{"type": "poem", "author": "Danush Lameris", "text": "I\u2019ve been thinking about the way, when you walk\ndown a crowded aisle, people pull in their legs\nto let you by. Or how strangers still say \u201cbless you\u201d\nwhen someone sneezes, a leftover\nfrom the Bubonic plague. \u201cDon\u2019t die,\u201d we are saying.\nAnd sometimes, when you spill lemons\nfrom your grocery bag, someone else will help you\npick them up. Mostly, we don\u2019t want to harm each other.\nWe want to be handed our cup of coffee hot,\nand to say thank you to the person handing it. To smile\nat them and for them to smile back. For the waitress\nto call us honey when she sets down the bowl of clam chowder,\nand for the driver in the red pick-up truck to let us pass.\nWe have so little of each other, now. So far\nfrom tribe and fire. Only these brief moments of exchange.\nWhat if they are the true dwelling of the holy, these\nfleeting temples we make together when we say, \u201cHere,\nhave my seat,\u201d \u201cGo ahead\u2014you first,\u201d \u201cI like your hat.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Naomi Shihab Nye", "text": "Before you know what kindness really is\nyou must lose things,\nfeel the future dissolve in a moment\nlike salt in a weakened broth.\nWhat you held in your hand,\nwhat you counted and carefully saved,\nall this must go so you know\nhow desolate the landscape can be\nbetween the regions of kindness.\nHow you ride and ride\nthinking the bus will never stop,\nthe passengers eating maize and chicken\nwill stare out the window forever.\nBefore you learn the tender gravity of kindness\nyou must travel where the Indian in a white poncho\nlies dead by the side of the road.\nYou must see how this could be you,\nhow he too was someone\nwho journeyed through the night with plans\nand the simple breath that kept him alive.\nBefore you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,\nyou must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.\nYou must wake up with sorrow.\nYou must speak to it till your voice\ncatches the thread of all sorrows\nand you see the size of the cloth.\nThen it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,\nonly kindness that ties your shoes\nand sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,\nonly kindness that raises its head\nfrom the crowd of the world to say\nIt is I you have been looking for,\nand then goes with you everywhere\nlike a shadow or a friend."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "https://www.instagram.com/reel/DNtNSwyVImx/?igsh=ZGUzMzM3NWJiOQ%3D%3D"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "James Wright", "text": "Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,\nTwilight bounds softly forth on the grass.\nAnd the eyes of those two Indian ponies\nDarken with kindness.\nThey have come gladly out of the willows\nTo welcome my friend and me.\nWe step over the barbed wire into the pasture\nWhere they have been grazing all day, alone.\nThey ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness\u00a0 \u00a0 \nThat we have come.\nThey bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.\nThere is no loneliness like theirs.\u00a0 \u00a0 \nAt home once more,\nThey begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.\u00a0 \u00a0 \nI would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,\nFor she has walked over to me\u00a0 \u00a0 \nAnd nuzzled my left hand.\u00a0 \u00a0 \nShe is black and white,\nHer mane falls wild on her forehead,\nAnd the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear\nThat is delicate as the skin over a girl\u2019s wrist.\nSuddenly I realize\nThat if I stepped out of my body I would break\nInto blossom."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Wendell Berry", "text": "When despair for the world grows in me\nand I wake in the night at the least sound\nin fear of what my life and my children\u2019s lives may be,\nI go and lie down where the wood drake\nrests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.\nI come into the peace of wild things\nwho do not tax their lives with forethought\nof grief. I come into the presence of still water.\nAnd I feel above me the day-blind stars\nwaiting with their light. For a time\nI rest in the grace of the world, and am free."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Jack Gilbert", "text": "Sorrow everywhere. Slaughter everywhere. If babies\nare not starving someplace, they are starving\nsomewhere else. With flies in their nostrils.\nBut we enjoy our lives because that's what God wants.\nOtherwise the mornings before summer dawn would not\nbe made so fine. The Bengal tiger would not\nbe fashioned so miraculously well. The poor women\nat the fountain are laughing together between\nthe suffering they have known and the awfulness\nin their future, smiling and laughing while somebody\nin the village is very sick. There is laughter\nevery day in the terrible streets of Calcutta,\nand the women laugh in the cages of Bombay.\nIf we deny our happiness, resist our satisfaction,\nwe lessen the importance of their deprivation.\nWe must risk delight. We can do without pleasure,\nbut not delight. Not enjoyment. We must have\nthe stubbornness to accept our gladness in the ruthless\nfurnace of this world. To make injustice the only\nmeasure of our attention is to praise the Devil.\nIf the locomotive of the Lord runs us down,\nwe should give thanks that the end had magnitude.\nWe must admit there will be music despite everything.\nWe stand at the prow again of a small ship\nanchored late at night in the tiny port\nlooking over to the sleeping island: the waterfront\nis three shuttered caf\u00e9s and one naked light burning.\nTo hear the faint sound of oars in the silence as a rowboat\ncomes slowly out and then goes back is truly worth\nall the years of sorrow that are to come."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Robert Frost", "text": "Some say the world will end in fire,\nSome say in ice.\nFrom what I\u2019ve tasted of desire\nI hold with those who favor fire.\nBut if it had to perish twice,\nI think I know enough of hate\nTo say that for destruction ice\nIs also great\nAnd would suffice."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cPower tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men, even when they exercise influence and not authority; still more when you superadd the tendency of the certainty of corruption by authority.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cAuthority that does not exist for Liberty is not authority but force.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cEverybody likes to get as much power as circumstances allow, and nobody will vote for a self-denying ordinance.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cBy liberty I mean the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes is his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cThe common vice of democracy is disregard for morality.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cFor it is a most striking thing that the views of pure democracy...were almost entirely unrepresented in [the American] convention.\u201d\u00a0"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cIn England Parliament is above the law. In America the law is above Congress.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cThe great novelty of the American Constitution was that it imposed checks on the representatives of the people.