

The Guest House

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.
A joy, a depression, a meanness,
Some momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.
Welcome and entertain them all.
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,
Who violently sweep your house empty of its furniture.
Still treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out for some new delight.
The dark thought, the shame, the malice.
Meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.
Be grateful for whatever comes
Because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.

-Rumi