

You are sitting in a wagon being drawn by a horse whose reins
you hold.

There are two inside of you who can steer,
Though most never hand the reins to Me,
So they go from place to place the best they can,
Though rarely happy.



And rarely does their whole body laugh
Feeling God's poke
In the ribs.

If you feel tired, dear,
My shoulder is soft.

I'd be glad to
Steer awhile.

Kabir (1440-1518)