

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt – blessed illusion! –
there was a beehive in my heart.
And the golden bees
were making white wax
and sweet honey
from my old bitterness.

- *Antonio Machado*

Close

Keep it close,
that moment when your heart tugs
and your eyes well.

To feel the world's sorrow
is also to feel its joy.
Allow moments to expand
to hold all they have to show us.

Slow your step,
so the ground where you are
can be washed by your tears.

Then watch,
as the slow pale light that follows
deepens
and the whole world sparkles,
like sunshine after rain.

- *Rachel Holstead*