

Horologically Displaced (WIP)

By Jane Bremer

*

Lightning struck the tower and I awoke. My eyes snapped open as images from my dream replayed over the ceiling. Vital information had just been given to me, but the sudden shift from realities caused the words to unravel before I had chance to register them. I closed my eyes and tried to return to the dream. Nothing. Silence and darkness. All I could register was the weightlessness of my soul hovering between waking and dreaming.

Then, the soft thump of my cat jumping up beside me brought me closer to waking. I counted slowly to ten until the haptics of my smart watch begun to pulse against my wrist. Finally admitting defeat to the dream recollection, I returned all of my senses entirely to my body and pressed my nose to small screen of my watch. Only then did I notice my right hand was clasped tightly around something; a small octahedral purple fluorite that I had never seen before. I blinked at it in confusion for a few moments. Bringing an item back from dreams? That was new.

*

The Walled City. It was somewhere I had often travelled too during my dreams. I often wondered if it had a name that I was yet to discover as I spent many a night travelling through the narrow pathways between tall buildings that rose over many floors, or if it was simply waiting for me to name it.

All day as I moved around my flat attending to various overdue tasks of cleaning up, I kept returning to the latest dream, to the moment I was stood at the top of the tower and talking to...still nothing. I pulled the piece of fluorite out of my jean's pocket and held it up to the light. Spinning it slowly in my fingers, I could see a shaft of clear light down one edge, then purple dark as black, then turning it again, the gentle refraction of light rippling across one of the surfaces. There crystals strewn all over my flat. Some were placed with utmost care and thought, others haphazardly, and I didn't want to think how many had been lost to the void after being the victim of my cat's urge to play pawball. Yet this piece of fluorite felt different. It felt like a friend I had known over many lifetimes and had just caught up with.

The smell of toast brought me back from the fractal world inside the crystal and I placed it back in the pocket. With a sigh, I continued the diligent task of returning my books to their proper order on their shelves. I never knew who was responsible for the smell of toast that sometimes overpowered me – I had a hunch it was one of my spirit guides though.

Tranquil house. Tranquil mind. That was what They had told me recently. For several years I had been trying to uncover the purpose of my dreams. They had become increasingly lucid and coherent. One dream led to the next, and into the next. It was like an entire life's story was happening simultaneously with my own. Quite often, I would feel the dream wash over my own timeline. It was like something should have happened right then, in my life, because I had already experienced it...but whatever details foresight had given me never happened.

Why? I kept asking my Them.

Why? I would occasionally ask my like-minded friends.

Why?

Was I mad?

I finished re-organizing the shelf and moved onto the next bookcase. *Tranquil house. Tranquil mind.* After several hours of pulling books down, dusting and polishing the shelving before returning all of the books in the proper order along with the tomes that had been stacked precariously all over the flat I felt it. The growing sense of tranquillity.

The crystal returning from a dream with me. That felt like an initiation to the next journey. Inception. What would come next would be maddening. I needed my flat to be tranquil in all definitions of the word. On the superficial level, everything being placed correctly in the flat was akin to my thoughts being placed correctly. On an energetic level, the calm organisation of the flat was that of meditative piece.

Zen.

Focus.

Only then would the crystal answer me. In my left ear, I heard the high pitch shrill of energy that confirmed my thought process.

In truth, the idea of intentionally diving down the rabbit hole to the chaotic labyrinth was a daunting one. My white rabbit was a manifestation of my higher self. This next chapter of my life would go one of two ways.

Either everything I had experienced and researched was real and I could soon talk about it with confidence and the certainty of proof.

Or I was totally insane and about to willingly give my soul to the madness.

*