

The Invitation - by Oriah Mountain Dreamer

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.
I want to know
what you ache for, and
if you dare to dream of meeting your hearts longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are.
I want to know
if you will risk looking like a fool
for love,
for your dreams,
for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.
I want to know
if you have touched the center of your own sorrow,
if you have been opened by life's betrayals or
have become shriveled and closed from fear of further pain.

I want to know
if you can sit with pain,
mine or your own,
without having to hide it or fade it or fix it.

I want to know
if you can be with joy
mine or your own,
if you can dance with wildness and
let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes
without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, or to
remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story your telling me is true.
I want to know
if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself;
if you can bear the accusation of betrayal
and not betray your own soul.

I want to know
if you can be faithful and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know
if you can see beauty even when it is not pretty every day, and
if you can source your life from God's presence.

I want to know
if you can live with failures, your and mine,
and still stand on the edge of the lake and
shout to the silver of the moon, "Yes"!

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money
you have.

I want to know
if you can get up after a night of grief and despair,
weary and bruised to the bone,
and do what needs to be done for the children.

It doesn't interest me who you are, how you came to be here,
I want to know
if you will stand in the center of the fire with me and
not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what you have studied.
I want to know
what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.

I want to know
if you can be alone with yourself, and
if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.