ways.

I cannot. And yet somehow I live. Yea, like a cursed soul. I'm lucky, in a way, that I live in one of the more charitable places on this earth. There is room to grow, room to learn. But what do we do at the end of it. One way or another we tend to get caught up again … in the day to day, unchanging as it is – and once again we've become cogs in this machine of destruction.

It's a little bit surprising to see how easily it could all be undone. At least in the idea, and ultimately that's all that it is. An idea that exists on top of the ways of living. An idea we don't see, or hear – an idea we did not elect; And yet it is there – governing us as beyond our reach.

We can certainly act – and keep doing as we're doing – while looking for ways to change who we are; And by virtue of that: Change the world as it is.

We can, but my heart is tired. We can if we tried, but who wants to even hear it?
Instead I'm told to „stop sulking". As if that changed anything.
Or to walk back on this or that thing I wrote. But what good would that do?

I'm telling You here, again and again, as clear as I can: **There is a way – the matters of it are fixed**. So what is this need to burden me with things I know nothing about? Let us walk! One step at a time! „Together!"
[… missing context: Words of Anger and Frustration …]
It's crazy. Of me to think that **this** is what I should write about. Or not? I don't know! I just do it … curled away in my den. Plagued, perhaps by a mind of my own. I try! I try to look for a way; But find neither courage nor meaning. It's a thicket out there. And this? You should feel insulted! By me thinking that **this** is **something that needed to be spelled out**.

It sucks all joy out of me. Every bit of optimism. And what's left is frustration, stress and therefore anger. Which is frustrating and gets me even more stressed; All while my stress tolerance is practically non-existent.

All I do is float here. Perhaps like a thin sheet of ice on the ocean on towards the equator.

And what is the Logic in this? Where is the Wisdom? Or the Perfection … . Hmm … what Peace is there, in any of this?
In some future perhaps.
Strange … . I was just thinking that this is where I should take this; But I wasn't expecting a neat little segue like this to come about so quickly.

But sure. My mind is in a state of flux. I'm contempt with my situation, though the high temperatures are really pulling a number on my stress levels. Then at times I still feel like tons of garbage is hanging on steel wires hung up within my brain – sawing through it as the motions force it back and forth. And being dissatisfied with what I'm writing here takes away what little peace I have. And so, I'm in no great position to make adjustments to myself or delve into the depths of this or that. And a part of me wishes that I could just snap and get it over with. Well … „getting there" … .

It makes it easier, in a way, to find that point of peace – this little bit of counter balance. Except; It would seem that having found one such thing was the cause for this recent imbalance. But it makes sense. It was a mighty positive feeling, relatively speaking, suggesting a major relief. But the issue itself … is so remote; And kind of part of this „You should feel insulted by me getting into it" stuff. And so instead of being helpful, it threw me off balance.

But somehow there was a hint. I'm watching some TV stuff – and an idea started to resonate with the words I had written so far; Driving my concerns. Something about …

alternate futures or timelines or realities, parallel dimensions, rifts in the continuum – that sort of thing; Which would lead to alternate versions of self, abberations of history, that sort of thing – to in the end hopefully be reconciled.

And so I take it, that instead of writing about the thing itself; Pondering, back and forth, of whether or not I should apologize or take things back or double down or whatever; I should write of it from the perspective of what possible futures might emerge. And wouldn't that be a fuck You to the continuum?

Well, it puts a smile on me face already!
At least for now …

But … . Well. I mean … at first this would have been about Love. For the realization has struck me that Love and Dreams, they're quite similar. How I think and feel about Dreams, how I write about them – that at least bears a striking resemblance to how I see „normal people" think and feel about Love. And certainly it bothers me, some way, how cold and detached I am to that subject. I figured that some might not like it; But I'm not here to cuddle You. But then I also don't like the image I'm seeing of myself whenever I lean into this … cold and detached aspect of mine. But what can I say? Reality isn't a soap operah – and the way I think and feel about Dreams is certainly no more optimistic than how I think and feel about Love!

