

A Dream Time Story

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- I. There's a fire in the middle of an opening to a trail that leads to a river that feeds a sleeping bay. Bundagarra walked the trail to find his way to the centre of the river. He stopped and let time wait. He waited and stopped again. His instinct took in the moment of delivery and the tribe was happy that night.
- II. There's a ship that ambles by and along the shallow bay leaving in its wake a man who comes to that river. William found the trail to walk his way from the river. He stopped to wait. With time his instinct was delivered by the spirit of the happy tribe. Until again, he had a better offer.
- III. There's a stranger who had an instinct about the river on the bay and its trails and its lanes. John had a better offer. Of stuff and things. For the trails by the river on the open bay. It seemed all right at the time. But then again, most things do.
- IV. There's a horse that rides in time along the trail to track a grid by the river that flowed to an open bay. Robert rode the horse and their trail became a track and the track became a road and the road gave way to a tributary. A tributary of passages, laneways, walks and alleys. It could be muddy tomorrow.
- V. There's a city awash with tributaries beside the river that feeds the hungry bay. The city moves and breathes in time with the life of the people that bring the seasons again and again to the lanes.
The seasons of
Commerce
Industry
Culture
Private enterprise.

- VI. There's a new a stranger who came in search of a lane by the river of the bay.
To find that taste, that smell, that sense of connection. Reynaldo loved that lane.
At that time, it was the only place with coffee!
Real coffee in a lane.
It brought him life again.
It was his lane.
- VII. There's a wind that echoes through the lanes pushing its way through the concrete
trees. Trying to escape. The wind has been there since time.
It longs for the trail that led to a river that fed a sleeping bay.
It reminds the people of what can never be repeated.
The wind makes them feel alive again.
- VIII. Now, there's a young woman who awaits by the river for a walk through the laneways by the
river into the bay. She only sees a blank white empty canvas.
Even amongst the middle of the slogans, the logos and the please to read me, pay
attention, do something special.
"Why hasn't someone done something with that big white canvas"
The canvas cries out Time and Again
"Tammy, can you hear me".