

VERSES, VISIONS, VOICES, AND DREAMS BY MARK VALENTINE



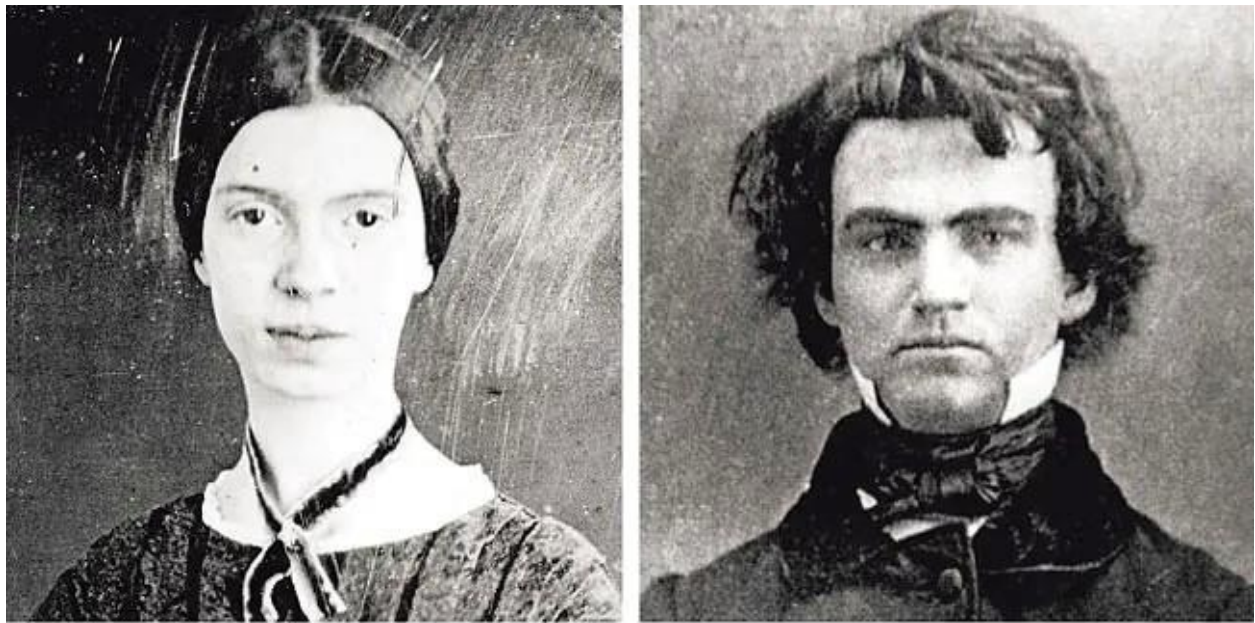
*Silently a meadow's sleep,  
Shadows a'fleet this dawn's deep.  
A stir in dream asleep in hue,  
A calling dawn hue in you.  
So a'wing upon meadow's you,  
To Thee as dew in you and you.*

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This poem I received in my experience is part of my soul journey, which is told to me in visions, verses, voices and dreams. I received this little blessing of a poem in automatic writing back in 2009 in the midst of an awakening to the soul's calling. It was long forgotten, sequestered away in archived electronic files until couple of years ago when I stumbled

upon it. It envisions an unforeseen spiritual enlightened path forward. The poem found me asleep in a shadowed consciousness of who I am. Yet something called to me in that poem to awaken and take flight in spirit ever upward unto an unknown Thee, leaving the treasured presence of the soul lingering in my life. My prayer is to reveal the sentient author of that poem, and pray tell it will take me to a place of sanity nearer heaven's door.

Dreamt over the years about well-known poets Sylvia Plath of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and Emily Dickinson of the 19<sup>th</sup>. Emily Dickinson and her brother Austin have appeared in multiple dreams, including one with Austin approaching me in a grand train station and then handing me a Ouija Board as a symbol of intended spirit communication.



*EMILY AND AUSTIN DICKINSON*

And here's several dreams I've had about the poet Emily Dickinson beginning shortly after my Soul-Mind experience deepened in the late 2000's ...

*In 2011, I dreamt about sitting at the kitchen table of a small very cozy country cottage in New England talking with Emily Dickinson the poet. Do not remember the jest of the conversation, but do remember it felt quaint, peaceful and engaging.*

*Several years later I dreamt about Emily Dickinson again. I was in the upstairs of a house and I was with some kind of gathering. When it was time to leave, I had to choose who was going home with me between Emily Dickinson and another woman who I did not know. I could not decide but as I was leaving the upstairs room and going back down the stairs, the woman chosen was following me and as she came through the upstairs room door and turned to go down the stairs, I saw her. But all I could see was her body as her face was blacked out. It was eerie but I could not tell which one she was.*

*Then a couple of years ago in a dream in the near morning. I was in a very small old house with Emily Dickinson and another person. It's more like I strongly sensed her presence and there was some imagery of her in a long period dress. Just remember having to make a decision in regard to her. What was more interesting was how I woke up from the dream. I was acutely aware of her presence in the dream and as I was in still partly in the dream hypnotic state. I remember asking her to recite lines of poetry verse to me. And I recall two short two-or-three line verses that I was hearing. At the time I was aware that I was not fully awake and that I would not remember the verses, but I would remember the dream and the waking experience and her presence.*

Do not really know if Emily Dickinson is the secret author of the mysteriously sourced poem above. But Dickinson's own unique lexicon of words she created just for her poetry is unprecedented. So when I read the created words, 'a'fleet' and 'a'wing', in the poem, I am left with what may be intriguing hints from her hand, especially since I've had several dreams about Emily Dickinson.

If there is more dream contact or channeling experience with the poet, happily share more of the Dickinson Soul in future postings on this site. I'll close for now with some well-known words from Emily Dickinson's New England life in the 1800's -



*... AND JUST MAYBE WE WILL ...*

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