



Of Joy And Sorrow

Your joy is your sorrow
unmasked.

And the selfsame well from
which your laughter rises was
oftentimes filled with your
And how else can it be?
The deeper that sorrow carves
into your being, the more joy you
can contain.

Is not the cup that hold your wine
the very cup that was burned in
the potter's oven?
And is not the lute that soothes
your spirit, the very wood that
was hollowed with
knives?

When you are joyous, look deep
into your heart and you shall find
it is only that which
has given you sorrow that is
giving you joy.

When you are sorrowful look
again in your heart, and you shall
see that in truth you
are weeping for that which has
been your delight.

Some of you say, —Joy is
greater than sorrow, and others
say, —Nay, sorrow is the

greater. But I say unto you, they
are inseparable.

Together they come, and when
one sits alone with you at your
board, remember that
the other is asleep upon your
bed.

Verily you are suspended like
scales between your sorrow and
your joy.

Only when you are empty are
you at standstill and balanced.
When the treasure-keeper lifts
you to weigh his gold and his
silver, needs must your
joy or your sorrow rise or fall.



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