

Everything is Waiting for You by David Whyte

Your great mistake is to act the drama as if you were alone.

As if life were a progressive and cunning crime
with no witness to the tiny hidden transgressions.

To feel abandoned is to deny the intimacy of your surroundings.

Surely, even you, at times, have felt the grand array;
the swelling presence, and the chorus, crowding out your solo voice

You must note the way the soap dish enables you,
or the window latch grants you freedom.

Alertness is the hidden discipline of familiarity.

The stairs are your mentor of things to come,
the doors have always been there
to frighten you and invite you,

and the tiny speaker in the phone is your dream-ladder to divinity.

Put down the weight of your aloneness and ease into the conversation.

The kettle is singing even as it pours you a drink,
the cooking pots have left their arrogant aloofness and seen the good in you at last.

All the birds and creatures of the world are unutterably themselves.

Everything is waiting for you.

~*~

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