

The Door of Compassion

Do not say that I'll depart tomorrow
Because even today I still arrive.

Look deeply: I arrive in every second
To be a bud on a spring branch,
To be a tiny bird, with wings still
fragile,
Learning to sing in my new nest,
To be a caterpillar in the heart of a
flower,
To be a jewel hiding itself in a stone.

I still arrive, in order to laugh and to
cry,
In order to fear and to hope.
The rhythm of my heart is the birth and
death of all that are alive.

I am the mayfly metamorphosing on
the surface of the river,
And I am the bird which, when spring
comes, arrives in time to eat the mayfly.

I am the frog swimming happily in the
clear pond,
And I am also the grass-snake who,
approaching in silence, feeds itself on
the frog.

I am the child in Uganda all skin and
bones,
My legs as thin as bamboo sticks,
And I am the arms merchant, selling
deadly weapons to Uganda.

I am the twelve-year-old girl, refugee
on a small boat,
Who throws herself into the ocean after
being raped by a sea pirate,
I am the pirate, my heart not yet
capable of seeing and loving.

I am a member of the politburo, with
plenty of power in my hands,
And I am the man who has to pay his
"debt of blood" to my people,
Dying slowly in a forced labor camp.

My joy is like spring, so warm it makes
flowers bloom in all walks of life.
My pain is like a river of tears, so full
it fills the four oceans.

Please call me by my true names,
So I can hear all my cries and laughs at
once,
So I can see that my joy and pain are
one.

Please call me by my true names,
So I can wake up,
And so the door of my heart can be
left open,
The door of compassion

Thich Nhat Hanh