

I am here because there is no refuge,
finally from myself.

Until I confront myself in the eyes
and hearts of others, I am running.

Until I suffer them to know my secrets,
I have no safety from them.

Afraid to be known,
I can know neither myself nor any other,
I will be alone.

Where else but in our common ground,
can I find such a mirror?

Here, together, I can at last appear clearly to myself,
not as a giant of my dreams, nor the dwarf of my fears,
but as a person, part of the whole,
with my share in its purpose.

In this ground I can take root and grow,
not alone any more, as in death,
but alive to myself and to others