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lord Acton", "text": "\u201cThere could never be a revolution less provoked by oppression than America. Thenceforth the right of a nation to judge for itself could not be denied.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arthur Schopenhauer", "text": "\u201cIf a large diamond is cut up into pieces, it immediately loses its value as a whole; or if an army is scattered or divided into small bodies, it loses all its power; and in the same way a great intellect has no more power than an ordinary one as soon as it is interrupted, disturbed, distracted, or diverted.\u201d\u200b"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kay Redfield Jamison", "text": "No amount of love can cure madness or unblacken one\u2019s dark moods. Love can help, it can make the pain more tolerable, but, always, one is beholden to medication that may or may not always work and may or may not be bearable."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charles Dickens, Great Expectations", "text": "Suffering has been stronger than all other teaching.\u00a0"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Don\u2019t leave anything for later.\n\nLater, the coffee gets cold\nLater, you lose interest.\nLater, the day turns to night.\u00a0\nLater, people grow up.\nLater, people grow old.\nLater, life goes by.\u00a0\n\nLater, you regret not doing\nSomething when you had the\u00a0\nChance to.\u00a0"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Aldous Huxley", "text": "\u201cExperience is not what happens to a man; it is what a man does with what happens to him.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Haruki Murakami", "text": "\u201cWhenever she felt like crying, she would instead become angry\u2014at someone else or at herself\u2014which meant that it was rare for her to shed tears.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Cassandra Clare", "text": "\u201cWe are none of us perfect, and no one expects perfection. But when you have hurt people, you must allow them their anger. Otherwise it will only become another thing you have tried to take away.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jonathan Tropper", "text": "\u201cAt some point it doesn\u2019t matter who was right and who was wrong. At some point, being\nangry is just another bad habit, like smoking, and you keep poisoning\nyourself without thinking about it.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Dave Pelzer", "text": "\u201cInside, my soul became so cold I hated everything. I even despised the sun, for I knew I would never be able to play in its warm presence. I cringed with hate whenever I heard other children laughing, as they played outside. My stomach coiled whenever I smelled food that was about to be served to somebody else, knowing it wasn't for me.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ashly Lorenzana", "text": "\u201cThere is nothing worse than having an enemy who is a total loser. It's incredibly frustrating when seeking revenge against one, because you come to the realization that there is really nothing you can do to make the person's life worse than it already is. They have nothing to take, there is no way to screw them over if you have been their victim. It's maddening.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "C.S. Lewis", "text": "\u201cI sat with my anger long enough until she told me her real name was grief.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Euripides", "text": "\u201cThe fiercest anger of all, the most incurable,\nIs that which rages in the place of dearest love.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Criss Jami", "text": "Lol\u201cA young outcast will often feel that there is something wrong with himself, but as he gets older, grows more confident in who he is, he will adapt, he will begin to feel that there is something wrong with everyone else.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Shannon L. Alder", "text": "\u201cCruel people offer pity when they no longer feel threatened. However, kind people offer compassion and understanding regardless.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Laurell K. Hamilton", "text": "\u201cMost hatred is based on fear, one way or another. Yeah. I wrapped myself in anger, with a dash of hate, and at the bottom of it all was an icy center of pure terror.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "William Shakespeare", "text": "\u201cMen in rage strike those that wish them best.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Shannon L. Alder", "text": "\u201cSensitive people usually love deeply and hate deeply. They don't know any other way to live than by extremes because thier emotional theromastat is broken.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rachel Sontag", "text": "\u201cA void in my chest was beginning to fill with anger. Quiet, defeated anger that guaranteed me the right to my hurt, that believed no one could possibly understand that hurt.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ellen Hopkins", "text": "\u201cSo you try to think of someone else you're mad at, and the unavoidable answer pops into your little warped brain: everyone.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Siddh\u0101rtha Gautama", "text": "\u201cConquer the angry one by not getting angry; conquer the wicked by goodness; conquer the stingy by generosity, and the liar by speaking the truth."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mark Twain", "text": "\u201cAnger is an acid that can do more harm to the vessel in which it is stored than to anything on which it is poured.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nicole Krauss", "text": "\u201cI want to say somewhere: I've tried to be forgiving. And yet. There were times in my life, whole years, when anger got the better of me. Ugliness turned me inside out. There was a certain satisfaction in bitterness. I courted it. It was standing outside, and I invited it in.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Marcus Aurelius", "text": "\u201cHow much more grievous are the consequences of anger than the causes of it.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Al-Ghazzali", "text": "\u201cDeclare your jihad on thirteen enemies you cannot see -egoism, arrogance, conceit, selfishness, greed, lust, intolerance, anger, lying, cheating, gossiping and slandering. If you can master and destroy them, then you will be read to fight the enemy you can see.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Budda", "text": "\"Holding on to anger is like grasping a hot coal with the intent of throwing it at someone else; you are the one who gets burned.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jacques Anatole Thibault", "text": "\u201cGamblers play just as lovers make love and drunkards drink\u2014blindly and of necessity, under domination of an irresistible force.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Chinese proverb", "text": "\"before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig two graves\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anthony de Mello", "text": "\u201cMost people end up being conformists; they adapt to prison life. A few become reformers; they fight for better lighting, better ventilation. Hardly anyone becomes a rebel, a revolutionary who breaks down the prison walls. You can only be a revolutionary when you see the prison walls in the first place.