



On Pain

Your pain is the breaking of the shell
that encloses your
understanding.
Even as the stone of the fruit
must break, that its
heart may stand in the sun, so
must you know pain.
And could you keep your heart in
wonder
at the daily miracles of your life,
your pain
would not seem less wondrous
than your joy;
And you would accept the
seasons of your
heart, even as you have always
accepted
the seasons that pass over your
fields.
And you would watch with
serenity
through the winters of your grief.
Much of your pain is self-chosen.
It is the bitter potion by which the
physician within you heals your
sick self.
Therefore trust the physician,
and drink

his remedy in silence and
tranquility:
For his hand, though heavy and
hard, is guided
by the tender hand of the
Unseen,
And the cup he brings, though it
burn your lips,
has been fashioned of the clay
which the Potter
has moistened with His own
sacred tears.



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