

burning excess



Written by bubba



6:21am

I'm on the Iron Maiden tour bus. Alone, not sure where the band is but excited to see them. We haven't met yet. At some point I realize that by being on the bus I am probably missing the concert. I've seen them before, I think. I've never met them before. Nothing changes. The band never arrives. Eventually I realize I am all alone and wonder if there was a message sent to everyone in the world but me. I step off the bus and realize I'm in the desert and it's very quiet.

I'm walking through what I believe to be the subtle hills that separate downtown Los Angeles from East LA. There are a group of people walking to a destination unknown. We don't all necessarily know each other. The only person I recognize is Chuck Lidell. Soon someone challenges him to a fight. A person I don't recognize says that he can't believe the other guys want to challenge us. I'm surprised, unaware that I am a part of 'us' and certain that I don't want to fight. We all begin walking up a hill. The crowd grows and it seems more and more unlikely that there won't be conflict. I am relieved to be on Chuck Lidell's side, but only a little. Fighting isn't a part of my life anymore. I wish it never had been.



Some event with people bidding, mostly people from high school and their families. Many of the people my eyes single out are girls I've been with in the past. Everyone is sitting in stadium seating and the event is outdoors. Although I see Rob Levin betting, he suddenly becomes the person I am walking with which confuses me, but only briefly. I have several cookies in my pocket and feel very bloated, wishing I hadn't decided to wear a baseball hat and a t-shirt. It's not like me, I think. Rob throws his cookie away and says he's had enough. I look down and the handful of cookies I have and think I should control my quantities more...manage portions, I tell myself. *(I wake)*

6I have a theory on dreams...that while some events are clearly part of a repressed past...others are merely burning of the daily residue. The themes and activities in my dreams this morning parallel the events in my life. Some are simple, tangible like attending an auction or getting the UFC on pay per view. Some are private, mental...like priorities may be misplaced, I need live a healthier lifestyle...

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