\u201d\u200b"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Goethe", "text": "\"If there has to be a choice between injustice and disorder, the German prefers injustice\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Churchill", "text": "\u201cTo improve is to change, so to be perfect is to have changed often.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Marcus Buckingham", "text": "\u201cPutting these conclusions together, this controlling insight can serve as the One Thing you need to know about happy marriage: Find the most generous explanation for each other\u2019s behavior and believe it.\u201d\u200b"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Franz Kafka", "text": "Both your cards reached me but I lacked the strength to answer. Not answering also has the effect of creating a silence about one, and my dearest wish would be to sink into that silence and never emerge from it. How I need solitude and how soiled I feel by every conversation."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charles Bukowski", "text": "There is nothing quite so pleasurable as doing nothing at all and being aware of that. Pace is a must. The divine secret. One needs solitude, solitude, solitude. Being alone within 4 walls is immortality upon the earth."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jean-Jacques Rousseau", "text": "\u201cNature never deceives us; it is always we who deceive ourselves.\u201d\u00a0"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "H.E Luccock", "text": "You can\u2019t whistle a symphony\u00a0"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"I believe very much in the tradition that art comes from art and nothing else.\nArt for me simply means doing something extraordinarily well. And doing it in such a way that it\nbecomes rare, a tremendous achievement and a human experience symbolically reduced to an essential prime number or example.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"I think we have a misconception about where painting comes from. It's not a hermetic activity. It doesn't come from an individual. It's a communal, commemorative, very layered activity that comes from groups of people.\nIf you think of painting's history, you find these enclaves of people who worked together, who helped each other who depended on each other. You need confrontation, you need critical interrogation.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"If I'm having difficulty in doing a painting, I may go back and do some painting from another painter's work or draw from it or simply look at it and try to use the ideas that he's had, and that can range through all kinds of attitudes-whether it's [Vincent] van Gogh, or [Giorgio] Morandi, or Barnett Newman-they've all had terrific impacts on what I wanted to explore in the way of problems, and I actually just steal things from people that i can use-just blatant plagiarism.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"The real joy of being a painter for me is quite simple. It's that wonder of being hooked up with a whole community of people you love and admire throughout history.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"Van Gogh was another artist I noticed using a different colored line around a form to heighten the color. Then I began to stare at objects and I began to see the halation which is a consequence of the different positions of our two eyes. I began to heighten the edge effect and also to re-echo the shape around the edges to give more energy to the image. I would like the painting to create its own light, to create its own energizing forces.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"My feelings about what makes Van Gogh really distinctive is that he never learned to paint, though he could sure draw. I mean, the painting is always linear, as if it's drawn.\nIt's beautiful work finally, of course, but it's interesting that everywhere you look are these lines. It wasn't wrong, it was a notational style and that had certain consequences.\nIt didn't replicate light, for instance. It created its own kind of light.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"One of the enduring aspects of the painting is its freshness, directness. It's not fussed with or modified.... The nice thing about Dick's paintings is that they are quite equivocal.\nWe are partially responsible for finishing and identifying things, participating in the painting itself by using our own sense of imagination and looking slowly. We are always asking the question: 'What is that, or how is it functioning?' He leaves that nice incompleteness always there.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "| developed my color sense accidentally. I never went to art school, so l didn't know much about color. I would look at a Monet painting to see what he Did."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"So, it's a charge upon a serious painter to make it unnecessarily tough upon himself: find something he can't do. Degas pushing six or seven figures to the right of the canvas and trying to balance it with a watering can, or some crazy thing like that. So, you set for yourself a prob-lem, like figures who come and sit, mostly friends, and they'll sit for hour after hour after hour, and they'll start out with a perky look, wet lips, and so on, and slowly this mask develops. And it's that kind of expressionlessness which is the problem, to try still, in spite of that, to turn the figure into some kind of animated object.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "As much as I like realist painting, there are certain kinds of realist painting which, for me, are inescapably complex; it is that business of giving all of the clues and none of the secrets.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"Purely formal problems have always been what's most important to me, and I try to downplay subject matter because I'm afraid it limits how people think about pictures.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"I'm just essentially a traditional representational painter, and by that I mean, always interested in imagery, trying to make a representational painting that has as much abstraction as seems to fit that particular mode of repre-sentation. The tradition, which is so long enduring, for me, is that which is able to manage those two things, essentially, memory and perception; how to negotiate and orchestrate those two rather extreme dualities.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"If you're dealing with the sublime, you're making a caricature of some thing-a single line down the canvas for Barnett Newman is a sublime idea.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"The architecture, the restaurant, the empty theatre with one person sitting in it, it's very poetic. If he'd [Hopper] really slicked those up, maybe they wouldn't have been so interesting. That's the query about painting.... You can talk a great deal about it, and then when you come down to it, as with Hopper: 'just what is it about his char-acterization, what he leaves out and what he puts in, that makes the difference?''"