

What Dreams Are Made Of | Gedicht van campusdichter Thijs Kersten gebaseerd op ingestuurde dromen van deelnemers

Dream date

I had a date with someone whose Tinder profile listed "dreams" as main skill,
honestly, I still expected hippie, not hipster,
so I asked her
she said she'd learned not to read between the lines
but to look between them.

"Take that waiter,
may seem like open book
but look closer and you'll see
last night he lost his pet lama or three in a shopping mall
can't focus at all
so he spilled a cappuccino on that bus driver.

She, she shifted her shift from Rotterdam to Utrecht
because her REM-sleep damned her to getting lost
while instead she'd rather beat and boss around
Billie Eilish at Yahtzee."

We switched over to me and I listed my own dreams
how I flew away and stayed there for a whole day
until I was attacked and chased by paper planes
in zero gravity
how I also played Yahtzee with Billie
but sadly lost,

how I looked down to see pirates plundering my dorm room
a wolf eating my mother
on the other side a cheating girlfriend
Timothée Chalamet flying on a broom
a Radboud professor as prime minister
and honestly other stuff more sinister
and not meant for a first date

she said, "I've heard that before"
knew from that wolf dream
I wasn't a sheep
that dreams are sight of soul in sleep
never insignificant
and can't be ignored
"it's diagnosis
seismological, shaking
future-focus, it's science
not hocus pocus
it shows me some growth so own this
like prophecy for your, mine, our reality

I now know you'll defend me from piracy
Work through your emotions thoroughly
And train your brain to gain better responses
for when our father of philosophy Herman
fulfils his deepest fantasy as P.M. – prime minister
he'll administer us to read dreams again
to weather torture by feather
and get together to process
the time we said "God bless"
when someone's dreamsona stole a dog
but beyond that," she said, "it's my test
for second dates
on all these biblical, ancient accounts that state
anticipation, its relation to our present situation."

so I, still shaking asked if I passed
she said "it'd be my wish
beyond atomic bombs
dead moms
friends baked into bread
stars as eyes that look ahead into the night"
she said, "it'd be my wish,
and I even like Yahtzee
but I'm just not into guys who lose
to Billie Eilish"