

At the heart of your heart
make a circle.

Invite all the bits of yourself
to come, sit by the fire.

This pressure in the chest,
That heat spreading through the cheeks,

This feeling of numbness,
That feeling of rage,

The thought that says, "They're jerks,"
The thought that says, "I'm nobody,"

The need to be understood,
That yearning to be loved,

And the orphans peering in, noses pressed against the cold window,
And the shadows lumbering in the basement closet,

Invite them, too, for there is space for them and more:
You are big.

You are more than the pounding in the temples--
It doesn't overwhelm you.

You are larger than the thought, "I'm worthless."
It doesn't consume you.

And if it does? And if it does?

Invite Overwhelm into the circle,
Make a place for Despair.

And notice how you know to hold Overwhelm in your arms,
and Despair in steady embrace.

Cast no part of yourself away,
and being whole,
find all humanity joining you in the circle of your heart.

~Lucy Leu