

In My Pieces I Find Myself

I am a city by the sea
sinking into a toxic tide.

I am strange to myself, as though someone unknown
had poisoned my mother as she carried me.

It's here in all the pieces of my shame
that now I find myself again.

I yearn to belong to something, to be contained
in an all-embracing oneness that sees me
as a single thing.

I yearn to be held
in the great heart –
oh, let it take me.

Into it I surrender my life,
to use me however it wants.

- Rilke from Book of Hours, translated by Anita Barrow & Joanna Macy, edits by Lyn