

THE MEDIUM

Into her crystal ball the Medium peered
Through swirling fogs of paranormal haze,
To witness when the mists of time had cleared
A Millennium approach its final days:
One thousand years within the crystal blazed
From start to end most vividly it burned
Of famine, plague and war, on which she gazed
Relieved the years that passed could not return.
Relieved as well to see, or so she thought
That Man might learn the lessons time had taught.

Through timeless mists again her crystal plumbed
With visions of the future flashing fast,
Till in the trance to which she had succumbed
Another thousand years before her passed.
When to the end of these she came at last
She saw through swirling fogs a figure stir
Of another medium gazing back aghast
On a thousand years that were the past to her,
Relieved to think those days for Man had gone –
The famine, plague and war she gazed upon.