

OLD GRAY GATE

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In my dream, I find myself standing before an old wooden gray gate that has a barbed wire fence to the left and right. I stand before the gate unable to pass through. There are many people behind me waiting to proceed but the gate did not allow us to pass. (I can sense the gate is not an inanimate object.) The air on this side of the fence is hot and dry with a stale smell. Suddenly, the fence (not the ground) starts to shake. It shakes so hard that the gate flies off its hinges to the left of the barbed wire fence and brakes into pieces on the ground. It is then that we can proceed through the opening in the fence and into the new green grass growing on the other side. The air is now cool and fresh with the smell of new grass.