Your Grief For What You've Lost Holds A Mirror

Your grief for what you've lost holds a mirror
Up to where you're bravely working.
Expecting the worst, you look and instead,
Here's the joyful face you've been wanting to see.
Your hand opens and closes and opens and closes.
If it were always a fist or always stretched open,
You would be paralyzed.
Your deepest presence is in every small contracting and expanding
The two as beautifully balanced and coordinated
As bird wings.

by Jalaluddin Rumi

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