

# Bird Wings

*by Rumi*

Your grief for what you've lost  
lifts a mirror up to  
where you're bravely working.

Expecting the worst, you look,  
and instead,  
here's the joyful face  
you've been wanting to see.

Your hand opens and closes  
and opens and closes.  
If it were always a fist  
or always stretched open,  
you would be paralyzed.

Your deepest presence is in  
every small contracting and expanding,  
The two as beautifully balanced  
and coordinated as birdwings.