

## *Glass Dream* - 3/30/04

I am looking for a place to live on Frank Sinatra's farm (property) – somewhere in the main residences. All the rooms are in various states of disrepair. Then I see one – that looks like it might work. But upon closer inspection – it's in much worse shape than I could deal with (*the scene is in hilly rural country, some trees – cold, wintry snow-covered hills*).

I see another space and go to investigate. It's in a small valley & step into a mound of snow and sink (*unexpectedly*) up to my neck – my mouth. I am encased in snow unable to move. It's cold and the snow is icy, crystalline – that becomes (*or, I as I suddenly realize*) shards of GLASS.

I am bleeding! I call out for help & a woman begins to come towards me to do so. [*I awake upset*]