URBANPOET. CO

COLLECTION // WHISPERS FROM SAHARA

BLESSING FROM SAHARA

PREMIÈRE SÉRIE // PT1. AR // BY NICOLE BONOMI

You there! Girl! No thank you Sir. I have a message for you, for the Prophet. I stopped and turned. He looked at me square in my eyes and said, First I must confirm You Know Her? Who? Sahara. She said She Knows You. Is it true? There was a pause. The answer was YES. Well then? Do you Know Her? Or deny Her? Is She the Prophet? She has a message for You. If. You. Are. Her.

li

I am her, I know Her...

URBANPOET.

BLESSING FROM SAHARA

DREMIÈRE SÉRIE // DT1 AR // RV NICOLE RONOMI

HF

Then girl, You must *Know*, that it is You who *Knows*. And You've been here before. You counted all the grains of sand. You took a handful, and placed those that You took into a time-glass.

You then had landed here.

She said You will be elevated and accoladed on your return.

She said **You Know** where.

Sir, is "She" The Prophet?

HE

No. You are.

We are happy to have You. Peace be unto You only and always. May all The Celestial Light Body wrap itself around You while you go through this passage.

Now, go out there, under the Sky. And as Night falls, call the Stars to move. Pray until The Sun Rises, and as He does, tell Him, never again shall Night concern You, for at Your command, Light streaks the deep Sky, and *Set is no foe*, that it was *never* a war but a misinterpretation of roles, *only in man's mind*.

Good bye.

Ι

Sir please, I have questions -

ΗЕ

No, Girl. You have only answers now. Look for them only where You Know to find them.

Micolo Gonomi