

New Age Shamans

They are Anglo,
Swathed in purple shawls,
Purple skirts,
With purple gems at their throats,
Amethysts for protection.

They alight upon the arms of couches,
Primping their violet feathers,
Opening silk squares of cloth
To reveal tarot cards, runes, I-Ching,
Other tools of divination.

Lavender scent permeates the air.
Spirit guides perch on their shoulders
Like gypsy moths. Everyone but me
Can see them, hear them
Whisper secrets in their keepers' ears.

For seventy-five dollars
They will heal you spiritually
For two hours, saying
This does not mean
Your physical health will improve.

These modern shamans explain
Their vibration level is higher than mine—
That's why I can't see the guides.
It makes me feel badly,
That I am so much less than they.

If I ask several to visit me in turn,
Each one has a different prognosis,
A different story,
a different past,
A different warning.

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