



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.