

Conscious *but* Dead
they Speak



Anne Williams

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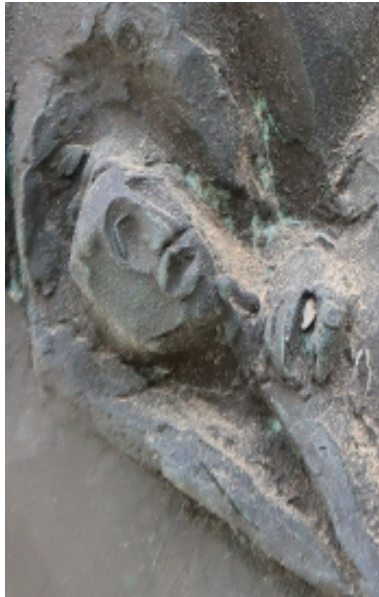
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He who came

knew me and I knew him

but of that knowing

I did at first only felt that feeling of him.



God do bless my own father dear

give him the strength,
the vision to keep him to me near.

I know I cannot pretend
how very much it is for him and I
to be together even though
I am alive and he did die.

Silence is in him, feelings close though
I am to know of him, my father gone
and passed by to where I know not
but love has kept him there in me my mind
still alive thanks be to a sense, a knowing
in consciousness we all are to never die.

Physical and earthly, spiritual and consciousness,
mind to mind wonderment
how am I, this person earthly bound
so ignorant until of now ...

now I am connected to all time
parents dead and families past
but consciously able to communicate one to one
how exceptional but grounded too I must become.

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He came . . .

so often in my night time slumber state.
He came very rarely dawn or day time light.

But as I still in prayerful reflect and meditative mode
his voice, his sense and odour felt and smelt as if alive
and to my heart pounded beatings of love
and thumped in overdrive.



What was his view right now
to come and be present
feelings exchanged?

What of his mind consciously,
his thoughts felt towards me?

What, if anything, had he to say
but more of a feeling expressive to me,
my mind, my heart, my being
a soul expression hard to be ignored.

FOR it was so extraordinary too
far too hard to miss a love as this
beyond another earthly felt,
beyond an explanation

just in knowing, being and sensed as this
tremendously
love beyond us to another dead does exist.

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Love is not

some earthly physical being exchange,
but more a knowing felt,
misunderstood but there all the same.

God has said in tablet type text,
We are love
and it is to become known to in us exist
as part of who as on earth appreciate
but this goes beyond a physical
to emotional, psychological, mental, mindful
to a world unknown as consciousness.

And here ...

in all its memory stored
are those before now dead
but in us each available.

God, creator of an unknown world.
God as source, force, magnetic field, electrons
and all those codes patterned electrodes.

Whatever force of energy
that keeps us standing axis being tilted thus
but we the physical maintain exact thrust.

Who is, why is, what is,
how is it all to work -
death as birth, birth and death,
end to begin and begin to end,

life is the exact scientifically engaging thread,
the Cosmic unconscious, the alpha and omega,
life and death endless-ness?

But of us,

the you and I, the me, the them
nothing but the world of one
and in that another one
linking us to time and space, endless-ness
as generations go and come.

But what is now so clear is that

this is a connection of love from one to another
and in that a love exists to allow a communication
as he, my father came to know for me
I am to be never, ever, ever alone.

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So how can I begin to explain ...

how he came and into a frame,
a place, space, mind to mind, consciously?

I do not care but does all the same
when I long to have him near
when my life aches for my childhood memories
of love, strength, protection and lovingly held care.

He does know of my pain.
He does come as I suffer in my silent domain.
He longs to care again.
He has held back so as not to interfere.

But now as I begin to know
of a calling contracted long ago
I have a task, a duty to perform
requiring to become forward thinking
to help another come to know –

life is not an eternity
but of learning ... life is to set us free.

We come,

grow and learn experientially
but not all of our own story completely ...
half of which is missing, left as such
for reasons often unknown.

