

It's rigged—everything—in your favor,
So there is nothing to worry about.

Is there some position you want?
Some office, some acclaim, some aware,
Some one, some lover,
Maybe two, maybe three, maybe four—all at once?
Maybe a relationship with God?

I know there is a gold mine
In your.
When you find it
The wonderment of the
Earth's gifts you will lay
Aside as naturally as does a
Child a doll.

But, dear, how sweet you look
To me kissing the unreal.
Comfort, fulfill yourself in
Any way possible -
Do that until you ache,
until you ache. Then come to me again.

Rumi (1207-1273)

