

Growth takes time.

It is such a simple thought,
And yet, it is so central.

We are beings
Who are becoming,

Not machines
In need of fixing.

We strike in at ourselves
And out at others

Because we know no better,
Because we are no better.

That is not a condemnation,

But a compassionate
Observation.

One might say that
Becoming more compassionate

Is like becoming more intelligent,
Because both could be said

To take more and more into account, as they grow.

Passage

e i g h t y

It Changes Everything

When things get hard,
They are not in abstract ways.

They are in concrete.

I still have a condition
That is rightly called

An attention deficit disorder.

I am often absent-minded
And forgetful.

I was reminded of this
Just the other day.

The open question is not
How could I be so stupid?

Because I know the answer to that.

The open question is
How do I regard the fact

That I can be so stupid?

How understanding am I?
How compassionate?

How critical? How condemning?

What do the answers
To those questions
Say about me?

What do I say about that?

Is this preoccupation
With things that do not really matter?

This is where I meet
And how I face.

This is how I am
To myself and others.

What could be more central?
What could be more important?

Or more concrete?

I am not overlooking
Or looking past.

I am accepting what is,
As it is, including when I do not.

It is me who changes, not things,

But when I change,
It changes everything.