

# A Spiritual Spirited Visitor

by Rosalie H. Contino, PhD.



The loud, bloodcurdling, swishing, awoke me with a start  
For a moment I thought it was the aorta from my heart!  
Instead, a strange apparition stood before me and smiled,  
“Come, come! Have no fear for I will be with you for awhile.”  
“Who are you?” I asked, scared, trying to be the ultimate, cool  
“A soul to rescue you for being such a godawful fool.”  
“Are one of Charles Dickens’ characters sent to me as a message today?”  
“No, no way from Dickens.” he laughed. “I am not a person of interest as one might say,  
I’m here to scold you as to why do you are continually perplexed, my dear.  
And to make sure that you heed me, as I have stressed, why I am here!”  
Why you inflict such pain on yourself to cause you such mass troubles?  
Wrap them in tin foil and fling them forth - out there and into the rubble.”  
“But,” I protested, “I have a right to achieve all that I strived for and even more!”  
And without haste, a nod of his head, and a flick of his wrist, he flung opened the door,  
“Pshaw! Come quickly, let’s go, for dawn will be upon us.  
“And nothing will be left of me,” he proclaimed sadly. “...except, maybe, some wee dust.”  
Outside, it was a cool, spring night, despite it was late December.  
Glory! This was truly an unusual experience that I could ever remember.  
He saw the great fear in my eyes, as he suddenly raised his arms,  
But the light that came forth, truly an aura, good grief, from those aloof-smooth palms!  
“Who are you?” I sputtered and stuttered, “Why are you here?”  
“Not too much to ...scare you,” he said softly, “but to address and to calm your fears.”  
“Huh? Are you trying to destroy me or de-stress me or to create havoc in my career?”  
“No, my child,” he mused, “but to align your thoughts that are masses of jumbles.  
They’ve become helter-skelter as if caught in a sudden, sales squall of mumbles.”  
“I thought,” I stammered, “I was doing just jim dandy and clever.”  
“No, no not at this rate - you will get nowhere - ever.”  
“Who are you? Why did you pick on me?” I questioned once more.  
“Never has anyone shown such interest to get to my very core.”  
“The Goddess of Extraordinary Visions was concerned for your health.  
She knows you have oodles and oodles stored in your very creative, wealthy belt.”  
“Is she an agent that I have met,” I giggled, “and spoke to before?”  
“Or one that has oft misled me and shown me the door?”  
“No. You cannot see her, but she is confident of your faith,  
And sees that you push, pull, and push too much in haste.  
And nowhere to turn when the numbers are up and/or at stake.”  
“What shall I do - remain calm, and/or do I my dreams forsake?  
Better still, stare into space and wait for a sign that may never come?”  
Now,” I fiddled with my fingers, “give me an answer and no dum-de-dum-dum.”  
“Start at the beginning, when you were young, you loved to sew.”  
“And Mom said that it would never be a go, for she suffered so  
To quit school at 15, and to the factories she went to join the masses  
Who helped support their families, instead of returning to classes.”  
A teacher I became then, pursued a field that would have wishes granted me  
To design and to write, to design and write! Oh joy, for I am creative as I can be.”  
“Your dreams hold true,” he gestured with his hands, “but you must stop and think!”  
“Chill out for awhile,” he giggled, “or your endeavors will land in a basement sink.”  
As I protested and pursued answers once more, my Spirit spritzed away into dust.  
“Well, I certainly learned, to be more selective, for to create more folly is not a plus.”  
I smiled and pondered, “How fortunate was I to be visited by this uplifting, this spirited form,  
Who was tuned in to be so helpful and sadly leave before dawn.”