



## Everything Is Waiting For You, by David Whyte

Your great mistake is to act the drama  
Â as if you were alone. As if life  
Â were a progressive and cunning crime  
Â with no witness to the tiny hidden  
Â transgressions. To feel abandoned is to deny  
Â the intimacy of your surroundings. Surely,  
Â even you, at times, have felt the grand array;  
Â the swelling presence, and the chorus, crowding  
Â out your solo voice. You must note  
Â the way the soap dish enables you,  
Â or the window latch grants you freedom.  
Â Alertness is the hidden discipline of familiarity.  
Â The stairs are your mentor of things  
Â to come, the doors have always been there  
Â to frighten you and invite you,  
Â and the tiny speaker in the phone  
Â is your dream-ladder to divinity.

Put down the weight of your aloneness and ease into the  
Â conversation. The kettle is singing  
Â even as it pours you a drink, the cooking pots  
Â have left their arrogant aloofness and  
Â seen the good in you at last. All the birds  
Â and creatures of the world are unutterably  
Â themselves. Everything is waiting for you.