But so the stage is set. It doesn't have to make sense. Matter of fact … that's the problem. Something that doesn't make sense, but is still close and real enough to the heart that one might get the impression that there's something; Something that I maybe took from You. Or one step removed: You could be convinced that someone truly feels this way; And this is enough of a mask for individuals with deceptive intentions to hide behind. The moment You would criticize them, they'd accuse You for being cold hearted. And while the situation might be clear between two hardened fronts – the rest of humanity would be as adrift between the two; And which side either one ends up on were just a matter of happenstance.

And THEN we come to the matters of violence. The threats that emerge – the truths and lies between the two sides, as pubic and hidden actions further upsetting the waters. Naturally we couldn't act on our better judgment. Something just doesn't feel right about holding the gun to someone who's just … demanding more Love; Regardless of how little they give. And so the story would go. The Truth claiming its own. „You speak of Love …" … yet what do You do to receive it? „You demand us to let go of this and that" … without care or consideration for the Truth. But already … it's way too complicated; Further distorted in the public sea of events; Where ignorance is less scrutinized as it is generally more par for the course. Expected even; As it fits nicely into the narrative crafted to suit both ends.

And this is how I would have failed You.

And yes. You should have shot them, persecuted them, thrown them to the wolves. Cold heartedly, with enough spite and anger to get a millenium worth of satisfaction from the catharsis that would follow. Though I suppose there's no way of telling who they are. Or selecting the right targets. Or ultimately: Drawing First Blood!

Hmm … maybe not.

For yay, ponder this: Who is „holier than thou"? Who is there, as if they had invented it? It sure is not the common folk – nor are it those that strive for true Enlightenment. To either of them the matter is clear. Life is life; Try to make the best of it. Don't bother too much the failings of Your neighbour. Unless they be that little bit too much. Or more. But then on occasion that ire falls upon someone who will throw it right back. Accuse You for Your righteousness. Speaking of the greater good perhaps; Or those who are throwing stones of accusation. Eventually they convince You that You got emotional over something; And talk You into guilt over having been upset. Ultimately then no justice is being served and You're there … kind of lost … attempting to console the victim over Your inability to enact justice. Or maybe You'd even feel compelled to gaslight them. Or throw the accusations back on them. „For who can really say?" – „You must admit …!" … and so the sickness continues.

But well. I suppose I could have done a better job. But hmm … wait a second! Doesn't that say that in either of those timelines … I … uh. OK, let that be a concern for another time.

On the one hand then I feel that the agony I feel might be justified. These ideas take me to places that are certainly a far stretch from what I dream about. Yay: „Search for Peace!".

„Peace my ass!" they say, as though You were the ones upsetting it. But well. It seems somewhat inevitable. For … if I had to lean into these ideas, the timeline was corrupted long before I started to speak of resisting with force. It's the natural conclusion of this war. Of ‚them' holding on to whatever scraps of power and influence they can lay hands on – using whatever narrative there is at their disposal. And having been „holier than thou" straight from the beginning; There would at all times be an aweful lot of that still going around.

For let me speak of Gnosis. Of Unification with the All-Encompassing Spirit! Lithargoel – the most precious of treasures! But what is this Unification, among a people within which there are those who do not want to be Unified with the divine? Division! And so in a way they rightfully scorn our notions of Love. Acting, however, like hurt puppies when they are the ones doing all the hurting.

Violence begets violence; However – and a tainted image is difficult to clean. So would there be a timeline then; In which I stayed my course? Remained a pacifist? And shoved the holier than thou right back in their face?

„Lies!" „Deceit!" „Groomers!" „Pedophiles!" – yea. Whatever works … I guess.
For all it needs is division. Then follows confusion and distrust. And the ideas of ever being united in harmony … they would seem to fall apart as the demands to maintain it are just too high.

