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Very Short Dream

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A Very Short Dream

Dave Schelhaas

Then suddenly, Ted,
standing at the curb, inspecting
the street which was under repair.
Ted with his eyes squinting,
right hand in his pocket playing with his change,
glasses hanging from a chain around his neck,
tie tucked under his vest.
Ted in all his Tedness.
I had spotted him just as I crossed
Main Street in Sioux Center, Iowa,
and now, there he was,
standing curbside in Grand Haven, Michigan.
So I pulled over to say “Hi.”

My colleague for many years, never a close friend
but always a presence in the faculty room,
Ted had emerged from some wrinkle in my brain
after an absence of thirty years
to chat with me a few minutes.
Articulate in every detail--
cigarette cough, wrinkles, buffed finger nails.
He offered me a Strohs,
ran back to his house to get it,
and disappeared.

Awake, I wonder who or what produced
my little you-tube interactive video with Ted
and filmed it in such precise detail.
And why Ted and not my mother
with whom I've longed to talk for more than fifty years?
What a piece of work, this brain, this mind, this psyche!

Do evolutionary scientists in their persistent materialism
believe they can solve the mystery of my dream?
After they have sliced it into
random electrical brain impulses,
after they have observed and described,
will they have explained how or why Ted stumbled into my dream
or where he came from?
Can they provide an answer that answers?

I am heart-pierced by the mystery of it all,
the exquisite detail, magnificent technique.
What or who,
other than God the brain-maker,
could pull this off?

We see God only rarely
and then out of the corner of an eye
when amazement shatters what we thought
we knew of reality
and rekindles our confidence that he
is at the heart of everything.

Peace seeps like a sedative
through the streams of my body.
I yawn, turn my pillow
and lay me down to sleep,
perchance to dream.