I Had a Dream

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I had a dream this night. A dream I have never had before. In a way the dream is still in my mind, as I am sitting in my garden, wondering. I often dream, as you know — and many of my dreams change something in me. It is as if my dreams are there to tell me something ... to make me cleverer ... to make me see and understand.

But this dream is special. It really makes me think. I dare not move from my chair in the morning sun, for if I do, the dream might disappear and I do want it. Do you know that feeling? Listen! The dream showed me my soul. My very soul! I can hear you laugh, but anyway: I saw the inside of my soul. I saw that the soul was parted in two different parts, and between the two different parts there was a conflict. Believe me: I did see this conflict with my very eyes. I cannot describe in words, because words are so insufficient they cannot touch even reality.

At both sides of this conflict there were two images, both of them trying to describe how the world was created, and I understood, that the soul in a way always was wondering upon exactly this: how was the world and Life created? This very wondering was the depths of the soul — its own life. The soul cannot live without this wondering. It has its roots in the midst of the conflict between understanding through reason and understanding through myths and imagination. The soul is all the time searching explanation of the enigma in Life itself, trying to find the answer in reason and in imagination at the same time. Reasoning is not enough and imagination is not enough, but as the soul tries to comprehend in both areas simultaneously, the conflict is there — always!

Oh goodness — that is the way we all try to understand, is it not? Imagination gives us the input, and we try to explain through reasoning. In vain!! We will never catch it. Never! You cannot explain imagination through reasoning. Perhaps reasoning is a play of the mind, in which it imagines that reasoning is the deepest you can get. In my dream I saw how the soul got its power from reasoning and fantasy simultaneously. None of those two could exist without the other. So the soul is like a coin: the two sides of it makes it a coin! You really cannot imagine a coin with only one side!!!!

So here I am in the morning sun of my garden, knowing that the very soul is the conflict between reasoning and imagination. That the depths of our minds is this insoluble conflict. That we would die without this eternal enigma.

Do you not ever wonder about simple and easy things? I do. How did the world begin? How did Life begin? In my dream I saw two explanations: I saw the whole world with all her green green life — with all her wonderful creatures — her waters and lakes — her fields and her forests. This marvellous, enigmatic world was surrounded by a huge ash tree, that had its roots deepened in the globe and at the same time growing from the soil of the globe and giving life to it. Its huge branches were spread in space so that the leaves were everywhere and nowhere at the same time. You could see it and you could not see it. At the very same time!! It was Beauty as the foundation of Life. And people looked up into space, trying to have a short glance of the tree, but they only heard the wind in its branches and they understood, that responsibility and beauty was one and the same thing.

And I saw another explanation: The Big Bang. An explosion in the universe billions of years ago. All life — every single wave towards the beach — every single bird's song — every human thought — all this was a result of this explosion. Everything was to be understood through this explosion, and everything was a logical consequence of it. A scientific reasoning. A proof!!

These two explanations live in the midst of the soul. Reasoning tells us that both cannot be right. Imagination tells us that both might be right. And the soul has a conflict and lives from it, for if it knew for sure what to believe, it would die. The conflict itself creates the thoughts, which grow from our souls. So there is a conflict in every human thought and every human emotion — and it is good so.

The most precious thing in Life is the enigma. You and I are parts of this enigma, and that is the basis of our deepest longing. Not knowing for sure is so marvellous and explains everything. I take a look into the clear morning sky. Do I see the leaves of the ash tree or do I hear the wind in its crown? My dream is up there, hum-