

Tera's Dream of Angels

People don't really dream in black and white. Maybe people who grew up watching movies and television in black and white, might, but the rest of us admit to dreaming in color. Maybe even 3D. Tera dreamed, like you probably dream, in color, in three dimensions, with sights and sounds and smells and touch. Occasionally, she even had background music. Sometimes Elmer Bernstein or Jerry Goldsmith music--real film soundtrack stuff. Other times, it was some unidentifiable experimental rock kind of thing--John Cage and Frank Zappa joined in the pit by Sun Ra and Radiohead. Pink Floyd blended with Lady Gaga and Bruce Springsteen. Weird.

Once, when she was ten years old, she had closing credits. Dream by Tera. Starring Tera. Written by Tera. Set design by Tera. Music by Tera. Casting by Tera. Costumes by Edith Head. Produced by God.

"Don't you think that dreams are our subconscious trying to resolve something?" Bubbles asked, squeezing another lime into a Corona bottle. She licked her fingers, puckering almost imperceptibly.

"No," said Tera, "I think that dreams are one of God's ways of getting a message to you."

"All dreams?"

"No, not all dreams. At least, I don't know about all dreams. Maybe some are messages from God and maybe some are just a little entertainment--an amusement park of the mind."

"How you tell the difference?" *Maybe*, Bubbles thought, *maybe* Tera needed another beer.

"*Maybe* you can't" Tera said, a secret smile hinting, but not quite appearing on her face. "That's what makes it so fascinating...or maybe I need another beer."

"Sounds like dangerous territory to me. One false interpretation, one wrong nocturnal assessment and you could be eliminated..."

"Or...illuminated..."

"Like one of those bedroom lights with a carousel that turns around and around, the picture repeating itself like a background in a Hanna Barbara cartoon, here comes the rock, here comes the house, here comes the tree, here comes the rock...only lit up."

"Well, I wouldn't have said it quite like that..."

"Who would?"

"A goldfish."

At the light was on in Tera's room but she fell asleep anyway. Her mom didn't make a big deal about it and Tera didn't want to be in the dark. "What if I miss something?" she said when she was only three years old.

"You're supposed to..." her Dad said, "You're supposed to sleep..."

"I can see in my sleep..." she'd said. That made her Dad think: "Kids". What he said was "Jeekers."

As soon as Tera was asleep she was dreaming. It hardly even felt as though her eyes closed at all. But they had to be closed, the thought, dreaming, because her

room became a tent, and the tent became filled with angels, swirling around in a lazy circle at the top. Here comes the angel, here comes another angel...

In the dream she saw the angels as light. Dancing on the ceiling as they circled, drifting in the air shining, shimmering, smiling. Not small comic book card shop angels, but living light. People of light. Light of pliable, touchable substance.

In the dream she heard the ringing of a distant bell. She felt the slight motion of wind created by the bell clapper. It was a deep, clear tone of pure sound, the vibrations as crisp and regular as...the heartbeat of an angel, circling a room. It ran purifying tones of calm bliss, enveloping the night in a bright mist of tone poetry; a bed of soft red roses and yellow firm daisies, a touch of baby's breath on the bed.

Rock. Stone. Dust.

In the dream Tera read the words carved into stone by the angel's musician-thin hands. Hands so thin they seemed made for fine details: watch making, microsurgery, hair styling, guitar picking.

A touch here, a light brush there, and words were spelled in the marble:
Breathe it in...TUNE LIGHTLY...SEE OUTSIDE OF EYES...AND SEEING...HEAR
OUTSIDE OF EARS...AND HEARING...FLY ON INVISIBLE WINGS...

Was that a fly flying on wings that you can't see? Or was it a call to fly on your own wings that you can't see?

She wanted to write it all down, to capture the moment which was racing thru her like light thru cheese cloth, like the blue flash of a police light spinning in the alley behind her house. Quiet. Present. Unavoidable. Light forced thru cheesecloth. She wanted to flip on some recorder of dreams but then...lost track of

wanting to document the situation, lost track of trying to shed light on the dream, lost track of holding onto any type, system, division, configuration, or ramification of control. She simply: dreamed her dream.

She saw one single dark skinned angel smile and heard her whisper. “It’s all bigger than you’ve ever dreamed,” she said, “much, much bigger.”