

*I have a dream, a dream of light and lightness, a dream I am eternally thankful for.*

It is your funeral.

You come to your funeral, fully alive, fully awake, fully aware.

You are clad in the casual checkered shirt I remember from years ago.

I sense you fully awake, fully aware, fully alive.

You come to your funeral to celebrate.

I come (t)here too.

I come late.

I also come to celebrate but I come a bit late as if part of me rebelled against the occasion.

I sense you fully aligned with the occasion.

I sense that it is your choice, it is your will, your free will.

I sense that you are (t)here of your own free will.

And I sense you light and lightful, and I sense me light and lightful too.

Many others are (t)here because of the occasion.

They are just (t)here.

Somehow I am not curious about sharing the occasion with them.

I am (t)here entirely for you and for me.

I sense you and me, not so much together, rather individually, each of us on our own and of our own.

Yet very similar.

Coherently synchronised into the shared quality of this light and lightful celebration.

The whole space is vibrating in warm and joyful pastel colours.

It is your funeral.

Another one.

A different one.

You are not (t)here.

They are (t)here.

Many are (t)here because of the occasion.

Me I am somewhere in between, behind a glass wall.

I witness your funeral from behind a glass wall.

I see grey shades ever(y)(w)here.

Grey shades are (t)here ever(y)(w)here.

You are not (t)here.

The next morning I see you wearing the casual checkered shirt I remember from years ago.

We are about to celebrate your name day.