
The Stars Sing

Without fail the dream finds you each night, unawares in more mundane dreams: sluicing from the vaults of sleep a great blackness wells forth. As the rising tide churns and roils, all other thoughts are drowned, sinking beyond perception until only silence remains. When fully embraced by the dream you hang in a darkness without end that possesses a stillness so pristine that any inkling of fear is crushed from you, leaving only awe and inner silence. Gradually you become aware of an infinite starscape richer and denser than any you have seen in waking. But this is not a creeping darkness that wreathes the unknown – it is a panorama of emptiness greater than your sleeping mind can even begin to process.

After an infinity frozen amidst this canvas the stillness is interrupted by faint, discordant sounds, ethereal and intangible – but moving closer. The sounds coalesce as you listen: interweaving into a discernible melody bit by bit until, seemingly in an instant: music is heard. Three stars build in intensity against the starscape as the music takes shape: arranged as a triangle, one point is larger, yet no more bright, than the other two. They shimmer in time with the music, their light shimmering like a perfect white flame.

Each time you hear this music a strange, formless longing kindles within you – a need for something you cannot define that is with you even when you wake, never waning.

You have, either by yourself or with the aid of those talented in such things, put the music to paper – but despite your efforts you feel that this is just one part of a greater whole. A greater whole that begs to be heard...