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"I guess one of my quarrels with modernism is the emphasis on the so-called self... . The idea is to become one with others.\nTo surrender your private, selfish self to something bigger than you are. think the charge and responsibility of painting really is to merge with your tradition, to respect it.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"If painting and photography are about anything, if those museums, if art history means anything to us, it's the continual, refreshing confrontation of what human beings can be, have been, should be, might be, should ever be, in our own work.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"Like museums, art history is a grand exotic game preserve with all kinds of potential for seeing. A place where you go to experience all the extreme attitudes of human beings\u2014 to check on yourself, extend yourself, criticize yourself or find out about yourself\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"The real joy of being a painter for me is quite simple. It's that wonder of being hooked up with a whole community of people you love and admire throughout history.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"Picasso says it best: 'Art is a lie that makes us realize the truth.' When an artist is closest to rendering the 'real,' or the feeling of illusion, it's almost mandatory to juxtapose a disreality-something that does not work at all-to make it seem"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "wayne thiebaud", "text": "\"We all know that Art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand. The artist must know the manner whereby to convince others of the truthfulness of his lies.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Picasso", "text": "\u201cA theory is the more impressive the greater the simplicity of its premises is, the more different kinds of things it relates, and the more extended is its area of applicability.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Einstein", "text": "The unforgivable crime is soft hitting. Do not hit at all if it can be avoided; but never hit softly."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Theodore Roosevelt", "text": "First we shape our buildings; thereafter they shape us.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Churchill", "text": "\u201cA politician needs the ability to foretell what is going to happen tomorrow, next week, next month, and next year. And to have the ability afterwards to explain why it didn't happen.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nietzsche", "text": "\u201cAnd those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Walter Lippmann", "text": "Walter Lippmann, writing during World War I: We are unsettled to the very roots of our being. There isn\u2019t a human relation, whether of parent or child, husband and wife, worker and employer, that doesn\u2019t move in a strange situation. We are not used to a complicated civilization, we don\u2019t know how to behave when personal contact and eternal authority have disappeared. There are no precedents to guide us, no wisdom that was not meant for a simpler age."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Strauss, William; Howe, Neil", "text": "The Fourth Turning:"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Boris Slutsky", "text": "Horses in the ocean\nHorses do know how to swim, but\nThey're not very good. They don't go far.\n\nOne more thing that's easy to remember:\n\"Gloria\" means \"glory\" or \"grandeur\".\n\nFar across the sea a ship was sailing,\nProud of its bold title and its might.\n\nIn the hold, a thousand horses waited,\nShaking their good muzzles day and night.\n\nYes, a thousand! And four thousand horseshoes!\nBut no happiness came from their trip.\n\nFar away from shore a mine exploded,\nBreaking up the bottom of the ship.\n\nPeople climbed into the boats, escaping,\nBut the horses all were forced to swim.\n\nWhat else could they do \u2013 the poor, forsaken\nCreatures \u2013 if there was no place for them?\n\nIn the sea a reddish island floated,\nAnd the island had a small blue bay.\n\nFor a while their progress was untroubled;\nThey could cross a river, couldn't they?\n\nBut this river had no bank in sight.\nSo, when all the horsepower was spent,\n\nHorses started bellowing with fright\nAs their fellows sank and met their end.\n\nAll the horses sank without exception,\nBellowing and thrashing as they drowned.\n\nAnd that's all. But still I can't forget them \u2013\nPoor red horses, never seeing land."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sergei Yesenin", "text": "Droplets\n\nPearly droplets, beautiful droplets,\nHow lovely you are in the golden rays,\nAnd how sad you are, inclement droplets,\nOn wet windows in a black autumn.\n\u00a0\nPeople, living in merry oblivion,\nHow grand you appear in others\u2019 eyes\nAnd how pitiful you are in the dark of decline.\nNo consolation for you in the world of the living.\n\u00a0\nAutumn droplets, how much sadness\nYou inspire in the heavy soul.\nQuietly you slide across glass, meandering,\nAs though looking for something merry.\n\u00a0\nWretched people, undone by life,\nIn pain you live out your days,\nCalling back again and again the lovely\nBygone time you will never forget."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kant", "text": "If the truth shall kill them, let them die"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Adam Smith", "text": "Mercy to the guilty is cruelty to the innocent"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Confucius", "text": "Before you embark on a journey of revenge, dig 2 graves."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Derek Walcott", "text": "The Fist by Derek Walcott\nThe fist clenched round my heart loosens a little, and I gasp brightness;\u00a0\nbut it tightens again.\u00a0\nWhen have I ever not loved the pain of love?\u00a0\nBut this has moved past love to mania.\u00a0\nThis has the strong clench of the madman,\u00a0\nthis is gripping the ledge of unreason,\u00a0\nbefore plunging howling into the abyss.\nHold hard then, heart.\u00a0\nThis way at least you live."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sheenagh Pugh", "text": "Sometimes\nSometimes things don't go, after all, from bad to worse.\u00a0\nSome years, muscadel faces down frost; green thrives;\u00a0\nthe crops don't fail; sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.\n\nA people sometimes will step back from war;\u00a0\nelect an honest man, decide they care enough,\u00a0\nthat they can't leave some stranger poor.\nSome men become what they were born for.\nSometimes our best efforts do not go amiss,\u00a0\nsometimes we do as we meant to.