

A Creation Theory: Dream Fever

The story of the creation of the world
has been told many countless times before,
but in this version I mean to determine
a clearer picture of the nature of life.

Picture this:

Ancient space,
the very first midnight.

A dark black, sheer sheet of dream,
speckled with swirling stars, quasars and pulsars,
a billion stirring elements, molecules, chemical traits,
merging and dispersing in a momentary bliss...

Until...it Hit!

The quiet of the first midnight
exploded into flame

Spontaneous combustion
from light years away.

This is how it all began,
This is the master plan.

We were dreamin' in pictures,
dreamin' in motion,
we cracked the sky wide open!

Fever in the heart, an untamed jungle,
Fever in the soul, no means of control,
Fever in the heads of a need driven people,
Fever in the hands of the seeker!

And I am seeking you!

An involuntary contraction, a reaction,
in a fraction of a second, we are beckoned
from deep subconsciousness, we are moved
and we follow through in action
to relieve our eyes and connect our gods
to our lives of immeasurable size,
and width.

We were Dreamin'! We were Dreamin'!

Chitter-chatter, splitter-splatter,
anti-matter cracked and shattered
the vast expanse of invisible space
collided and it formed a face.

The colors swirled around like
some kind of mad,
giant Jackson Pollock painting,
streaming out in all directions,
streaming out in all directions,
dreaming itself into existence,
dreaming itself into the 3-D realm!

We were dreamin' in pictures,
we were dreamin' in motion,
we cracked the sky wide open!

We're all speaking in tongues, you know,
trying to wake the holy ones.
We're all babbling away at once,
We're all babbling away at once,
Afraid of swallowing our own tongues!

A broadcast from an unknown station,
A sudden pulse of inspiration,
in the face of our limitations,
Creation! Creation! Creation!

Emily dare Culler 2009