

I am learning to sit with not knowing.

Even when my restless mind begins jumping

From a worried

What next,

To a frightened

What if,

To a hard edged and impatient,

Why aren't you already there?

I'm learning to sit and listen

To pat myself on the knee,

Lay my hand on my heart,

Take another deep breath,

Laugh at myself,

Befriend my mistakes,

Especially the ones,

That show me how,

I most need to change.

I'm learning to sit with whatever comes

Even though I'm a hopeless planner,

Because so much of this life

Can't be measured or predicted

Or evenly portioned.

Because wonder and suffering visit

When we least expect

And rarely

In equal measure.

I'm learning to sit with what

I might never know

Might never learn

Might never heal

With what might waltz in and surprise me

Might nudge me into the risky business of growing

Might crash into my days

With unspeakable sorrow

Or uncontrollable delight.

I'm learning to sit

With not knowing.

Carrie Newcomer