THE GUEST HOUSE by Rumi

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, depression, a meanness,
Some momentary awareness comes
As an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,
Who sweep your house
Empty of its furniture.

Still, treat each guest honorably.
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 whoever comes,
Because each has been sent
As a guide.