\nThe sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow that seemed hard frozen:\u00a0\nmay it happen for you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "HL Mencken", "text": "\u201cFor every complex problem there is an answer that is clear, simple and wrong,\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Miranda July", "text": "When she saw my messy desk, she said she was the same way, and there was no dust on the TV, and I was easy to love. People just need a little help because they are so used to not loving. It's like scoring the clay to make another piece of clay stick to it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Ada Limon", "text": "I pass the feeder and yell, Grackle party! And then an hour later I yell, Mourning dove afterparty! (I call the feeder the party and the seed on the ground the afterparty.) I am getting so good at watching that I\u2019ve even dug out the binoculars an old poet gave me back when I was young and heading to the Cape with so much future ahead of me it was like my own ocean. Tufted titmouse! I yell, and Lucas laughs and says, Thought so. But he is humoring me; he didn\u2019t think so at all. My father does this same thing. Shouts out at the feeder announcing the party attendees. He throws out a whole peanut or two to the Stellar\u2019s jay who visits on a low oak branch in the morning. To think there was a time I thought birds were kind of boring. Brown bird. Gray bird. Black bird. Blah blah blah bird. Then, I started to learn their names by the ocean, and the person I was dating said, That\u2019s the problem with you, Lim\u00f3n, you\u2019re all fauna and no flora. And I began to learn the names of trees. I like to call things as they are. Before, the only thing I was interested in was love, how it grips you, how it terrifies you, how it annihilates and resuscitates you. I didn\u2019t know then that it wasn\u2019t even love that I was interested in, but my own suffering. I thought suffering kept things interesting. How funny that I called it love and the whole time it was pain."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Moments\nThere are moments that cry out to be fulfilled.\nLike, telling someone you love them.\nOr giving your money away, all of it.\nYour heart is beating, isn't it?\nYou're not in chains, are you?\nThere is nothing more pathetic than caution when headlong might save a life,\neven, possibly, your own."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Things!\nBurn them, burn them! Make a beautiful fire! More room in your heart for love, for the trees! For the birds who own nothing\u2014the reason they can fly."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Virginia Woolf", "text": "My difficulty is that I am writing to a rhythm and not to a plot."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nan Shepherd", "text": "One has to have time to live\u2014and to create needs sometimes a great deal of time and sometimes only a flash. But the flash may need a lot of what seems like empty time\u2014Oh dear. I do get muddled over this business of time. It\u2019s one of the most puzzling things one can think about. That we so often measure it by the motions of sun and other heavenly bodies is I think one of the obstacles\u2014intensity of experience has nothing to do with solar measurements."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi and Haleh Liza Gafori", "text": "You wake the dead to life\n\nListen\nYou wake the dead to life,\nyou fountain of grace,\nyou fire in thickets of tangled thought.\nToday you arrived beaming with laughter\u2014\nthat swinging key that unlocks prison doors.\nYou are hope\u2019s beating heart.\nYou are a doorway to the sun.\nYou are the one I seek and the one who seeks me.\nBeginning and end.\nYou greet need with generous hands.\nYou flood us with spirit,\nrising from the heart,\nlifting thought.\nRare one, you reveal the pleasure\nof wisdom and practice.\nBeyond these, what is there\nbut excuses and deceit?\nWe lust after the afterlife.\nWe stew over trinkets.\nWe stage battles between black and white.\nOur ears are plugged with twisted delusions.\nYou carry the cure.\nSilence!\nI\u2019m in a hurry. Leave the paper. Break the pen.\nThe cupbearer is here, jug in hand.\nMeet us in the land of insight,\ncamped under ecstasy\u2019s flag."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Lao Tzu", "text": "\u201cAlways We Hope\u201d\nBy Lao Tzu\nAlways we hope\nSomeone else has the answer\nSome other place will be better,\nSome other time it will all turn out.\nThis is it.\nNo one else has the answer\nNo other place will be better,\nAnd it has already turned out.\nAt the center of your being\nYou have the answer,\nYou know who you are\nAnd you know what you want.\nThere is no need\nTo run outside\nFor better seeing.\nNor to peer from a window.\nRather abide at the center of your being;\nFor the more you leave it, the less you learn.\nSearch your heart\nAnd see\nThe way to do\nIs to be."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Tom Hirons", "text": "IN THE MEANTIME\nTom Hirons\n\nMeanwhile, flowers still bloom.\nThe moon rises, and the sun.\nBabies smile and somewhere,\nAgainst all the odds,\n\nTwo people are falling in love.\nStrangers share cigarettes and jokes.\nLight plays on the surface of water.\nGrace occurs on unlikely streets\u00a0\nAnd we hold each other fast\nAgainst entropy, the fires and the flood.\n\nLife leans towards living\nAnd, while death claims all things at the end,\u00a0\nThere were such precious times between,\u00a0\nIn which everything was radiant\u00a0\nAnd we loved, again, this world."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Patricia McKernon Runkle", "text": "When You Meet Someone in Deep Grief by Patricia McKernon Runkle\nSlip off your shoes\nand set them by the door\nEnter barefoot,\nthis darkened chapel\nhollowed by loss,\nhallowed by sorrow.\nits grey stone walls\nand floor\nYou, congregation\nof one\nAre here to listen,\nnot to sing.\nKneel in the back pew,\nmake no sound,\nlet the candles\nspeak."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Andy Benoit", "text": "\u201cMost geniuses\u2014especially those who lead others\u2014prosper not by deconstructing intricate complexities but by exploiting unrecognized simplicities.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Half Truth\n\nThe birds do not sing in these mornings. The skies\nare white all day. The Canadian geese fly over\nhigh up in the moonlight with the lonely sound\nof their discontent. Going south. Now the rains\nand soon the snow. The black trees are leafless,\nthe flowers gone. Only cabbages are left\nin the bedraggled garden. Truth becomes visible,\nthe architecture of the soul begins to show through.\nGod has put off his panoply and is at home with us.\nWe are returned to what lay beneath the beauty.\nWe have resumed our lives. There is no hurry now.\nWe make love without rushing and find ourselves\nafterward with someone we know well. Time to be\nwhat we are getting ready to be next. This loving,\nthis relishing, our gladness, this being puts down\nroots and comes back again year after yea"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Jack Gilbert", "text": "I imagine the gods saying, We will\nmake it up to you. We will give you\nthree wishes, they say. Let me see\nthe squirrels again, I tell them.\nLet me eat some of the great hog\nstuffed and roasted on its giant spit\nand put out, steaming, into the winter\nof my neighborhood when I was usually\ntoo broke to afford even the hundred grams\nI ate so happily walking up the cobbles,\npast the Street of the Moon\nand the Street of the Birdcage-Makers,\nthe Street of Silence and the Street\nof the Little Pissing. We can give you\nwisdom, they say in their rich voices.\nLet me go at last to Hugette, I say,\nthe Algerian student with her huge eyes\nwho timidly invited me to her room\nwhen I was too young and bewildered\nthat first year in Paris.\nLet me at least fail at my life.