

Weekly Meditation, January 27, 2010

By Rev. Teri Lubbers

Forgive The Dream

*All your images of winter I see against your sky.
I understand the wounds that have not healed in you.
They exist because God and love have yet to become real enough
To allow you to forgive the dream.
You still listen to an old alley song that brings your body pain;
Now chain your ears to His pacing drum and flute.
Fix your eyes upon the magnificent arch of His brow
That supports and allows this universe to expand.
Your hands, feet, and heart are wise
And want to know the warmth of a Perfect One's circle.
A true saint is an earth in eternal spring.*

~ Hafiz , "The Gift" (translation by Daniel Ladinsky)

When I was in high school and had broken up with a boyfriend, or was unhappy with how I looked, or something difficult was going on in my dysfunctional alcoholic family, I would put on music and listen to it hour after hour. I listened to melancholy songs (Janis Ian's "I learned the Truth at 17" comes to mind) that fed my own melancholy and resonated with my feeling of being at the mercy of a capricious universe. I have a few pictures of myself from that time. I don't look like a very happy camper...

What is it about the "old alley songs" we listen to? Even when we know they are only going to bring us pain, why do we turn them on anyway? Are we just gluttons for punishment or what?

Hafiz has an answer. He says that "God and love have yet to become real enough to allow you to forgive the dream." I don't think he means the "I've got a dream" kind of dream. I think he means the kind of dream that happens when we are asleep and then dissipates with wakefulness, the kind of dream that seems so real but turns out to be a chimera. Why would we need to forgive the dream? Because as long as we are occupied with the Unreal we are not available for the Real.

God is Real. Spirit is Real. Love is Real. The warmth of the Perfect One's circle is Real. We get to choose which songs we listen to. The old one that bring us pain and paints the world as continually cloaked in winter, or the new song of Spirit that promises that we will heal and expand, that we will become like an earth in eternal spring.

Prayer: Creator God, give me a new song today. Help me to trust your love and guidance and the perfect unfolding of my life. Help me let go of all that blocks the amazing things you wish to do and express through my life. Thank you for loving me. Amen.