

My Reveries

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WE often stop on a busy street corner to let the traffic pass but fail to notice the people around us on the sidewalk. Or again we stop, for no reason at all, in front of a flower shop and gaze aimlessly into space without seeing anything. In these moments we do not seem to notice the busy life around us, for we are lost in idle reveries. A million thoughts run through our subconscious minds as we dream a million dreams. In a few seconds we relive some episode of the past or create entirely new worlds filled with excitement, happiness, love. We dream about things that have happened long ago and can not be resurrected to become reality again. But it is good to dream, even if we know that the dream will never come true.

I often find my thoughts wandering thousands of miles across the ocean to a small, northern country that I used to call home. Then I see again the small, winding road with tall, slender birch trees growing on both sides. Hidden behind the trees stands the two-story house in which I spent my childhood. I often relive the Saturday nights when the house was fragrant with the smell of freshly baked bread and cake. I relive the Sunday mornings when the church bells were ringing and people were walking leisurely down the street. There I also see the brick schoolhouse where I spent some of my happiest days. I still remember reading stories about America and the other faraway countries. Names like New York and Boston ran through my mind, but they were only names or places on a map. They did not make much sense; yet there was music in these names. In those days, not only was I searching for the music of the names of places, I also hoped to discover some day the reality behind the music. How well I remember the last night at home and the long walk I took as nightingales sang and a light mist descended from ripening rye fields. It had been a beautiful night, but a sad one too. For I felt the real sorrow of many farewells without realizing then that life is composed of a series of farewells.

Now that my thoughts often wander to my old home country, pictures continue to come and go. I wonder why I see all things there in a warm and sunny glow. I wonder why the brightness persists in my dreams about my childhood and my home, even though in reality things were not so sunny there, either. For like the life I live today, the life of my past was filled with both happiness and sorrow, light and shadow as on a summer day. Perhaps this glamor is a trick of dreams—a trick of my reveries.