

SECRET MESSAGES

THESE SECRETS ARE FOR YOU!



by HARRY JIVENMUKTA

SKRHMPPA

First published 2015 by Loosewords Publishing Company

www.loosewords.org

Copyright © Harry Jivenmukta 2015

The right of Harry Jivenmukta to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights are reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission of the publisher.

DEDICATION

This collection of dreams and messages are dedicated to those who receive them

SKRHMPPA

Preamble

At night, I sleep until about 2 am. Then I wake up and go astral travelling. Sometimes I end up with someone who has been thinking about me the previous day, or has been dreaming of me, or is dreaming of me at that very moment. I wander in to your dream and see what's going on.

Sometimes, I have a message for you, and I send that message whilst you are asleep. It might invade your dream.

In any case, the dream that you are having, is sent or influenced, by me. Not every night, you understand, and not for everyone. I can only intervene in one person's dream at a time and so it might be a long time before I get into the dreams that you have.

But be quite sure, it is me who sent the dream to you or changed the dream once you were already in it.

And so, for you, and you know who you are because you are seeking answers, you are still being drawn inexorably to me, here are some of the dreams you have been having. And be in no doubt that our relationship is still going on, a branch to the side of our main lives. But real in its own way nevertheless.

I have proved this previously. See relevant work.

Every time you have dreams, they are being recorded and available to me. I love them, and love intervening and bouncing you out of your ordinary night.

If your initials appear below, these dreams are some I sent to you:

SKRHMPPA

secret messages

It was me who caught you.

When you were falling, down and down, do you remember? You couldn't see any way in which you would be saved. You woke up and had a sip of water and wiped the fear from your forehead.

You lay down again and slept. But what about the other nights when you found yourself falling? And who was it that caught you in his arms?

And I kissed you as well.



Your sign



secret messages

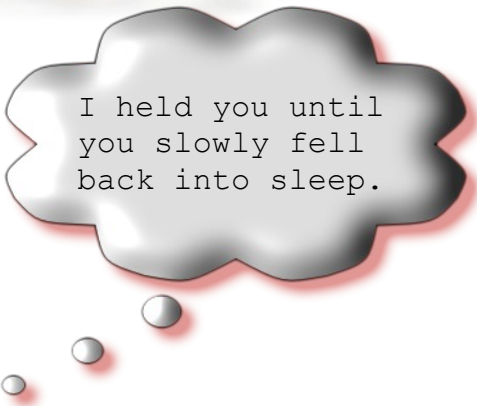
You were out of breath,
running and running but there
was nowhere to get to. You
were being chased in and out
of old buildings and then the
rough ground where no one
would ever find you if you
fell. What if you were caught?

It was me who was there to
pick you up from the ground,
with your hair all tousled
and you, breathless.

I held you until your heart
had the time to settle.



Your sign



I held you until
you slowly fell
back into sleep.

secret messages

One by one you were losing all
the people that mattered to
you. You cried and cried as
they were taken away; where
to? You didn't know.

Until you were all alone in a
cold November midnight
graveyard, dark and with
fearsome trees thrashing
overhead.

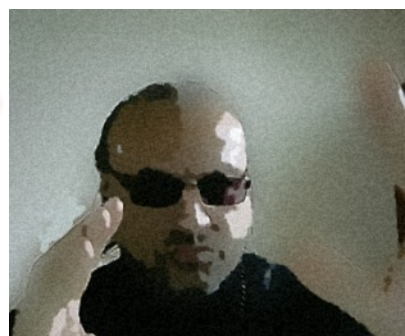
I led you to the crypt and
lit a warm candle, something
that kept you sane.



Your sign



You wore
my coat
and
huddled
with me
until
dawn





You know I will
be there.

Driving, careering around corners, just avoiding an accident. You had to get there on time but you were no closer than you had been when you started.

Furiously trying to be on time.

Then you ended up in a strange driveway where you knew no one, until I stepped out from the crowd and took you by the arm. Safe now, at last.



Your sign



secret messages



Whose house is this? Doors that are strange, rooms where I do not belong.

And whose clothes are those, in the wardrobe? Who is she? Is she here to replace me?

And how can I eat at this long table with candles but no one else to eat with me?

And where are you? Although I can see your rucksack against the wall. You are here somewhere.

Your sign



secret messages

I filled you with
the strength to
carry on.

Every way you turn, there is
nothing familiar, nothing to
tell you where you are. Then
you see someone and ask them.
They just look at you, are
impervious to your confusion.

Then, I emerge out of nowhere
and simply take you by the
hand. I lead you round a
corner, and there you see,
recognise that you are at
home, safe.

You hug me then, and I crumble
into dust.



Your sign



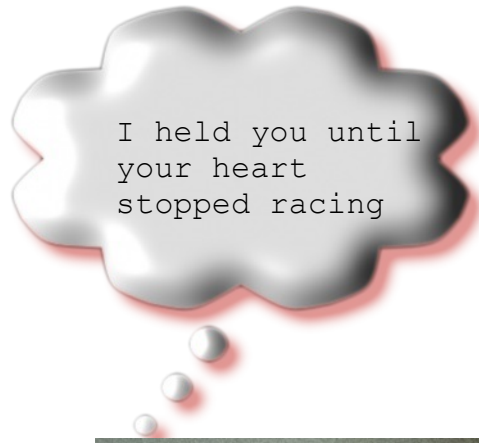
You woke up panting, sweating,
wet. Yes, we had made love, in
a meadow filled with flowers.

It was a sunny day, sandwiches
and tiny cakes, champagne.

You were swimming in love,
throbbing with fulfilment.

I told you 'I love you' and
you squeezed my hand and
kissed me.

It was a steamy night.



Your sign



secret messages



Your pillow was
so soft.

Your sign



You were drowning, thrashing
your arms about, reaching for
something to hold on to.

There was only water, cold,
taking you down and down.

You had drowned. At the bottom
of the sea, I was standing
there, and your burning lungs
suddenly eased and we held
each other.

The next moment we were in bed
again, warm, in love, and
sleeping.



secret messages

secret messages



It was me
who laughed
with you in
the meadow.

You were on the slab in the
hospital, and the nurses were
undoing all the pipes and
tape.

You were dead. And everything
was clinical and logical.

Except you.

A walked into the room and
raised you from your bed, and
led you out of that sanitised
room, away, away, to the green
meadows with an oak tree in
the middle.

Your sign