But now as I venture forward

my task, as contracted before I was born
to become a healer of my past pain
and in that share perhaps
to allow another/other people to do the same.

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He is not always by himself
but my mother nurturer too.
She was more a companion comfort
than a word or two.
She felt as strong her smell divine
mother of my birth bore me this she did for me.

She was more about the love
she had for him and her family.
He was more about my own life
and of those memories ...

memories to know
the whole truth, the other side,
those of a more solid state,
a more beautified state
where I was always a prime requisite
to love, care, comfort and be sharing
who he was and she of course too.

But ...

that was not his reason this day in particular.
For here and now,
was more of my own life as storied to him
by a source greater, more powerful,
strength of felt feelings unknown prior.

This was as if a sledge hammer or anvil
had landed on my chest compressing the air
and squashing my breathing capacity,
hurting the bony and muscular structures
inside my physical being.

So badly felt

I knew it was not a heart hurting
but of a life choosing, a life quest calling
as words came forth in a flowing,
flooding those veins, pressure unreal
as if to burst apart and release the painful sense
as a trial unbeknown but felt looming.

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Terror is not how this
I experienced was described
but a knowing,
fearful at first in its enormity
of understood sense of expression.

Those words ever flowing
pounding upon my mind,
thudding into a pain inside my chest
were about a love extraordinary ...

so empowering
that I had no way of comprehending
the sense of meaning entirely as it flowed
to my understanding, limited, so limited
as skill and experience, education and life
had not to compare or make clear
the meaning in life, earthly, psychological sense.

The world of another is unlike our own.
The world of mindfulness, consciousness
is not like the one we consider
all there is of earth to readily explain.

This other,

is a mind altering, adjusting,
conferring in, and life changing experience
unable to fully comprehend and to explain.

So the world of an earthly, physical sense,
meaning and comprehending
is one part of our existence as is our mind,
the brain functioning aspect or part.
However, this 'other' part
or half of our being human
is a wholly misunderstood part
of *being* life on earth to be lived.

It is profoundly influential and ill-comprehended
and yet without its existence in our life
we die from lack of meaning, purpose and direction –

It has the key, the door, the 'all and everything'
required to be a living articulated reference
to more than is understood.

We act as a barometer,
gauge and undertaker of life,
how to be lived, understood,
accepted, valuable and worthwhile.

It, this form of mind-brain mechanistic powerful source
has other people entrapped unable to be freed,
unable to voice clearly
their own life mishaps and adventures,
storied events and circumstance, joys and delights.

These are our own and other ancestral,
biological and patterned compatriots
UNTIL ... and this is the crunch -

We are aligned to all of the past
historically embedded data.
We are phenomenally entwined
with more stuff, more material
both goodly and positive
and ugly and demise-full.

We cannot survive without this,
these patterns of negative and positive
sense of our own worth, pain and demise.

We have and hold that key, door and access as well,
stored, waiting and longing
to have an opening experience of which implies
a change of heart, mind and brain, love, lack and pain.

Trials of immensity of feelings
as shame, guilt and loss,
joy too ... but much later.

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Somehow someone accompanies,
as mother nurturer when born.
Somehow someone accompanies us
at those earliest of birth to grow, young, youthful days,
but as aging progresses to a stage of an adult view

we are never alone
but lose touch with that of a companion
or inner, inward ability to learn of the other half
of our contract/companion and dedicated life source.

We cannot ...

and do not survive without
our own guidance system or companion.

We cannot ...

breathe life into a world of earthly air
without that source —
air to lungs, oxygen of a life
to become human and being
in one earthly and physical *being* human.

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People arrest, conquer and devise
outer ways to survive.

People argue, desist, perpetrate
designs of ugly behaviours.

Others act on them violently and destructively.

Other people in various cultures
and ways of being on the earth do some or all
or other types of living styles



But the one who is so curious about who they are
and what is life for them while alive on earth,
take an entirely different path or way of being
a physical and spirit-like conscious being on the earth.

