

## Next Stop for the Borderline, 2004

Is pain the price for knowledge?

What is real? And what is false? And what resonates? And what bounces off my atmosphere unseen and unfelt? What revolves around me, to which I am blind? And what 'tiny' disintegrates in a mili-moment of my searing, invisible, unbearable heat? My atmosphere? What riches were they to someone other than me? To the giver? To the one who wants?

Why can't I see like I once did? Do I dream anymore? I used to dream of fantastic things, of things unspeakable in words - of joys and simplicities, of magic and peace. I dreamed of the world and I dreamed for the world and I dreamed to feel.

I want to fly in music. I want to bathe in the warmth of melody. I want to smooth in chords of harmony. I want to dissolve, at will, in a moment of choice, into and amongst the world and blanket my soul upon on all who dream to dream. I want to gift them, and then I want to come back again and see my gift at work - my gift replicating in the amazing human energy continuum. My dreams beget dreams beget dreams beget more dreams...

How does a 38 year-old woman marvel? How does that happen?

I am Sherri. I am 38. I am without marvel.

It's crazy how big the sky is tonight.

The air is warm. But the evening shade is cool. The sky is dark. But the moon and stars are bright. It is Pleasant in Pleasanton. I bought a car today - very big-girl thing to do. I'm watching "Almost Famous" tonight. And I remember the 70's - the time of my childhood, spent traveling the globe and escaping - as mystical. But actually I think my eyes were mystical. And my soul, I think.

I think.

I think that although I spent a great deal of time escaping from bad things, I was innocent. I think I miss my innocence. I think, perhaps, I can try to dream again. I think I maybe don't have to exactly (*insert mandatory responsible adult behavior here*).