

Dreaming

By Ariel Bar Tzadok

As I slept, I dreamed a dream. What I saw seemed so real. The colors, the sounds, the tastes were most intense.

The dream seemed so real that I did not want to wake up. Yet, in the end it was but a dream, and in the end, I did wake up.

That following day, what I saw and heard, what I tasted and felt was also most intense.

As I laid down that night to sleep, I wondered which set of experiences was more real, my intense dreams or my intense life. I contemplated this until I drifted off to sleep.

When I awoke, I became aware that my dreams of the previous night were nothing special, no intensity of any kind.

I went through my day the same way. Nothing special happened; nothing intense occurred.

So, again I contemplated upon my bed and wondered, which is more real, the boredom of my dreams or the boredom of my life.

I am still contemplating this.

What defines what is real, intensity or the lack thereof? How can I tell the difference between when I am awake and when I dream?

When I am awake everything is so real, yet again as I dream, my dream appears to be just as real. When I awake, I recognize that I was dreaming. Yet when I am dreaming, being awake seems like a dream. Which then is real and which is the dream?

I am still contemplating this.

Being alive, is this a dream? Being in Heaven, is this a dream? Suffering in Hell, is this being alive or being in a dream? What is the difference between them?

I am still contemplating this.

Where I think I am, I really am, be it in a dream, in Heaven or in Hell. My life can be a dream, or it can be Heaven, or it can be Hell. It all depends upon where I think I am.

I have such power of thought? Yes, I do! My dreams have shown me this!

I must contemplate this some more. Learning the Ways of Heaven is a most profound experience.