

This is the time to be slow,
Lie low to the wall
Until the bitter weather passes.

Try as best you can, not to let
The wire brush of doubt
Scrape from your heart
All sense of yourself
And your hesitant light.

If you remain generous
Time will come good,
And you will find your feet
Again on fresh pastures of promise
Where the air will be kind
And blushed with beginning.

John O'Donohue To Bless the Space Between Us