

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 heart's 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, 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, to be realistic, or to remember the limitations of
being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you're 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 be trustworthy.

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 the 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 or with whom 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.

(Indian Elder)