

# Lockdown Dream and the Tibetans

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by [Jon Rappoport](#), [No More Fake News](#)

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*A person I knew a long time ago  
Or so it seemed  
Came back to visit me  
We were sitting in his car  
On a busy street  
A block away  
A hundred thousand  
Protestors  
Were facing off with cops in military gear  
My visitor said  
"I'm selling vaccines now and I think you'd be  
A great member of my team  
We go door to door  
And peddle a shot in the arm  
To prevent the plague"—  
Someone threw a grenade  
It bounced twice outside the car and exploded  
He and I were floating in space  
He was a salesman on the road in the sky  
Hawking his product  
He had interplanetary ambitions  
He wanted to spread segments of RNA  
Across the Milky Way  
He said, "Remember that night at school  
I got drunk  
And tried to burn down the dorm?"*

It all came back to me  
He was the guy who was always  
Sitting in class writing notes to himself  
Making drawings  
Talking about poetry  
And now  
This  
A man on a narrow mission  
To save the stars  
We were in a spaceship  
Speeding past  
Forests filled with animals  
And floating cities  
People were shooting at us  
"Suppose there's no place to land?" I said  
"We'll find one," he said  
His voice was big and confident  
He was smiling  
Happy  
And I was The Witness  
It was my job to document  
A stretch of time  
In which things had changed  
He took out a syringe  
And slapped in a vial  
And shot himself in the arm  
His face turned blue  
And he went into spasms  
Then he straightened up  
And took a deep breath and let it out  
"Nothing like it!" he said  
"Puts a jolt into you to start the day!"  
His blue face faded to a dull green  
"I have to feed this to the natives," he said  
I said to him, "You've gone interdimensional"  
"That's what my whole life was leading to," he said. "A  
different

*Form of death. This is the big lesson."*

*"A lesson for who?"*

*"For everyone who's tired of the every-day grind, who wants Adventure. You realize how many people want to throw in The towel?"*

*We were sitting in an old dusty theater. The lights were on. A tall naked to the waist chieftain wearing a large headdress came down the aisle and stopped at our row. He ignored me And said, "Did you bring the shit, Bob?"*

*Bob looked down and pointed at Three suitcases.*

*"It's all in there," he said.*

*The chief broke out into a wide grin*

*It reminded me of Bill Gates' Howdy Doody smile*

*—AND THEN I SAW what the old Tibetans called the Great Void*

*everybody looks around and tries to figure out what to do because the long hustle of discovery is over and all the explorers have been paid off*

*There is nothing left*

*except a few magicians*

*living in cold mountains*

*punching holes in space-time at will*

*In Lhasa they were faced with that Nothing*

*and they turned to it*

*and finally saw universe*

*is a product*

*of mind*

*they sat in the holy rivers of energy*

*and took apart the river and the energy too*

*down to Nothing*

*sat in it for*

*indeterminate length of no-time*

*stopping all creating*

*because they could*

*and then emerged*

those few  
magicians in the cold wasted hills and  
and said WELL  
if all you folks want to elect a billion reincarnated  
hopalong cassidys  
as your presidents go ahead it doesn't matter  
we're out here on the edge  
inventing and destroying dimensions  
—I chained my old college friend Bob to his seat in the  
theater  
I lit the suitcases on fire  
And said to the chieftain  
“Your connection just went null, pal  
This is the new regime  
Freedom  
If you to try to grab it  
And mold it  
It burns”  
I walked out of the theater  
Busy street  
And hailed a taxi  
I rode over to a deli on 53rd St.  
went inside, sat down, and ordered the brisket  
Nobody was wearing a mask  
A waitress who looked 80 years old  
Brought over a plate and set it down  
There was nothing on it  
And I mean NOTHING  
It was The Void  
And she said  
“You can have it if you want to”  
And I said, “Not just now”  
“It'll wait” she said  
And winked at me  
And it was all right  
I floated through the deli  
And back out into the street

*The night is long  
The worm is turning  
The cops are starting to realize they want to stand with the  
anti-vax protestors  
A cop cracked a man's skull  
The man is in the ICU fighting for his life  
The sadists know no bounds  
But neither do we  
I know the mountain where I once was  
And the valley where I am now  
And the sky in between  
I'm looking at the line of cops in their military gear behind  
their shields  
And I can see they're terrified of the NOTHING  
And now they're falling into that NOTHING  
And screaming  
Because they have no one to smash to prove they exist  
And they keep falling  
And falling  
And hundreds of thousands of us walk through them  
On our way to Grid Central to turn the lights back on*

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