

“So many things in this world are cracked and sad, and still a flowing shows through and moments come when everything is lit and love happens. Every tree stands where it belongs, each bird has perfect feathers folded against its tiny body, each holding a heart beating madly. Life is a vibration of light and dark, and love illuminates that life. Then darkness descends and your heart is ripped apart. So that is part of it, a requirement of the miracle. Death stays, lurking in the shadow of beauty. In the bargain life both has meaning and has none.

Not many things one can make better, not many things one can change. And yet...and yet...sparks of possibility still shoot out. Unasked for, they come and randomly fly up.”

From: *Thirty Girls* by Susan Minot

## THE GUEST HOUSE

This being human is a guest house.  
Every morning a new arrival.  
A joy, a depression, a meanness,  
some momentary awareness comes  
as an unexpected visitor.  
Welcome and entertain them all!  
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,  
who violently sweep your house  
empty of its furniture,  
still, treat each guest honorably.  
He may be clearing you out  
for some new delight.  
The dark thought, the shame, the malice.  
meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.  
Be grateful for whatever comes.  
because each has been sent  
as a guide from beyond.

-- Jelaluddin Rumi, translation by Coleman Barks