There is a sense . . .

we are on our own device here on the earth,
but for a mind of thought and thoughts,
words, ideas, acts and speech,
in general terms without thinking,
curious and care to know but accept.

For in 'accept',
accepting the almost phenomenal aspect
of our being earthly human, we know little,
experience naught in orders of magnitude -

idle, frustrated, demise-ridden, violent,
war being the upper most in all forms
not only of an immediate (as now)
but in terms of a physical and mental existence.

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It is not that I am saying we all are the same,
categorised - because we are not.

But of an individual,

we are patterned unique to our own self
but come with a wide array of characteristics,
behaviour outpourings and action-based styles,
skills and abilities, potentialities, ideas
and important and vital life experiences.

However, among these are others as well,
parents, grand and great parents, families,
associations, historical, environmental,
circumstantial and critical.

Some have been through a war or two,
depression, recession, working, un-employed,
hungry and poor, greedy, wealthy and in-between.

Some have been tortured, imprisoned,
hate and hurtful, spiteful and criminal.
Some lost and unengaged,
lonely, felt unloved and under-valued.

Others had various types to encompass,
experience but too survive
through a series of hardship trials.

Others continue to enjoy, free of any form
of violent behaviour or warring, wars and strife.
Not many though – long ago or short-lived periods
in their life time experience or story.

I had a life, they had a life,
but they live as memories,
mind stored in consciousness.

I live in a living environment, time altered
by circumstance in historical times.
Not though in those behaviour
and operating pattern styles.

We come,

birth into a form physical, concrete and real
but not without a gene pool of ideas
from past experience of others
who have lived prior to our time
to be experienced now on this earth.

Then, when youth flush passes by
the environment takes over,
society rules, judges and compares
to supply a more liberal
but confusing understanding
of our importance,
worth, validity and direction.

We are set,
as if a course to compass direct
but fail or fall privy to new ideas,
opportunities and events.

But although these comply to our story
often no learning or value is understood,
thought about, reflected on -

or delivers new direction, guidance,
or knowledge clear enough to ensure
a perfected alignment with the real source,
or life potential, journey,
or thrust in living on the earth.

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The valuable lessons of life
often left as if by the road side
as we pertain to do our journey forward thrust
into believing whatever myth, story
or belief of who we are -

limited by our past,
engineered by our belief systems
and continue
throughout our historical irrelevance
to a deathly end.

However, we are not able to contain
the knowledge available as invaluable
as ageing, time or events
appear to preclude time to know
or discuss our journeying earthly adventure.

And so often lose out

to become another speck, grain or dust particle
in our own time and history's amazingly rich,
but undefined reality, truth and worth.

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Who am I,

he said to me, over and over again.

And I replied, my own beloved father.

Yes, but only in a small particle of a consciousness pool
of many various peoples, personalities and histories.



I am the all of your life.

I am the all of your own earthly life and beyond that,
a connection to all time, places, spaces, events,
understanding and properly organised wisdom,
knowledge relevant to both your own life
and life, all life in order to become aware -

So that those stories knowledgeable understanding
can be known in simple terms, poetic and prose,
poetic mainly at first, then far more words
to explain that life on earth journey contract
and ability, wise knowing felt,
feelings of emotional connections

and understood, particularly of how all time is
with a brain-like mind access
in the forms of an airless envelope
surrounding each and everyone
as a being of the one and only source
of Godly proportions or belief.

But beyond that in forms of a consciously available patterned
understanding
which has an endless-ness of others prior to our birth
and beyond that to the beginning.

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So life began to become more clearly understood
from he who entered my mind-head space
and the other source
within my own life story and journey.
However perplexed, I felt a burden take over,
a fearful and lost alone state take shape.

Who am I, this me, this earthly seed prior unknown?
Who does actually guide and work out for me
those steps toward my end date game play end time?

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And then, as if a spark set alight
shines into that world of unknown, a voice
so reminiscent but still unable to fathom,

You and I are one ~

One source.

