This being human is a guesthouse. Every morning a new arrival. A joy, a depression, a meaness. 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 furniture, still treat each guest honourably. They may be clearing 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 whatever comes, because each has been sent as a guide from beyond.

From Say I am You; Poems of Rumi
by JM Coleman Barks

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