

Break Your Own Magic

I met Clio on a balmy Los Angeles afternoon. As I strolled down the street with my best friend (whom I tragically had an enormous crush on), we were approached by a beautiful woman with long dark hair wearing a flowy white dress, winged black eyeliner, and one precisely placed jewel at the outside corner of each sparkling eye.

“Oh my gosh it’s SO great to run into you!” She exclaimed with a big smile as she hugged my friend James. “I was just thinking about you! I’m so glad I came out of the house today, I was just returning these shoes I bought the other day — can you believe they sent me the wrong sized left shoe? What a beautiful coincidence to run into you!”

As the two old friends caught up on a busy Echo Park sidewalk, I smiled while avoiding busy pedestrians until I was pulled into the conversation.

“I really need a graphic designer.” Clio sighed. Her face is adorned with a permanent smile that is warm and endlessly curious. “I’ve been trying to build my website for months and I just can’t do it myself!”

James’s already wide eyes lit up. “Leslie’s a graphic designer! You two should *totally* get together.”

Clio and I exchanged numbers and marveled at the serendipity of our meeting. The universe had brought us together, our spirits connected by the thread of chance. It was *magic*.

The afternoon shimmered. I was already feeling high from walking around town making great conversation with my bestie/crush, and now we had just had a magical encounter with a beautiful and ethereal soul. *It was all meant to be.*

I visited Clio’s “office” a few weeks later. In exchange for helping her get her website together, she offered me one of her signature services. As she expertly pulled card after card from an ornately backed deck, she closed her eyes at first, taking deep breaths, then squinted at me to get a better look at my “spirit.” She said she saw true love in my future, that I would find someone who perfectly balanced out all my weird insecurities and made the hard times worth it. She predicted that great things were finally about to drop. “Heck yeah,” I thought, even though I only half believed it.

She ended the session with a crystal healing method she had developed herself. I held some droplets of floral essence under my tongue while doing visualization exercises, and she placed crystals all over my body and started to chant in a language I couldn’t identify.

I tried hard to see *something*, and maybe I did. What I saw wasn't all that interesting — I had a vision of a building and a parking lot, I think. But I tried to make the most of it by attaching some significance to it. Maybe this is a building where someday I'll have a brick and mortar store. Or this could be the site of my dojo when I finally feel good enough to teach kids martial arts.

At the end of the session, Clio said she saw the spirit of the red-tailed hawk in my energy, and that I should consider it my spirit animal. She also suggested I get in touch with my divine feminine energy. I nodded blankly, having no clue what "divine feminine" even meant.

After my encounter with the enchanting mystic, Clio, I found myself expectantly waiting for great things to happen. Just as I had met her in all her sparkling glory by chance on a street, I hoped that by the same kind of chance I would find someone who loved me for who I was, or that my business would improve.

Each chance encounter became saturated with potential and heavy with meaning. I gushed about how much my acquaintances meant to me and how uncanny it was that we had met by chance in this vast and incomprehensible universe.

If you had asked me about the significance of stars, numbers, or spirit animals a few years prior, I would have scoffed at you. But there was something about *that moment* that made me want to believe. I bought my own set of tarot cards, curious as to how they worked. I read about astrology and even got a tattoo of the twelfth and twentieth hexagrams of the I Ching after getting a coin toss read by a part-time pilates instructor in Santa Monica.

Did great things happen? Were my chance encounters actually meaningful?

Honestly, I don't know. I made sure to notice the hawks and regularly read my horoscopes. That summer, the sunlight glittered a little more than it had before, but I also strangely suffered from more anxiety. I guess I got some much-needed general life advice from the mystics of Los Angeles — but who *wouldn't* benefit from being told to take better care of herself and stop getting in her own way?

After a few months of my wanderings into the holographic landscape of woo-woo spirituality, I finally broke the shiny disco ball that had been spinning around in my head. Sure, the effect it had on the room around me was dreamy, but the truth is, the main lights were turned off.

An obvious realization struck me: You can't make progress in the dark.

I decided I would take action instead of waiting for progress to happen to me. It was only after taking classes about ecommerce that my business improved. I reached out for mentorship and found that I already had experienced minds in my network that I just needed to tap into. I stopped thinking about how precious every chance encounter was and focused on real relationships.

In time, I even found true love.

Do I need more at the end? Is this an ok ending point?