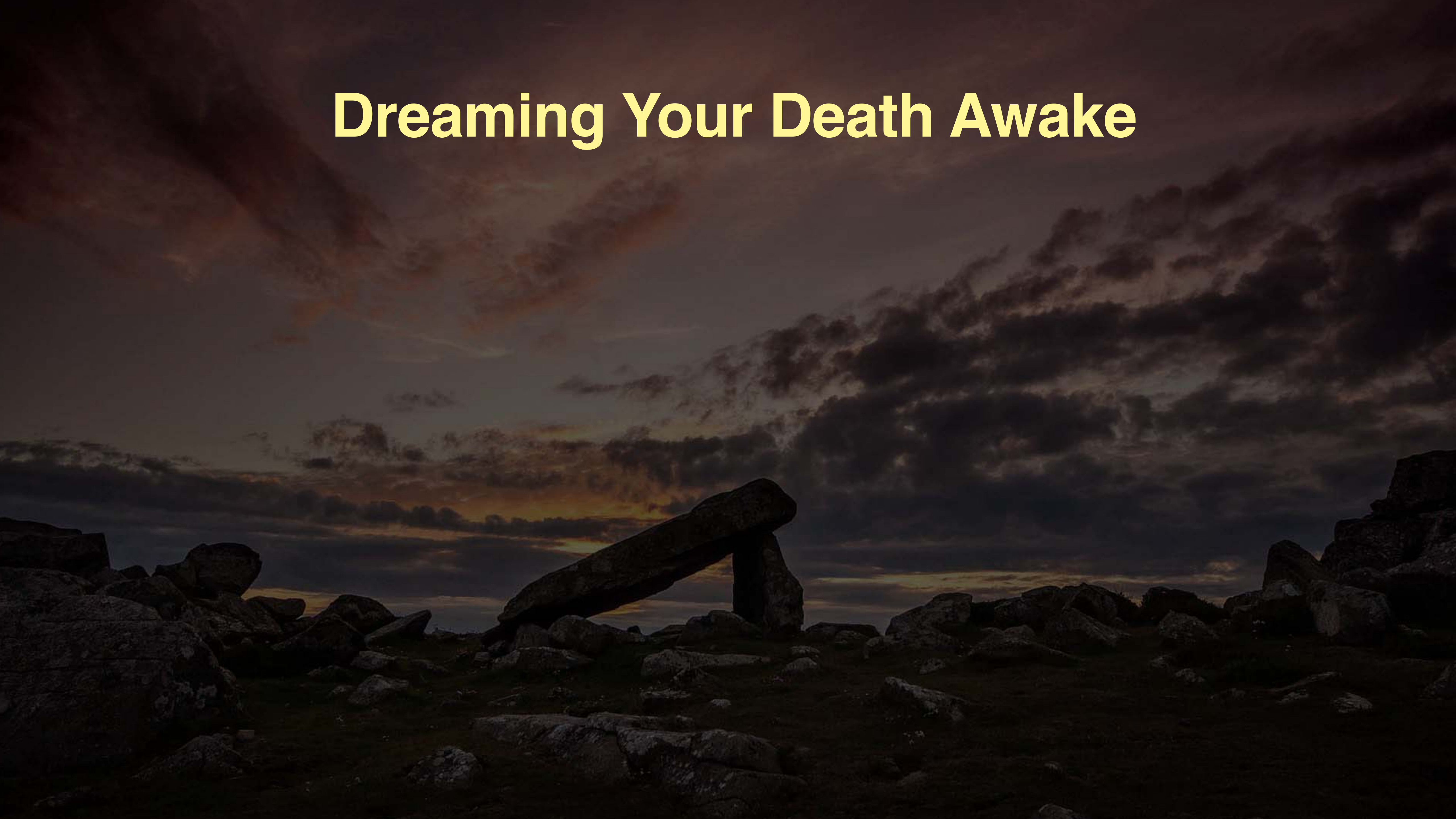


# Dreaming Your Death Awake





# Dreaming Your Death Awake

**Timetable** - *approximate* UK times:

**15:00 - 16:15** - Reflection 1

**15 minute break**

**16:30 - 17:40** - Reflection 2

**40 minute break**

**18:20 - 19:30** - Reflection 3

**15 minute break**

**19:45- 21:00** - Reflection 4



# Dreaming Your Death Awake

I don't want to get to the end of my life  
and find I have just lived the length of it.  
I want to have lived the width of it as well.

*Diane Ackerman*



# Dreaming Your Death Awake

Death is a dialogue between

The spirit and the dust.

“Dissolve,” says Death. The Spirit, “Sir,  
I have another trust.”

Death doubts it, argues from the ground.

The Spirit turns away,  
Just laying off, for evidence,  
An overcoat of clay.

*Emily Dickinson*



# Dreaming Your Death Awake

## When Death Comes

When death comes  
like the hungry bear in autumn;  
when death comes and takes all the bright  
coins from his purse

to buy me, and snaps the purse shut;  
when death comes  
like the measles-pox

when death comes  
like an iceberg between the shoulder blades,

I want to step through the door full of  
curiosity, wondering:  
what is it going to be like, that cottage of  
darkness?

And therefore I look upon everything  
as a brotherhood and a sisterhood,  
and I look upon time as no more than an  
idea,  
and I consider eternity as another  
possibility,

and I think of each life as a flower, as common  
as a field daisy, and as singular,

and each name a comfortable music in the mouth,  
tending, as all music does, toward silence,

and each body a lion of courage, and something  
precious to the earth.

When it's over, I want to say all my life  
I was a bride married to amazement.  
I was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.

When it's over, I don't want to wonder  
if I have made of my life something particular, and real.

I don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,  
or full of argument.

I don't want to end up simply having visited this world.

*Mary Oliver*



# Dreaming Your Death Awake

I am not old, she said,

I am rare.

I am the standing ovation  
at the end of the play.

I am the retrospective  
of my life  
as art.

I am the hours  
connected like dots  
into good sense.

I am the fullness  
of existing.

You think I am waiting to die  
but I am waiting to be found.

I am a treasure,

I am a map,  
these wrinkles are imprints  
of my journey.

Ask me

anything

*Samantha Reynolds*

*Bentlily.Co*



# Dreaming Your Death Awake

## MORTALITY'S PROBLEM

Just off stage we hear its wings  
It keeps us up at night  
A bony feathered trapped poor thing  
box nailed shut and tight

The problem with mortality  
are the chains we braid from fear  
hell-bent dreamers stuck in motion  
a compulsive shared nightmare

We mow and mow and mow the lawn!  
Blowing leaves around  
little piles of rust and dust  
decaying on the ground

Thoughts of something bigger, brighter  
make our minds' jaw snap  
We've forgotten that we're timeless  
not a dot upon a map

Better to scuttle, dodge and dis  
this promise of certain end  
But instead who might we become  
To take Death as a friend?

*Abigail Prout*