

# Of A Dream

## WILDERNESS.

We need the tonic of wildness, sometimes in marshes where the curlew and the meadow-hen lurk, and the booming of the snipe; to smell the whispering sedge where only some heron and more solitary fowl builds her nest, and the mink crawls with its belly close to the ground.

At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable, that land and sea be infinitely wild, unsurveyed and unfathomed by us because unfathomable.

We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic forms, the seacoast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thundercloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces torrents. We need to witness our own limits transgressed, and some life pasturing freely where we never wander.



by Henry David Thoreau

dreams brought forward the puzzlement of life and its inevitable paradoxes.

I continued my walk along the river until suddenly my dreamlike state was altered by a speeding car, seemingly out of place in the serenity of the night, flashing by as if possessed by a sense of exquisite urbanity. After leaving the river's edge and re-awakened by the flashing presence of this late night traveller I renewed my trek, once again, under the city lights, still satisfied to walk aimlessly through the winter's night. My thoughts began to dwell on the cascade of memories this city has given me, and I felt a strange sense of "Deja Vu" emerge out of each intricate detail in my surroundings. I thought of how this hamlet of Fredericton had nurtured the urgent temper of my youth with an effusive air of welcome. I felt a familiar and endearing intimacy with this town, a sort of communication with its past as well as the present. The years of my life spent here stretched before me like a thing read in a book or remembered out of the faraway past and each experience remained fresh and clear

in this sea of fond memories.

I still was unsure what it was about the night time that attracted me so but there was something in this quiet that helped to ease my toiling mind and open my whole world to reflection and contemplation.

It is such an irony of life that we can strive for social interaction with a vigor that is unparalleled in any other human activity yet at the same time feel so content being

alone, not so much in a physical sense but alone with our thoughts, especially in the calm of the night, where it came to me, in a flash of intense emotion, the question I had been pursuing throughout my walk became clear and its relation to the night obvious. By day I am so consumed by structures, people and process that I neglect the one person that I need to understand — myself!

In the silence of night I can talk to myself, uninterrupted by intricacies of human contact, aware of all that is beautiful around me and respectful of its natural order. I feel no need to dominate this environment, only to be in harmony with it and revel in its awesome splendor. It all made sense now, there is a need in all of us to understand our own selves, to communicate from inside, to spur and whip the tired mind into action but more importantly to let the current of thought flow free from public opinion like the rivers and seasons, of our natural world. Nature seems to accelerate the beat of one's thoughts and the nighttime supplies quiet, a beautiful quiet that beckons contemplation and reflection. I was now at ease and satisfied that once again the night-time had eased my speeding mind. As I approached the last few blocks to my home, a phenomenon of nature suddenly came cascading down from the sky. A light snow began to fall and I turned my head upward to the heavens, happy and content. Small flakes of snow landed on my face and as they made contact each one rang with a cool sensation that stimulated my innermost human senses. The dreamy solicitations of indescribable afterthoughts seemed to drift away as the fresh snow slowly covered everything like a blanket, and a new freshness arose like some pulse of air from an invisible sea.

I could now go home to sleep, content and ready to face another day with a bright-hued hope for the future. I love this beautiful city but most of all I love the night-time with its extraordinary look of innocence and simplicity as snow falls on everything in sight raising once again the hungry curiosity of my mind.