

A VOICE WHICH USES NO WORDS: EXCERPT

A Word

"It is we who have put our hands before our eyes and cry that it is dark"

-Vivekananda

Leading up to my thirteenth birthday I wondered how my superpowers would develop. Maybe a near-death experience would bring them out. When I turned thirteen and I wasn't able to fly I felt a little disappointed. I quickly realized a lot of people don't get their powers until they're eighteen. Five more years in anticipation lead to another disappointing birthday. Maybe twenty-one would be the year, I thought, fully aware that this was steadily becoming ridiculous.

When I was small, smaller than I am now, I would walk through crowds in sheer terror. Everything was warped and intensified. Someone looking at me from across the room felt as if they were up against my nose. I felt. I felt deeply what everyone around me was feeling. Any apprehension, anger, uneasiness, fear, or depression was absorbed by my little arms and hands. I had a firm grip on feelings too big for my little pink fingers.

I felt all those grown-up feelings, swirling around me like a wind made up of woe and tumultuousness. It whipped around and smacked me right in my baby teeth. Every muscle in my body would tense and reject.

I was sensitive. I could only fix my eyes to the ground and hide behind my parents. I felt all these grown-up feelings as my own. I didn't know they weren't my feelings to carry.

I found myself hiding in my room most days, afraid of the outside world and all its swirling energies. It was years before I realized that being sensitive was not a terrible curse but a responsibility. A responsibility, that with some practice and control could become like a real-life superpower.

With control and direction, this sensitivity could become something closer to intuition. I could feel what people were feeling. All I had to do was remember that what I was feeling didn't belong to me. If I could do that I would have a sense of anyone I walked past. If I spent more time with someone, I could feel where they were emotionally; how they were feeling about themselves, their lives, their relationships.

I only felt these things vaguely, in the way, you sense something in a dream. You know without any immediate evidence in a dream. You just know. That's how I was able to feel what someone in front of me was feeling. But I had no language to communicate it with. I searched for a way to frame my feelings in a beautiful and productive way.

In giving an intuitive reading I was able to turn my feelings into visual stories, metaphors, and iconographic poems. With the format of an intuitive reading, my intuition was given a language to speak. My intuition was supplied a translator and an advocate. My intuition was given a stage to affect individuals and crowds. I was no longer walking looking at the ground. I was walking looking at the sky. I had found my superpower.

Wut?

But what the hell is intuition? It's more of a feeling than a thing. A memory than a definition. Intuition has directed so much of my life. From the decisions I've made, to the work I do now as an intuitive reader. But what the hell is it? I'm not so sure.

The early use of the word comes from the Latin root *intueri* or "to consider." It generally had an association with spiritual consideration, meditation, and contemplation. Usually contemplation on a spiritual ideal. So at its very root, intuition is about connecting to something beyond yourself— whether you call it God the universe, spirit, some esoteric force, or simply the world of symbol.

Beyond contemplation, intuition is a means of connection to another human being. A way to direct their path. I'm still not entirely sure. That's part of the value and the beauty of intuition. Intuition is the freedom to not be sure and in that uncertainty, in that yielding, to be clearer, more connected and more directed than any amount of certainty can ever offer.

Intuition has become a compass, map, and spiritual practice. It's a way of living. A way of seeing. Seeing with inner feeling. It's a way of hearing a voice. It's a way of listening to a voice. A voice inside all of us, and yet completely outside. A voice which uses no words.

Another Word

The best way for me to talk about intuition is to show you how I use it. For a long time, I resisted intuition as a true and formal tool. I have since found it my most cherished companion.

My intuition was like a friend I always had but often ignored. I've found only good things through my intuition. I've faced only bad things when I've neglected it. I am stunned whenever I use it.

I still remember my first intuitive reading. It was at a house party in Woodstock, New York. I looked at a woman I was working with, standing in front of a room of people. I felt three ideas enter my mind. Energy, Valentines' Day, aneurysm. I hesitantly accepted what my intuition had to offer and did my best to work with it.

"Something happened recently. Maybe something medical? It happened around or on Valentine's Day. It may have had to do with your romantic life in some way. Ultimately

this event had you begin to reconsider how you spend your energy and your time. Does that make sense?”

She looked at me in stunned silence and said: “Yes.” I was pleasantly surprised. In my excitement, I asked if she would share more with the group. She told us that on Valentine’s Day she had a breast cancer scare, and had to go to the hospital to check everything out. She was ultimately okay, but it made her begin to question how she spent her time and with whom she spent it.

I heard waves of gasps and nervous laughter sweep the room. I was as shocked as the rest of the crowd. I knew from that moment on, there would be no turning back. Intuition was here to stay.

The Very Best Nature

I came to give intuitive readings by leaning into something I’ve often found troubling; psychic readings. The general format has taken a profound hold on me though. Sitting down with someone and clearing a pathway in their life that’s light-filled and hopeful is a beautiful way to spend time.

Intuitive readings have shown me people’s best qualities. People laugh, cry, and then begin glowing. I’ve seen so much tenderness, humanity, and authenticity in everyone I’ve ever given a reading for. I imagine those qualities lie in waiting within all of us.

What follows is a composite of real readings I’ve had with real people, as well as real conversations I’ve had in the past. I’ve left out certain details, as well as names for the sake of privacy.