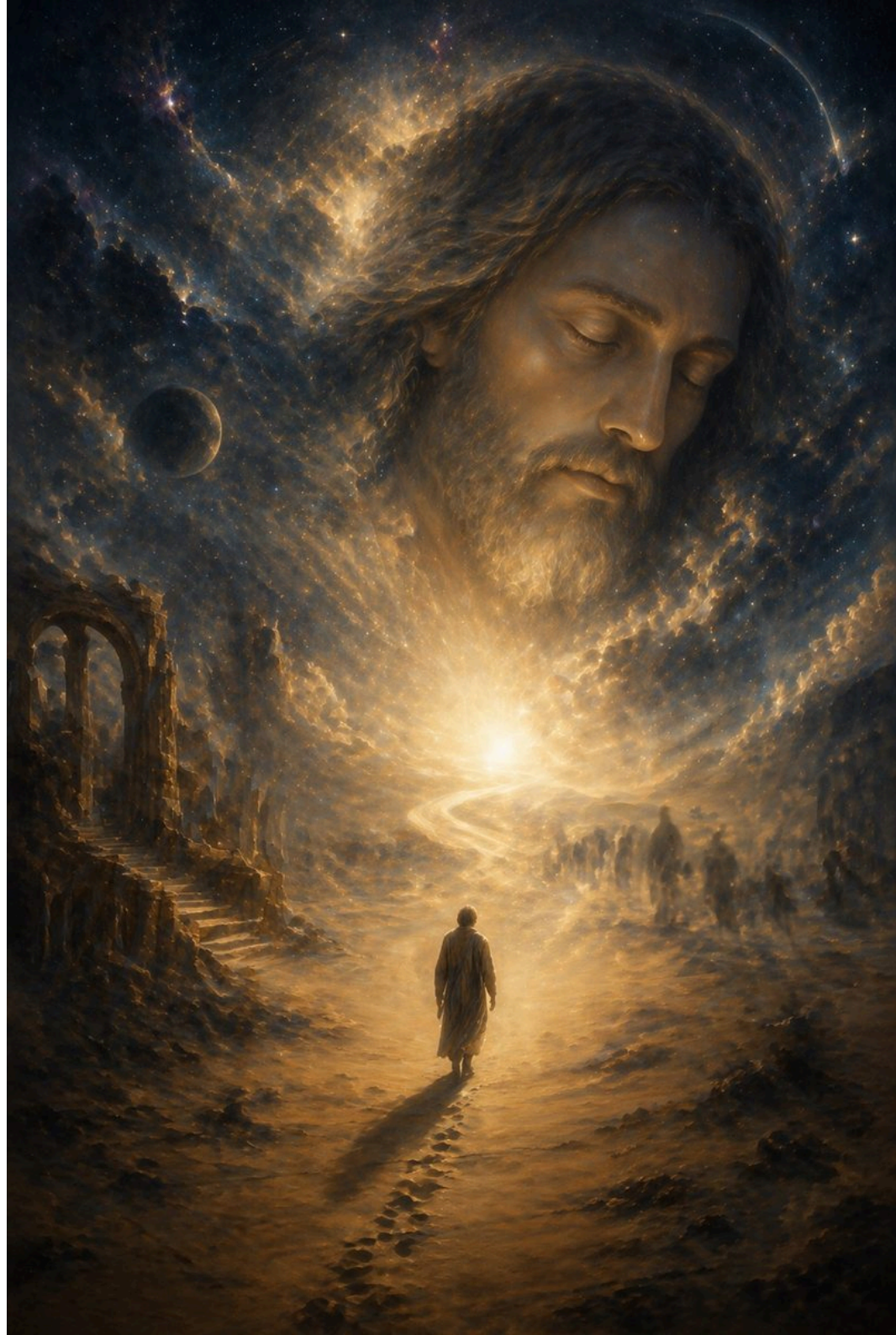




God Dreams a Dream

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

The Dream of God

God dreams a dream straight through this world,
where light slides over the faces of the shades,
where every step is footprints in a desert,
where every moment — torn-off scraps of days.

God dreams a dream, and in that dream
I come to know I never was alive,
that I had lived in fleeting, passing patterns,
forgetting I am not the dream, but He.

But now, across this trembling dusk,
a sudden fire breaks and tears its way,
and I — no image in a quiet pool,
but the one who sees this dream, awake.

God gazes into dreams, but not the dreams of others,
He is the dream Himself, and is the Light.
I was an empty wanderer of shadows,
but in Him I understood: here is no dream.

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус) · pancratius.ru
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