

The Advent

She came as I stood by the kitchen sink
the impulse of her presence overwhelming
rolling through me like a small tsunami
imprinting her identity on my very soul
shot dead at thirteen under a restaurant table with her father
in Mumbai's Oberoi Hotel thirteen years prior
gone for as many years as she had lived

I never knew her
Her mother had been a special lover long ago
We'd exchange a few emails every few years
She'd written the forward to one of my books
It wasn't her forgotten name she gave me
It was the direct knowledge of her, soul to soul
No words, a brief, half-seen, luminous shadow
the most powerful sense of presence
and the indelible stamp of direct cognition

I'd had direct concourse
with a dozen disincarnates in my life
always clear as day
but not for two decades now
and always the newly departed
though in one case the out-of-body spirit
of a stranger in a coma
and in another, the loved one of a dying man
come to give succor
This was my first returned-to-incarnate

I emailed her mother
Several months prior an intuitive had told her
that Naomi wanted to come back
and would be born to someone close to her
Her niece, Naomi's same age, very close cousin
had gotten married last October
and was now three months pregnant

Maharishi had told us that the soul
often comes into the embryo at three months
to help form and shape certain aspects
I replied informing her of this and with
'it seems to me certain that she is
with her cousin in her embryo now'
What a gift to still have purpose!