



(gun shots ring out)

Bang

Bang

Bang

There were more bangs (gunshots) but she didn't hear them. She didn't feel them, her spirit took off like a rocket shot out into the ether of the outer realm. Body buoyant gliding now through this starry sky, passing planets, then moons, then galaxies. An invisible force continues to move her and she has no control over this motion. She watches stars die, new galaxies forming. She oohs and ahhs in glorious wonder at what she is seeing. She can see her body but it's translucent. She can't feel the weight of it like she did before. She feels light as a feather being blown by a steady gust of wind that is definitely taking her somewhere. She moves slightly to the left and realizes she can turn over to see all that is below and

then back around to see what is above. Black holes, shooting stars, moving objects that her imagination could never dream of. Not once thinking of what happened before she went to bed, before coming home from work. She didn't think about anything that happened before being shot into the starry sky that she finds herself flying in. Her body moves farther and farther away from anything she has ever known for what feels like hours. She is approaching a large white cloud, her body slows down and she enters it and floats down to the surface of this cloud like substance. A glowing light forms above her head and that light forms an eye that opens slowly. She can hear people calling her name, people crying, her mother screaming and sobbing. The eye flashes images; her boyfriend being taken away in handcuffs, a press conference with her family talking, a protest at a city hall in Oakland with people chanting Justice for Breonna Taylor. She can't believe what she is seeing and is searching inside for the feelings of anger and grief but they are gone, she is searching for any emotion and she finds angst, confusion and worry. It's at this moment she realizes that she is no longer on earth, she is no longer human but a spirit. She wants to know what is going on, how she got here, why she is here at all. "I must be dreaming, she says to herself and tries to wake up. But each time she closes her eyes and opens them she is right back in this cloud. If I'm dead then.... She calls for God. The eye closed up and was replaced with the glowing light again. God! She calls again. God where are you? In her mind she says, How in the fuck am I'm dead?" God! She yells. The glowing light flickers and the white light becomes pretty colors flashing until it forms a dark figure that slowly materializes into this giant shiny black woman. God's dress is made of clouds that hang beautifully on her body and move like chiffon. It's almost see through but not completely. What she can see is her face, her long braided hair with gold implements on it and her hands.

When God opened her mouth the sound of ambient music came out with the bass of an 808 drum that sent a vibration through Breonna's body. The words are more like the frequency of tuning forks, tonal changes increase and decrease the vibrations run through Breonna's body. She is amazed that she can understand everything God is saying.

(Translation)

Welcome back Reflection. You are in the Land of Ascension, this is a holding space for the recently transitioned. It is here you will stay until your family has finished your burial rights, after the world finishes their mourning rituals and you have completed your After Earth courses. Classes, I gotta take classes? Why yes Reflection, how are you gonna be a blessing to the living if you don't learn what to do? That living brain is still running things, that will have to shift to be

any good to anybody on this side of existence. First you will take Communicating with the living 101. Then Intro to Answering Prayers, Basic Shape Shifting and lastly Tormenting the Guilty level 1&2. Once you've completed your courses you will be transported to the Angel Academy. Okay okay let me get this straight I'm really dead and now I'm gonna be an Angel why? This is a rare occurrence but not many complete their mission on earth in their first lifetime. This must be rewarded.

There is no need for you to go through the lessons of saving people and correcting missions when you've completed yours. You will serve the afterlife well with what you've already been through. So you're saying after I leave here I'm getting promoted to Angel status? That's exactly what I am saying, Reflection. You made all the good mistakes to get you where you needed to be and you made all the right choices that created the story of your legacy. Sometimes we go to earth to be the lesson, sometimes the blessing. You made sure you were both. I'll let you hang out in Angel Academy for a lil' while. You will enjoy the vibe up there and you will gain the understanding of what happened to you and why.

You'll get to visit family friends while you're there, try not to scare them ok? When your time is up there you'll be transported to the final realm of the ancestors.

You have lots of work to do when you get there.

"I thought when you die you rest in peace?" Breanna asked. The bass drum sounded harder than ever vibrating intensely, lightning struck in a few places. God was laughing. It was that good ol knee slapping kind where if one were human tears would fall and pee would slip from the body uncontrollably but this was God so it was none of that.

Breonna smiled slightly knowing she brought such a joyous ruckus to God. This was a serious question though and she wanted a real answer. She didn't get one just more vibrations, snares, kick drums and ambient sounds trailing off while the sight of God was engulfed with clouds. The End.

Breonna's Dream was written by Bushmama Africa aka Oya Miwa a priestess of Oya. Oya is the Yoruba deity who watches over the dead. Oya essence is our first and last breath on earth, whose home is the marketplace and the gates of the cemetery. She is the owner of the wind, the mother of 9 and the change agent of the world.