

The finding of compassion  
Is a changing in regard,

Away from *shoulds* and *shouldn'ts*  
Toward acceptance of what is.

You stop saying to yourself,  
*I should* or *shouldn't feel*.

You stop thinking to yourself,  
*They should* or *shouldn't be*.

And you begin to see  
*The whys*, instead.

Things begin to seem, somehow,  
More flexible and responsive,

As you become, somehow,  
More flexible and responsive,

More sensitive and feeling.

Passage

*s e v e n t y - s e v e n*

*Our Horizons*

I fall short every day  
Of what I want to be.

It would only be sad  
If this were not so.

We are trying to be better

Or we are giving up,  
More and more each day.

I fall short of the progress  
I want to make each day,

As my horizons grow.

Each day I discover  
I have farther to go

Than I knew the day before.

This is not discouraging.

Discouragement is thinking  
There is no place left to go.

These "places" we are going  
Are actually ways we are going,

Ways we are coming to be.

If we are making progress,  
We are becoming better

Toward and for each other.

There is nobility in this,

For nobility is not realized  
As an ultimate achievement,

But in our strivings to be better,  
In spite of all our failings.

You reach a point  
Of just a few things left

You are withholding  
Your compassion from

In those around you  
And in yourself.

As you find compassion  
For those things too,

Things begin to seem,  
In some way, more transparent,

And you begin to see  
What is behind them.