

There are no enemies here.

There are only those in need
And those who can help.

We are all in this together.

There is no place else
For us to go,

But more fully here
And better for us all.

How will we transform the world?

I cannot say, exactly,
But the course of love is clear,

And I know there is no other way.

Love goes ahead and tries to help,
In spite of all uncertainties,

And in so doing, shows itself.

Passage

e i g h t y - t w o

In the Real World

This is a hard time again
In dealing with business matters,

But it is my business now
And I deal with things as I think best.

It seems, sometimes,
Like I cannot buy or sell a thing,

But in more important ways,
I am far from empty-handed.

I can get angry and impatient,
Confused and uncertain,

But I have a place to turn
And a place that I return to.

Years from now,
These troubles will not matter,

Except in how I handled them.

And I will have this then,
In which I have laid up my treasures

And offered them as gifts to you.

The material is less substantial
Than we are used to thinking,

And the spiritual, more concrete.

How we are is all we truly have,
And each other.

This does not make us poor,
But rich beyond all measure,

For we are sources, not receptacles.

If I only wrote
What I was certain of and perfect,

I know very little would be written.

But in the course of these ramblings on
And this going ahead,

There are arrivals at
I could never have foreseen.

We cannot anticipate,
Except in vague imaginings,

The fulfillment and the joy
Of our arrivals at these ways of being

These are not brought to us.
We come to them.

We come to shine
In the midst of darkness

And for its benefit.