

Poetry & Dreams

Poetry, Dreams, and Interpretation

Return to Kentucky

*Transcribed and Interpreted by James Brandenburg
San Antonio, Texas, May 2, 2016*

Dream: I decide to travel to London, Kentucky. I am in touch with Vivian. I take a bus down to London. I arrive in London, Kentucky, at night. I am trying to find a ride to the old homestead, but I have no luck. It is seven miles to the site, so I decide to walk. It is night. It is pitch black, but I find my way on the old road. I hear the sounds and noises of childhood. I feel my way and reach my destination. The old homestead does not have much furniture, but there is a kitchen table and a refrigerator. I find something to eat and sit down at the kitchen table. The light is oil light. I hear someone coming in the door and recognize Gilmore. He looks the same as when he died and has arrived in his old Buick. We move to the living room where there is a sofa, an easy chair, and a coffee table. I put some food on the coffee table and continue eating. Gilmore has brought in two containers of mixed salad. He knows I like salad. I help myself to a container of salad and offer something to Gilmore. He declines, and we converse. I fill him in on the last years of my life and my journey to the Centrum in Switzerland. He appears to be very interested when I speak about my thesis and the dreams I have had, but he seems to already know about all my dreams. We engage in a conversation about where he has been after he died. I am surprised about what happens after we die. It is encouraging. **End of dream.**

Comment: I can't go back to the simple life I experienced as a child in Kentucky, but I can find value within myself by attending to my dreams and connecting to the unconscious. On a more symbolic level, Kentucky represents my journey into the unconscious. I have learned to communicate with the unconscious and to listen to what it tells me through my dreams.

When I Was a Child

James Brandenburg

When I was a child
I thought if I planted marbles
in our cornfield
the marbles would grow like vines
around stalks of corn.
When I was a child,
I thought if I sprinkled salt on a bird's tail
I could catch the bird.
When I was a child
I looked up at the stars at night
and spoke to God.
"If you made me, God,
I wonder who made you."
There are days I wish
I were still a child
and could believe
everything adults say
planting marbles in a cornfield
sprinkling salt on a bird's tail
admiring the mysteries of God.

Comment: When I was a young child, I loved to play with marbles. There were marbles all over the house, and after falling over

them, my aunt and uncle convinced me to plant my marbles in the cornfield. I remember watching for the marbles to come up, and I remember my disappointment when there were no marbles harvested. When I took my wife Maria to the old homestead in Kentucky, I showed her the field where I had planted my marbles. To my surprise, I found a couple of the marbles that I had planted decades ago.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.