

## Medium

This vessel is a medium  
One that's moved through the continuum of time  
Through the kiran of reincarnation  
Crashing from wave to wave creating graceful chaos in all my past lifetimes  
It's spirit is known to beings across worlds

This vessel is a medium  
For the unknown to become known  
For feelings not said to be understood  
For tears not yet wept to be kissed  
For pain heard but never said out loud  
This spirit wants you to know that it hears you even when you don't feel like speaking  
That it pays attention to the shift in your brow when you are rattled  
It sees the way you rub your palms when you're anxious yet don't want anyone to know  
It understands that you are human in a world that wants you to be everything but that

This vessel is a medium  
& sometimes it feels as though it is not big enough to contain the calling it comes with  
That it's hands aren't wide enough to carry the weight of oceans it hasn't yet seen  
but will be asked to hold  
That its feet have walked miles on earth scorched by evil but refuse to burn

Boodí roo  
My mother likes to say that I have an old soul  
& this doesn't come as a surprise to me  
because the spirit inhabiting this body has been here  
many many times before  
and I am only the vessel that is it's medium