

You begin to see more,
You begin to hear more,

And you begin to feel more,
As you come to wanting to.

I am not content with being stupid
In the ways that I am,

But as I quit condemning, I quit hiding,
I quit confusing and confounding.

I am coming to regard
This foolish wretched me

With concern and with compassion.

And as I do, I see
Everything and everyone

In a different light.

One might call that light
A higher form of intelligence.

Passage

s e v e n t y - e i g h t

A Higher Form of Intelligence

None of us are deliberately stupid,
But all of us are stupid in some ways.

I have my strengths,
But I am stupid in more ways than most.

There is not just the fear of failure.

There are the consequences of it
And there is the shame.

I understand these things
In feeling ways and knowing

In the only way one can.

I know what it is like
To look foolish,

And to be foolish,
Time and time again.

I know what it is like
To look stupid,

And to be stupid,
Time and time again.

It is bad,
But there are worse things.

There is being hard on things
That cannot be helped.

There is beating on
The beaten down.

A person who would be hard
On things that cannot be helped,

A person who would beat on
The beaten down, is stupid

About himself and others.

That is not a condemnation,
But a compassionate observation

Regarding things that cannot be helped.

If I am unkind, it does not matter much
What else I am, because I am stupid,

Because I am oblivious
To things central and important.

Sensitivity is the result of caring.

One does not start with understanding.
Understanding comes last.

One starts with caring about.