

There is striving to be better
For the benefit of all

In the midst of and in spite of
One's own unworthiness.

There are the fruits
Of genuine concern

And the gratitude
One feels for them.

Love does not command.

It speaks to in ways
One only can who listens first

And hears.

Love does not manipulate.

It wants what is best for.
It calls forth what is best for,

And what is best in us answers.

Passage

s e v e n t y - s i x

Answers

I thought there were questions
I needed answers to,

But I am finding
Something more important.

I have found it in my hands
As I have opened them

And looked at what is there
More gently.

What shrinks from a judge
And a master over,

Opens to warmth and light.

There had long been a part of me

Cowering in fear and shame,
Hiding from the part of me

That looks on with disdain.

I had felt the rumblings
And I had heard the cursing,

But I had not really known
What the fighting was about.

I know now I was afraid to really look
Because of how I looked.

When one sees the symptoms
Of an illness, what is one to do?

What if the illness
Is a self-destructive one,

An illness of your own making?

You can look upon with disdain,
And be completely justified in doing so.

You can be a judge,
With rightness on your side,

Correct in your condemnations.

Verdicts are the logical conclusions
Of what leads to them,

But there are other things.

There is humility
And the seeing and the feeling

It makes possible.

There is seeking
After warmth and light

To the point one must become
A source of them.