

What Dreams May Come

By Dave Markowitz

In 9th grade I wrote a poem for my English class. But that wasn't the assignment. We were supposed to write a book report but I retold that story in prose. And somehow it featured elements of poetry I'd never studied. I recall when asked about it, shrugging my shoulders and saying, "that's how it came out."

Fast forward to college, in English Literature class, again we were told to write a book report. The story was D.H. Lawrence's "The Rocking-Horse Winner" -- a classic that's been read, analyzed, loved, and praised by hundreds of thousands, but I didn't like the ending. So for my book report I rewrote the then 56-year old short story. My teacher appreciated the effort, and added, "But now write a real paper." At least she took the time to acknowledge my twisted modus operandi. And that tiny bit of encouragement kept the creative juices flowing.

So much so that one year later in Creative Writing class, I had one of my most defining moments of my youth. This class had each student write a story. One student would read the story of another, and the other 25 students critiqued it. Had I only known about the shadow self or the Jungian concept of projection, things would have been a lot different. But I didn't, and they weren't, and the result was... pure perfection.

One week, the fellow student body ripped me to shreds. My brief story was dissected, probed, and eviscerated, and my ego took a shot so deep that levels of anger never-before felt erupted from deep within my core. Later that day I wrote *In Rebuttal*. It was, if you'll indulge me, one of the most brilliant pieces of literature ever created. Just as in 9th grade, prose flew forth with wit, vim, and vigor. It was vile yet a masterpiece of alliteration, metaphor and other skill sets probably as yet to be named. And yes, the last line read, "In conclusion I am living day to day and having fun in all that I do. I laugh at your stupidity and reverberate your anger, and if you don't like it, FU<& YOU!"

Then came the time for someone in the class to read it aloud. No one would. Silence. I found this a victory in itself. And then the professor said he'd read it. And while reveling in my literary display of defiance, I awaited his reading of the last line. Surely he wouldn't say it out loud. But he did, and he did so with gusto! And I bathed in the extreme joy of getting my teacher to drop the F-Bomb! Then he asked the students what they thought of it. And again it was silent. I awaited more condescension but saw shock and awe pervade their lips. And then the professor said it was by far the greatest thing I'd ever produced. He loved the passion, the courageousness, and even the sometimes-subtle use of literary gadgetry.



And I was happy.

Who knew that taking a chance in my early 20s would set the stage for my first book to be published in 2010, some 25 years later? Seems my dream of being a writer had planted roots but for about two decades I didn't water the seeds. Now from fresh organic soil comes a tome that is sure to enlighten some, and ruffle the feathers of others to a degree much larger than *In Rebuttal* did many years prior.

Yes, my dream, *Healing with Source: A Spiritual Guide to Mind-Body Medicine* is coming out on September 1st. It'll be way more self-empowering than *In Rebuttal*^{3/4}equally as shocking at times^{3/4}and all without the use of the F-Bomb!

What is your dream to grow or create that you've only been sprinkling with too-small tidbits of water? Do you have something deep inside, calling you to create, to challenge the status quo, to inspire? Wayne Dyer said, "Don't die with your music still inside you." What is your music and when are you going to start singing it out loud?



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