And so I start dreaming of rivers of blood. To say: Join us … or perish! For the cleansing has to take place! Don't ask us for sympathies – for You have been warned! Don't ask us to have a heart for Your sob-stories … for we have enough of those on our own!

To think that there was a time where I was spiteful of the idea to be called a Butcher.
Now I welcome it!
I desire it!
As I have prayed for it!

„Oh how the mighty have fallen!" – I say to myself. „What has become of me?" – I wonder in lamentations of myself. I see my heart, lonely and hurt. But hope kept it alive. Hope in You! Hope in a better tomorrow. And yet what I see unfold … it terrifies me. It eats away what hope I might have left – and I don't want to look at that what remains.

How much of it do we yet have to bear?
For how much longer do we have to await the end?
Oh what Light is there in this Darkness I see?

Couldn't we just have peace? Time to consider? Time to build bridges? Time to be friends? But no! At first it seems as though the Lines are easily drawn. The rich ravage the lands in their unending greed – and the mighty join in. And yet the rot would seem to go much further than that. Down into our guts. Our prejudice. And then push comes to shove – one thing follows the next; And every bit of truth is just as a scrap among many.

From Climate Change to Genocide – things should be clear. And yet mankind has trouble figuring out who the enemy is. Or yay, we know – but the Police and the Soldiers are yet there following orders. Carrying out the Law that yay, whom does it really serve at this point? Maybe, with an eye shut and a lot of fantasy we can talk of stability. Some hideous status quo that maintains some twisted sense of order that some might feel compelled to adhere to with what little juices still flow through their brains.

„Normalcy". Yea. „there is no such thing as normalcy" we say. I certainly share that opinion. But there ought to be some balance; At least that's the idea. To live in peace despite our differences. What an odd thought – it seems to be – these days. And why? What even is the

problem? If not our inability to point the fingers the right way?! And to then say: „Yay! You have to go!“.

And sure enough, there would be an easy way. As ‚we‘ – the people – were to rise up and claim the order that we crave – we are free to do with them whatever. We don’t need to feel accused for something we haven’t even decided upon. But I suppose a decision has to be made. Therefore I say: Point towards me, let me be the Pivot in History that I’m meant to be. Hand me the sword – and allow me to lay waste to this rotten place.

For my patience has worn thin – and I’m itching to set an example.
But yea, mighty words for someone who … is basically still a pacifist at heart.

I do not know, quite honestly, how to bear myself. There was a time, I suppose I was still Young, where I felt like debating. To argue things out and to settle things that way. Nowadays however I start getting conniptions just from the thought of it. You’d be well advised to keep „such people“ away from me – lest You desire to trigger an „incident“. However that would play out.

I’ve certainly lost a lot of myself; You might say. My mind is drunk from the prospects of vengeance; I would not know how to defend myself, in a dispute, but to call for the executioner.

Yes. There is Love in there! It is as I wrote! I seek Peace!
I have a message that I want to be heard. To me it is what little hope there is to make whatever tomorrow we still have the best it can be. Or ‚good‘ at all. But I’m sick. Sick and tired. And I was sick and tired of being sick and tired … a long time ago already. And now I’ve grown to despise the hope that has kept me going. And slowly the mere concept of existence has begun to irk me.

Yay, mankind, hold this mirror to Yourself. Look around You – and ask Yourself where all of this is going!

There is a way. A peaceful way. It’s Gnosis! If You have the time for it. Give it to others, so they give it to You! Speak of it – so it will be on Your minds. Tell each other, so they know too that this is the time!

And there is the alternative. To forego the parts of it that require patience; That forego the story of how we slowly grew towards trust and reconciliation – first with each other and then the divine. To say: This is the one – let her make things even! Then we have time! Time to settle and grow! And everyone will know that this was our choice; To cleanse the world and settle anew!

It would depend, of course, on what is given. What time we can find! I’m sure I could find peace, delving into my dreams – to settle with Peace, if it were given to us. But should the upsetness arise, and chaos be stirred – should the need arise, for the hammer to fall; … well.