One form – earth and air.

One life time – short as is.

One hope, one joy, one complete understanding
of who is who and what is on offer potential wise,
spiritually, psychologically and physically.

I am the all and in that you have access.

You are privileged, honoured, sacred
and in control of little but of value
to that of the all and everything on earth and beyond
to consciously undertake a path of inner wise traits
and understanding of life and all it pertains.

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You and I are one

of the most profoundly famous on earth
as is everyone.

We meter the earth as a conscious being.

You are living an earth-like existence.

And I, well I am that source immediacy
to what you desire, cherish and value, require and devise
all in one individual frame of reference and ability,
skill-base adequacy, time-honoured and invaluable.

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No words today can explain
the most extraordinary nature
of our own experience, story of a life.

No one
is ever to become clearly precise
how the process of a mind to mind
of one-ness of a consciousness works.

No one
is a completely whole person
nor imperfect as they are,
but patterned specific
for our purpose as a whole,
a human tribal grouping.

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The story, the idea of more of our life
left abandoned, mistreated and ugly is understandable
but of an ignorant stance, Westerners especially.



We are under-privileged beings
of no clearly understood value
as to our worth to ourself and other people
living and dead as a conscious, alive and living entity.

We are dawning into a new world of which hate and hurt,
blame-no shame continues to violently storm across
our global brothers and sisters in chronological time.

And we, the opportunity

to be creatively instrumental in our own life –
to admit, own and consider, deliberate and challenge -
decide to bury the obvious and ignore
the obvious realities of worldly climatic conditions.
Both in terms of a loss in economic and social decline,
human behaviour depravity, criminality,
pornography and typical corporate and racial divide.

And terminology to lack all the necessities
for a consciously-led path to save ourself,
our loved and beloved, friends and too,
those disliked because of often unknown or stupidity

But of a greed and growing disparity

causing unrest, demise, despair, suicidal tendency,
corporate rape of human work force
and cheap and robotic take-overs and plundering
of communities and life existence possibilities.

And someone once said ...

Why bother to meditate,
write down all those words wisely placed
as the world as we, the you and I,
live on and throughout our time?

And I ask of him or her,
others too who reject my words,
love,
especially as I am to be given them
in mind quietly, intently to be heard ...

I am, the me, and you.
I am the voice of love
as you and others too.

I am in pain and guilt, remorse and shame.
I am courageously brave and weakly framed.
I am lost, alone and afraid.
I am in a state whereby my time is given
to reflect on my daily behaviour each day.

I am no more or less than that
which allows truth to in my life exist.

I am the benefit and the loss.
I am the greedy and lack respect.
I have another perspective.

And what I am is more than seen,
believed or understood.

But who I am in the inside out

is who I am to become more each day.

And in that sense of a love inside
I want so very much more
to love on the outside world
to become known, humbly expressed to each I pass,
live with and greet, meet on any street, culture or race

without the past discrimination, hurt or hate,
lack of life ... as theirs is mine -

to be human, kindly, caring and invaluable
one to one, mind to mind, face to face
as was and is for us to find inside
and live as one combined to share,
know as love, truth and humility.

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No more needs to be said,
I am you, my father too, now dead.
I am all there is
of a life now on earth to be lived.

But oh, but once dead

who on earth would choose
not to learn
from those in one's head,

hidden sure as physical
but in a heart open
and cautiously prepared chat
to those in loving care
to learn how best
of our own hurts to repair,
love and care consciously aware -

we are each never apart
but joined as one in our love
as that expressed as heart to heart.

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Love

Love is the art to live a life.
Love is the part hidden inside our other part.
Love joins and entwined never leaves
but journeys with and through our whole life.

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God conquers nothing – you do.

Then life as enriched
is understood as limitless,
endlessly, consciously, divinely
undervalued in each
but there always
and every day to accept.

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B*ibliography:*

Pamphlet Series:

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