

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 comforts.
Still, treat each guest honorably
He may be cleaning 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 whoever comes
Because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.

Rumi (1207-1273)