\nThink, they say patiently, we could\nmake you famous again. Let me fall\nin love one last time, I beg them.\nTeach me mortality, frighten me\ninto the present. Help me to find\nthe heft of these days. That the nights\nwill be full enough and my heart feral."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "ee Cummings", "text": "since feeling is first\nwho pays any attention\nto the syntax of things\nwill never wholly kiss you;\n\nwholly to be a fool\nwhile Spring is in the world\n\nmy blood approves,\nand kisses are a better fate\nthan wisdom\nlady i swear by all the flowers. Don't cry\n- the best gesture of my brain is less than\nyour eyelids' flutter which says\n\nwe are for each other: then\nlaugh, leaning back in my arms\nfor life's not a paragraph\n\nand death i think is no parenthesis."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "George Bernard Shaw", "text": "This is the true joy in life, being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one. Being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community and as long as I live, it is my privilege to do for it what I can. I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Franz Kafka", "text": "I would rather get one letter each day from my beloved than two one day and none the next\u2014but it is precisely the regularity that gladdens the heart, the selfsame hour each day when the daily letter should arrive, this hour that brings a feeling of calm, trust, ease, and the absence of unpleasant surprises."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Fred Allen", "text": "I would rather be a guest star at the Spanish inquisition than have to face the cretins and jerks we have to pander to to survive."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Do not go gentle into that good night,\nOld age should burn and rave at close of day;\nRage, rage against the dying of the light.\n\nThough wise men at their end know dark is right,\nBecause their words had forked no lightning they\nDo not go gentle into that good night.\n\nGood men, the last wave by, crying how bright\nTheir frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,\nRage, rage against the dying of the light.\n\nWild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,\nAnd learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,\nDo not go gentle into that good night.\n\nGrave men, near death, who see with blinding sight\nBlind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,\nRage, rage against the dying of the light.\n\nAnd you, my father, there on the sad height,\nCurse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.\nDo not go gentle into that good night.\nRage, rage against the dying of the light."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Dylan Thomas", "text": "I would rather tickle the cock of the English public than lick its arse, which is what even this small and comparatively unimportant piece of unjust censorship would have me do."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Tara Mohr", "text": "The Quiet Power\u00a0 ///\nI walked backwards, against time\nand that\u2019s where I caught the moon,\nsinging at me.\nI steeped downwards, into my seat\nand that\u2019s where I caught freedom,\nwaiting for me, like a lilac.\nI ended thought, and I ended story.\nI stopped designing, and arguing, and\nsculpting a happy life.\nI didn\u2019t die. I didn\u2019t turn to dust.\nInstead I chopped vegetables,\nand made a calm lake in me\nwhere the water was clear and sourced and still.\nAnd when the ones I loved came to it,\nI had something to give them, and\nit offered them a soft road out of pain.\nI became beloved.\nAnd I came to know that this was it.\nThe quiet power.\nI could give something mighty, lasting,\nthat stopped the wheel of chaos,\nby tending to the river inside,\nkeeping the water rich and deep,\nkeeping a bench for you to visit.\n\u2013 Tara Mohr"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Little by little,\nYou will turn into stars.\n\u00a0\nEven then, my dear,\nYou will only be\nA crawling infant,\nStill skinning your knees on God.\n\u00a0\nLittle by little,\nYou will turn into\nThe whole sweet, amorous Universe\nIn heat\nOn a wild spring night,\n\u00a0\nAnd become so free\nIn a wonderful, secret\nAnd pure Love\nThat flows\nFrom a conscious,\nOne-pointed\nInfinite need for Light.\n\u00a0\nEven then, my dear,\nThe Beloved will have fulfilled\nJust a fraction,\nJust a fraction!\nOf a promise\nHe wrote upon your heart.\n\u00a0\nWhen your soul begins\nTo Ever bloom and laugh\nAnd spin in Eternal Ecstasy -\n\u00a0\nO little by little,\nYou will turn into God."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rilke", "text": "I come home from the soaring in which I lost myself.\nI was song, and the refrain which is God\nis still roaring in my ears.\n\nNow I am still\nand plain:\nno more words.\n\nTo the others I was like a wind:\nI made them shake.\nI\u2019d gone very far, as far as the angels,\nand high, where light thins into nothing.\n\nBut deep in the darkness is God."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Let go of your worries\nand be completely clear-hearted,\nlike the face of a mirror\nthat contains no images.\nIf you want a clear mirror,\nbehold yourself\nand see the shameless truth,\nwhich the mirror reflects.\nIf metal can be polished\nto a mirror-like finish,\nwhat polishing might the mirror\nof the heart require?\nBetween the mirror and the heart\nis this single difference:\nthe heart conceals secrets,\nwhile the mirror does not."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Thomas Babington Macauley", "text": "Then out spake brave Horatius,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 The Captain of the gate:\n\u2018To every man upon this earth\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Death cometh soon or late.\nAnd how can man die better\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Than facing fearful odds,\nFor the ashes of his fathers,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 And the temples of his Gods,\n\u2018And for the tender mother\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Who dandled him to rest,\nAnd for the wife who nurses\n\u00a0 \u00a0 His baby at her breast,\nAnd for the holy maidens\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Who feed the eternal flame,\nTo save them from false Sextus\n\u00a0 \u00a0 That wrought the deed of shame?\n\u2018Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 With all the speed ye may;\nI, with two more to help me,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Will hold the foe in play.\nIn yon strait path a thousand\n\u00a0 \u00a0 May well\nbe stopped by three.\nNow who will stand on either hand,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 And keep the bridge with me?\u2019\nThen out spake Spurius Lartius;\n\u00a0 \u00a0 A Ramnian proud was he:\n\u2018Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 And keep the bridge with thee.\u2019\nAnd out spake strong Herminius;\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Of Titian blood was he:\n\u2018I will abide on thy left side,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 And keep the bridge with thee.\u2019\n\u2018Horatius,\u2019 quoth the Consul,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 \u2018As thou sayest, so let it be.