

The THREE LIONS

By Kevin Blake Ryan



"Everywhere privilege is squandering good will."

• George Orwell | The LION AND THE UNICORN

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The season of dreams is upon us up north. Where I rest my weary head, the darkness descends for twice the time than that of the lingering light on a clear day. Without the sun life is—naturally—cold. Retreating to bed brings the warmth that surrendering should, I worry not while my eyes are closed to reality.

I'm thankful that Carl Jung and Joseph Campbell shared their thoughts about dreams, the human subconscious has always communicated with our waking lives since the early dawn of time. Mythology and religious characterizations are delivered during our nocturnal nurturing, when written while awake, we received *the Bible*, *the Iliad* and *the Odyssey*, LORD only knows the voluminous amount exactly, but these words have a way with piercing our hearts as Eros' arrows should.

The moments I find when the phantasmagoric visions occur are during the final couple hours of sleep before opening my eyes, before my mind rises. My initial thought this morning: that was the first rejuvenating sleep I've had in months and months that I couldn't remember waking every couple of hours.

And then I remembered the dream I dreamt a moment ago...

It was nighttime, and I was scaling an old red brick building with twenty seven stories. I thought I saw someone on a ledge needing help, a window became a door, and I leapt to a platform a few floors below. The jump had to be precise because there were metal cables connected to the narrow surface, as to keep it hanging suspended in midair, midway of the building's height. Where I landed was perfect, but also impossible to move in any other direction without getting tangled in a web of steel spaghetti. My only option was to reach up one story, where there were three lion gargoyles made of brilliant white stone, and pull myself towards their den to look inside the panes behind the pride for helping human hands.

The person I imagined in need, indeed, was nowhere to be seen.

Looking in every direction one last time, I knew the only direction left was up, so I climbed. When I reached for one of the large white paws, it changed color to an illuminating gold. I couldn't and wouldn't be startled by this metamorphosis, but a couple of people inside were. They were friends I knew, a couple, a publisher and a librarian, that came curiously gazing out the glass divide. "Do you need help with getting inside? Please let me give you a hand" he said; she, "I thought I heard something outside moments ago buzzing like bees, but the night's dark is deep without the moonshine!"

I was grateful as a hand lowered from inside the crimson brick structure. But as I ascended further and came face to face with the three lions, their golden manes became the beards of three wise men, as their human-like faces shined. Are these three ariels? They did not roar, they did not speak, as the countenance of their faces told me their blood was honey for the meek—strong and sweet—and for those as innocent as Daniel, they open up, sharing the strength of Samson, a blessing for the weak.

And when reality came roaring back, I smiled, remembering Chekhov's wisdom, as the sun shined gold for us all.

