

# Poetry & Dreams

## Poetry, Dreams, and Interpretation

### Firing Squad

*Transcribed and Interpreted by James Brandenburg  
Zürich Airport, September 19, 2016*

**Dream:** The dream takes place in a mountainous area. It has the feel of the mountains in Switzerland, but I know it is in America. I go into the mountains, because there is a group of people who want me to come in front of them, and they want to question me about my relationship to the unconscious. There are some people there who have studied Jungian psychology. They begin to question me, but it is more like an inquisition. It is not friendly. They don't like my answers; I can just feel it. I feel nervous, intimidated, and doubt myself. Whatever I say is not going to please them. That is the feeling I have, the sense of a collective group. I shut down and do not answer any more. People in this group get up and leave me there alone. This is my first meeting with the collective after leaving Switzerland. Suddenly Dr. Jung appears from my left. He is in his eighties. He shakes my hand and says, "It is a lonely journey. Draw on your inner resources and keep learning. You will see that there is a continuation after you die. Do not despair. Keep on with the work. The work is important, and many depend on you for your help." I thank him, and he disappears to the left. I stand here in the mountains alone. **End of dream.**

**Interpretation:** I had this dream the night before I flew from Switzerland to the States. The unconscious was preparing me for my transition to life in the States after having passed the exams in Switzerland and after having received my diploma as a Jungian analyst. Most people in the States do not know what the unconscious is, nor do they have a relationship to the unconscious. Since I have developed a relationship with the unconscious, especially through my dreams, I have a fear that I will be ridiculed for this relationship. The scientific approach is one-sided and dominates the collective consciousness in the States. Dr. Jung appears in the dream and consoles me. What Dr. Jung says to me speaks for itself.



*The Archive of Dreams  
Jim Harter*

## Philosopher's Stone

*James Brandenburg*

Sophia  
in the earth  
Soul  
in matter  
Stone essence of  
Self

Stone  
redness  
that final stage  
I chisel away  
mud  
dirt

Self underneath  
aspects crumble  
Psyche takes on

Shape of eternity  
Earth and spirit  
come together.

### A for Air

*Mo H Saidi*

He raises his hand—she fathoms  
His despair, understands  
What he is trying to say.

For fifty years she has witnessed  
His peculiar signals, shared his thoughts  
His jolts of happiness, his anguish.

Respirator's pump runs in high gear  
—the tube is connected, yet monitors  
Are in frenzy. The man pleads voicelessly.

He's gasping for air—like a newborn  
a pupil learning the alphabet—he draws  
An A in the air, pulls off the tube.

His face turns blue, pearls of sweat  
On his cheeks. She screams for help.  
A doctor comes in, reconnects the tube.

But the man is mute, eyes blank,  
The bed covered with a silent blanket.  
Alas, tears roll down her cheeks.