

A Dragon Story About Survival in a Big City

There was a sunny day and grass extended to the trees extended to the sky. A Dragon flew past the sun and burst out flames that glittered and flew in the air. I was playing with a ball, kicking it to a dog, and the dog brought it back and the grass was so fresh. The coffee smelled of ideas.

The birds just sang and didn't care, didn't care this or that. So I kicked the ball to the dog, and the Dragon caught it because she wanted to play but was too big, and the ball was crushed and melted.

There was a deep mist in the air and the sky formed layers and people had important conversations. So I ran into the middle, towards the middle, with my arms open wide and breathing in fresh. My feet didn't know the grass and the ground had bumps, it was all very new.

I attempted a cartwheel in my mind and ran in a small circle instead. I bent down for a summersault, but picked up a flower. And when I looked up the Dragon had come by to see and knelt to the ground and tumbled across the grass in a big blub.

We both laughed and I bought us ice cream and the Dragon and I sat on the grass and watched the sun set.

The non-dragon version of the story:

When I think about the magical world and how artists create access to it, Murakami comes to mind. What is the role of these magical visions in keeping us human?

The Dragon story should not be taken literally, because the dragon doesn't really exist and neither does the ice cream. But the day exists and the moments exist and continue to roll from one into the other.

So there is a need to keep rolling along and to visit the dark places, the stuck places, and the places of prejudice. And to see the beauty and to roll up and down, light side and dark side. And not to stop face stuck to the ground, but to keep rolling to see the sun rise and set and rise and set.