

Camille Turner's *Dream Room* (2022)

Sit or lie comfortably.
Close your eyes.
Breathe in and out slowly.

Let the tension of your day melt away.
Feel the heaviness of your shoulders and arms.
Follow the rise and fall of your breath.
Breath is all there is.
With every breath, you are drifting into blackness.
Absorbing light.
Splintering into stardust.

As you drift, notice energy moving around you and through you.
The energetic force of life whirls through your being.
Follow this energy.

Become aware of the space between your eyes.
This is the sacred seat of your consciousness.
Enter this space.
Pay attention to insights and memories that arise here.

Remember the future.

Since time immemorial we filled the sky with song and ceremony.
We are the mouthpiece of the spirit,
vessels of memory,
a bridge to the realm of the ancestors.

For centuries we have been held in bondage, languishing in foreign lands, imprisoned in glass
cages in the hollow tombs of creaking buildings....
Ships in the desert, things amongst things enduring the stares of uncomprehending eyes
...the tentative touch of gloved fingers.

The material residue of an era long gone,
The evidence of an abandoned culture who left earth
behind to carve out a future without a past.

But can the past be past?

We are the whirlwind vision of the BlackStar.
The emergence of a new destiny.

The dream of freedom.

Awaken the dreamers.

Call the sacred instruments.

The rhythm of life.

The pulse of water.

The infinite sky.