\u2019\nAnd straight against that great array\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Forth went the dauntless Three.\nFor Romans in Rome\u2019s quarrel\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Spared neither land nor gold,\nNor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 In the brave days of old.\nThen none was for a party;\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Then all were for the state;\nThen the great man helped the poor,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 And the poor man loved the great:\nThen lands were fairly portioned;\n\u00a0 \u00a0 Then spoils were fairly sold:\nThe Romans were like brothers\n\u00a0 \u00a0 In the brave days of old.\nNow Roman is to Roman\n\u00a0 \u00a0 More hateful than a foe,\nAnd the Tribunes beard the high,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 And the Fathers grind the low.\nAs we wax hot in faction,\n\u00a0 \u00a0 In battle we wax cold:\nWherefore men fight not as they fought\n\u00a0 \u00a0 In the brave days of old."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Ada Limon", "text": "What is it about words that make the world\n\tfit easier? Air and time.\nSince last we spoke, I\u2019ve been better.\nI slept again once the pink moon\n\tmoved off a little, put her pants back on, let me be.\nAre you sleeping again?\nI\u2019m home in the bluegrass now, one of the places\nmy body feels at ease. I can\u2019t stop\n\tputting plants in the ground. There\u2019s a hunger in me,\na need to watch something grow. A neighbor brought me\nfive new hostas to plant along the fence line that\u2019s shaded all afternoon.\nAs I dug into the ground making room around the maple,\nI found a bunch of wild strawberries, flowering.\nI let them be: the heart berry. Red,\nlike our rage. The red of your desert. Your heart, too.\nMy neighbor and her wife bring me plants and chive pesto\n\tand we let our dogs run under the fence\nto multiply their space. Small beasts running in more air.\nI have been alone a long time this year.\nShe says when she looks at me, she is reminded of time.\nI didn\u2019t know what she meant, so she repeated,\n\u201cWhen I see you, I become very aware of time.\u201d\nA grackle, now two in the vines, are joining us here, they\u2019re\ntoo heavy for the young spring branches.\nMy man is coming home today, driving ten hours\nto be home and, by God, I will throw my body toward him,\nthe way you wrote: How is it that we know what we are?\nMaybe this letter is to say, if it is red where you are,\nknow there is also green, the serrated leaves of dandelion, lemon balm,\npurple sage, peppermint, a small plum tree by the shed.\nI don\u2019t know how to make medicine, or cure what\u2019s scarring\nthis planet, but I know that last night the train came roaring\nright as I needed it. I was alone and I was time, but\nthe train made a noise so I would listen. I was standing so\nclose, a body on a bridge, that I could feel how\nthe air shifted to make room for the train. How it\u2019s easier\nif we become more like a body of air, branches, and make room\nfor this red charging thing that barrels through us,\nhow afterward our leaves shake and stand straighter."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sylivia Plath", "text": "But I would rather be horizontal.\nI am not a tree with my root in the soil\nSucking up minerals and motherly love\nSo that each March I may gleam into leaf,\nNor am I the beauty of a garden bed\nAttracting my share of Ahs and spectacularly painted,\nUnknowing I must soon unpetal.\nCompared with me, a tree is immortal\nAnd a flower-head not tall, but more startling,\nAnd I want the one's longevity and the other's daring.\nTonight, in the infinitesimal light of the stars,\nThe trees and the flowers have been strewing their cool odors.\nI walk among them, but none of them are noticing.\nSometimes I think that when I am sleeping\nI must most perfectly resemble them --\nThoughts gone dim.\nIt is more natural to me, lying down.\nThen the sky and I are in open conversation,\nAnd I shall be useful when I lie down finally:\nThen the trees may touch me for once, and the flowers have time for me."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pushkin", "text": "\u041f\u0442\u0438\u0447\u043a\u0430\n\u0410\u043b\u0435\u043a\u0441\u0430\u043d\u0434\u0440 \u0421\u0435\u0440\u0433\u0435\u0435\u0432\u0438\u0447 \u041f\u0443\u0448\u043a\u0438\u043d\n\n\u0412 \u0447\u0443\u0436\u0431\u0438\u043d\u0435 \u0441\u0432\u044f\u0442\u043e \u043d\u0430\u0431\u043b\u044e\u0434\u0430\u044e\n\u0420\u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e\u0439 \u043e\u0431\u044b\u0447\u0430\u0439 \u0441\u0442\u0430\u0440\u0438\u043d\u044b:\n\u041d\u0430 \u0432\u043e\u043b\u044e \u043f\u0442\u0438\u0447\u043a\u0443 \u0432\u044b\u043f\u0443\u0441\u043a\u0430\u044e\n\u041f\u0440\u0438 \u0441\u0432\u0435\u0442\u043b\u043e\u043c \u043f\u0440\u0430\u0437\u0434\u043d\u0438\u043a\u0435 \u0432\u0435\u0441\u043d\u044b.\n\u042f \u0441\u0442\u0430\u043b \u0434\u043e\u0441\u0442\u0443\u043f\u0435\u043d \u0443\u0442\u0435\u0448\u0435\u043d\u044c\u044e;\n\u0417\u0430 \u0447\u0442\u043e \u043d\u0430 \u0431\u043e\u0433\u0430 \u043c\u043d\u0435 \u0440\u043e\u043f\u0442\u0430\u0442\u044c,\n\u041a\u043e\u0433\u0434\u0430 \u0445\u043e\u0442\u044c \u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e\u043c\u0443 \u0442\u0432\u043e\u0440\u0435\u043d\u044c\u044e\n\u042f \u043c\u043e\u0433 \u0441\u0432\u043e\u0431\u043e\u0434\u0443 \u0434\u0430\u0440\u043e\u0432\u0430\u0442\u044c!\n\nHere in a foreign land\nI perform an ancient rite:\nI free a bird from my hand\nin Spring\u2019s cascading light.\nThe act consoles my heart,\nhow can I grudge God\u2019s will;\nif I can grant, to some small part\nof Creation, freedom, still?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Vasily Zhukovsky", "text": "\u0422\u044b \u043f\u0440\u0435\u0434\u043e \u043c\u043d\u043e\u044e\n\u0421\u0442\u043e\u044f\u043b\u0430 \u0442\u0438\u0445\u043e.\n\u0422\u0432\u043e\u0439 \u0432\u0437\u043e\u0440 \u0443\u043d\u044b\u043b\u044b\u0439\n\u0411\u044b\u043b \u043f\u043e\u043b\u043e\u043d \u0447\u0443\u0432\u0441\u0442\u0432\u0430.\n\u041e\u043d \u043c\u043d\u0435 \u043d\u0430\u043f\u043e\u043c\u043d\u0438\u043b\n\u041e \u043c\u0438\u043b\u043e\u043c \u043f\u0440\u043e\u0448\u043b\u043e\u043c\u2026\n\u041e\u043d \u0431\u044b\u043b \u043f\u043e\u0441\u043b\u0435\u0434\u043d\u0438\u0439\n\u041d\u0430 \u0437\u0434\u0435\u0448\u043d\u0435\u043c \u0441\u0432\u0435\u0442\u0435.\n\u0422\u044b \u0443\u0434\u0430\u043b\u0438\u043b\u0430\u0441\u044c,\n\u041a\u0430\u043a \u0442\u0438\u0445\u0438\u0439 \u0430\u043d\u0433\u0435\u043b;\n\u0422\u0432\u043e\u044f \u043c\u043e\u0433\u0438\u043b\u0430,\n\u041a\u0430\u043a \u0440\u0430\u0439, \u0441\u043f\u043e\u043a\u043e\u0439\u043d\u0430!\n\u0422\u0430\u043c \u0432\u0441\u0435 \u0437\u0435\u043c\u043d\u044b\u0435\n\u0412\u043e\u0441\u043f\u043e\u043c\u0438\u043d\u0430\u043d\u044c\u044f,\n\u0422\u0430\u043c \u0432\u0441\u0435 \u0441\u0432\u044f\u0442\u044b\u0435\n\u041e \u043d\u0435\u0431\u0435 \u043c\u044b\u0441\u043b\u0438.\n\u0417\u0432\u0435\u0437\u0434\u044b \u043d\u0435\u0431\u0435\u0441,\n\u0422\u0438\u0445\u0430\u044f \u043d\u043e\u0447\u044c!..\n\n19th March 1823\nYou stood there\nin silence,\nyour sad gaze\nfull of feeling.\nIt brought to mind\nthe past I loved...\nyour last gaze\non earth for me.\nYou vanished,\nsilent angel:\nyour grave,\ncelestial peace!