

## *Take Care*

In the journey to the light,  
the dark moments  
should not threaten.

Belief  
requires  
that you hold steady.

Bend, if you will,  
with the wind.

The tree is your teacher,  
roots at once  
more firm  
from experience  
in the soil  
made fragile.

Your gentle dew will come  
and a stirring  
of power  
to go on  
towards the space  
of sharing.

In the misery of the I,  
in rage,  
it is easy to cry out  
against all others  
but to weaken  
is to die

in the misery of knowing  
the journey abandoned  
towards the sharing  
of all human hope  
and cries  
is the loss  
of all we know  
of the divine  
reclaimed  
for our shared  
humanity.

Hold firm.  
Take care.  
Come home  
together.