If there were a side You should choose, a banner to rally behind – I’m sure it should be mine; Where my gift to You would be to stay alive.
Well, I’m tired – You know. And what hope is there?
And these are the words – yay, as the ramblings of a maniac.

„Speak to me!“ I say – but who feels addressed?
Who is out there to even start to listen?
And if You do? What does that make of You?

Oh – „what have I done?“

Here You have it! For a moment there I wondered: Would I ever come to a point where I should utter these words? What a harrowing moment it would be – and yet to me it seems inevitable. For there’s a part of me; One that has grown strong and imposing; That’s convinced that I can’t do what’s right. I can’t do You justice. I can’t give You what You want; And what I think You need – well, You’d ignore it. I’d beg You … I do … to help me to get this right – and what I’d yield is scorn. „You’re nothing!“ they say; And as You ignored me they’d be right!

Oh what have I done? Where was the mistake?
What can I say? Truthfully … I still think I'm right! At least in my own way; And which other way would there be for me? Maybe there, at that point in the past, I took a step too far and now it can't be undone! I can't tell You that I'm sorry, for I have not yet seen the consequence. And if they came; You'd have a hand in it too.

I sure would make for a fine scapegoat. You have all the justification You need – to put the blame on me and let me carry it through. All You'd have to do is … to take me to the slaughter. But if I perish before then … it would be lost.

Beyond all the abstracts and hypotheticals – I'm not trying to tell You right from wrong. Violence or no violence – it's neither here nor there. And so I come to the part that I would have tried to get towards. That sometimes we get to these points where our Religions can't help us. As they are composed of traditions and ideals – they are in their ways a thing of the past. To have them be capable of accounting for every possibility; They must at least be open to the eventuality; That is the exception to the rule.

If we believe in things one way; That becomes a principle that can in turn become a weakness. Through faith we would hold on to it – believing that it might save us. „Oh almighty Karma! Give us Points for our commitment!". And I don't feel truly confident about it either way. Sure there is a Loving God that's watching out for us. But also at times it seems a little bit too convenient to just leave it at that!

For where is the justice in our domain when we lack the strength to enforce it?
And where does our compassion take us, if it blinds us from seeing the wicked?

Yay, I say: All good deeds come at a price. The price of getting played. Taken advantage of. But at large I'm convinced that the benefits outweigh the ills. And this I would say is eternally true. For only there where good is, can good truly grow!

This is true, I believe, beyond eventualities. But whether I should defend it in peace or with force – wouldn't that be a thing of Character? But would it then fall ill upon me, if I were to slay those that tried to tarnish it, rather than giving myself to their sword?

But who am I to speak like this? Am I not a fool to speak of force when I myself am weak? Are we laughed at and ridiculed, for me to assume that we could be anything but victims in this story? Then well, what am I to do, but to wait for the sword that comes to strike me down? If it ever comes.

And so, if there was a trick here, it's in the narrative. To excuse myself from trying to lean this way or that way. To say, in all honesty that I'm capable of, what this problem means to me. Where I stand on the matter, what I can think and dream and feel about it. Without telling You what You should do or feel or think. Need I be right? Need I be perfect? Well – I am as I am; There are no two ways about it!

So I'm convinced, or hopeful, that whatever the problem is that bothers me – that it is just one big, or maybe even small, misunderstanding. One that could be rectified, given enough time and space. But without the will to reconcile; Even the smallest misunderstanding can become a ravaging error.

For where have we gone wrong? At large? Am I to blame You? For what? What choices did You have? I'm not blaming You – unless You are one of those that … yay, need to bear responsibility. For certainly they exist. And yet they are free. Still they can choose – one way or another. And if it were up to me – we'd all have the time. The time to think, to consider, to grow and be free.

Yes! Peace is what I desire!
Yet when the time has come, it has come!

What will it be? Oh what will it be?