

## YOU MUST AWAKEN

"You must awaken to Reality," she says.

"I' 'wake," he protests, and hugs his pillow.

"Sweet Love," she murmurs, "with your eyes glued to the Material World, you cannot see how very asleep you are.

Are you not aware that the life force animating your body Is a forever thing, with no beginning, and no ending?

She nudges him. He turns over.

She goes to the other side, and speaks directly into his face.

"You must awaken and grasp that You are eternal, unborn and continuous, gathering experiences, expanding consciousness, and inhabiting a succession of flesh bodies!"

He muttered into the pillow, " 'Gotta' be kiddin'. Tha's nonsense."

She plants her fists on her hips, leans through his aura and smack into his dream.

"Wake up, Bozo!" she demands. "Unborn are we all, when clothed by clay, totally in love With the sensual world, blind to our Eternal nature, and quite deaf to the Songs of Prophets.

You, my dear, are captivated by sensory input and remain asleep to your true nature, to your Divine Birthright! You must wake up and be Yourself!"

She pauses, cocks her head, as if listening to his excuses.

"Spiritual Amnesia has its reasons, I grant," she says. "But this guy here—that would be you—must ***listen to me!***"

He leans up on one elbow, cracks an eye, and squints at her. "Wha's your problem, Lady? Go 'way," he says.

She turns on him. "Each life in a body is like a visit to the shrink. Those who try to understand themselves begin to know who they *really* are, and some resist their own Divine Reality, even deny the possibility!"



She lowers her voice to a threatening rasp.

“And **they** have many,

Very long,...

Wretched,....

Painful,...

Lifetimes

Before they wake up to join their loved ones!”

He bolts upright. Pillows fly.

" 'E-nuf!" he yells. He shakes his head, runs a hand through his hair.

“I’m awake already!”

She smiles. Shakes out her gossamer wings, adjusts her wedding rings as if they were a combination lock, and floats right straight into him.

Snuggling close to his heart, she coos, "Dear Heart, we haven't mentioned Karma . . . yet."

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