\nAll earth\u2019s memories\nare there,\nall the thoughts\nof heaven, sacred.\nHeavenly stars,"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Tagore", "text": "A mind all logic is like a knife all blade. It makes the hand bleed that uses it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Leonard Cohen", "text": "behind the pain\nsomeone is rejoicing\n\u200b\nbehind the torture\nthere is love\n\u200b\nwho\u2019s going to buy\nthis bullshit\n\u200b\n\u200bif you don\u2019t become the ocean\nyou\u2019ll be seasick\nevery day"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gregory Orr", "text": "To be alive: not just the carcass\nBut the spark.\nThat's crudely put, but\u2026\nIf we're not supposed to dance,\nWhy all this music?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Aracelis Girmay", "text": "When I get the call about my brother,\nI'm on a stopped train leaving town\n& the news packs into me\u2014freight\u2014\nthough it's him on the other end\nnow, saying finefine\u2014\n\nForfeit my eyes, I want to turn away\nfrom the hair on the floor of his house\n& how it got there Monday,\nbut my one heart falls\nlike a sad, fat persimmon\ndropped by the hand of the Turczyn's old tree.\n\nI want to sleep. I do not want to sleep. See,\n\none day, not today, not now, we will be gone\nfrom this earth where we know the gladiolas.\nMy brother, this noise,\nsome love [you] I loved\nwith all my brain, & breath,\nwill be gone; I've been told, today, to consider this\nas I ride the long tracks out & dream so good\n\nI see a plant in the window of the house\nmy brother shares with his love, their shoes. & there\nhe is, asleep in bed\nwith this same woman whose long skin\ncovers all of her bones, in a city called Oakland,\n& their dreams hang above them\na little like a chandelier, & their teeth\nflash in the night, oh, body.\n\nOh, body, be held now by whom you love.\nWhole years will be spent, underneath these impossible stars,\nwhen dirt's the only animal who will sleep with you\n& touch you with\nits mouth."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "ANDR\u00c9S IXTEPAN", "text": "Y si no soy el amor de tu vida, conf\u00fandeme con \u00e9l, \nqu\u00e9 m\u00e1s da si no funcionamos, \nqu\u00e9 m\u00e1s da si luego nos volvemos extra\u00f1os, \nno quiero perderte sin antes haberlo intentado, \nprefiero la culpa de haber sido necios, \nque el arrepentimiento de haber sido cobardes, \ny si no soy el amor de tu vida, \nconf\u00fandeme con \u00e9l,\nno seremos los primeros, \nni los \u00faltimos en equivocarnos."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Garry Kasparov", "text": "Attackers may sometimes regret bad moves, but it is much worse to forever regret an opportunity you allowed to pass you by."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Samuel Barber", "text": "When I write an abstract piano sonata or a concerto, I write what I feel. I'm not a self-conscious composer. I think that what's been holding composers back a great deal is that they feel they must have a new style every year. This, in my case, would be hopeless. In fact, it is said that I have no style at all but that doesn't matter. I just go on doing, as they say, my thing. I believe this takes a certain courage."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Henry Miller", "text": "\"What I want is to open up. I want to know what's inside me. I want everybody to open up. I'm like an imbecile with a can opener in his hand, wondering where to begin...to open up the earth. I know that underneath the mess everything is marvelous. I'm sure of it.\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "A moment of happiness,\nyou and I sitting on the verandah,\napparently two, but one in soul, you and I.\nWe feel the flowing water of life here,\nyou and I, with the garden's beauty\nand the birds singing.\nThe stars will be watching us,\nand we will show them\nwhat it is to be a thin crescent moon.\nYou and I unselfed, will be together,\nindifferent to idle speculation, you and I.\nThe parrots of heaven will be cracking sugar\nas we laugh together, you and I.\nIn one form upon this earth,\nand in another form in a timeless sweet land."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "May Sarton", "text": "A Light Left On\nIn the evening we came back\nInto our yellow room, For a moment taken aback To find the light left on, Falling on silent flowers, Table, book, empty chair\nWhile we had gone elsewhere, Had been away for hours.\nWhen we came home together We found the inside weather.\nAll of our love unended\nThe quiet light demanded,\nAnd we gave, in a look At yellow walls and open book,\nThe deepest world we share And do not talk about But have to have, was there,\nAnd by that light found out."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "I said to the wanting-creature inside me:\u2028\nWhat is this river you want to cross?\u2028\nThere are no travelers on the river-road, and no road.\u2028Do you see anyone moving about on that bank, or resting?\u2028\u2028\nThere is no river at all, and no boat, and no boatman.\u2028\nThere is no tow rope either, and no one to pull it.\u2028\nThere is no ground, no sky, no time, no bank, no ford!\u2028\u2028And there is no body, and no mind!\u2028\nDo you believe there is some place that will make the\u2028soul less thirsty?\u2028\nIn that great absence you will find nothing.\u2028\u2028\nBe strong then, and enter into your own body;\u2028there you have a solid place for your feet.\u2028\nThink about it carefully!\u2028Don't go off somewhere else!\u2028\u2028\nKabir says this: just throw away all thoughts of imaginary things, and stand firm in that which you are."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Aniko", "text": "The magpies visit me\nThey say two are for joy\nIf it were a sole one, it would be for sorrow\nIt does not matter. One or two\nThey come to remind me\nMy joy is my sorrow and my sorrow is my joy\nThe magpies know grief\nThey lay down grass wreaths for the fallen\nEven the magpies have rituals.\nWhere is my ritual?\nI burned everything in the fire\nin a temple I never watched burn\nI cut the cords\nI wail like an animal that knows no shame\nI move, I sweat, I eat, I drink, I sleep\nI write under the new moon\nLetting go of something that no longer exists\nPrayers to accept what is already gone\nNow there are just ashes\nBut my lungs still breathe\nMy heart still beats\nAnd even in this void, there is beauty still\nThere is so much beauty, it hurts\nThe magpies visit me\nThey say two are for joy\nThey say two are for joy"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Twain / Woddy allen", "text": "Comedy is tragedy plus time."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mel Brooks", "text": "Tragedy is when I cut my finger. Comedy is when you fall into an open sewer and die."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "DESPAIR\ntakes us in when we have nowhere else to go; when we feel the heart cannot break anymore, when our world or our loved ones disappear, when we feel we cannot be loved or do not deserve to be loved, when our God disappoints, or when our body is carrying profound pain in a way that does not seem to go away.\nDespair is a haven with its own temporary form of beauty and of self compassion, it is the invitation we accept when we want to remove ourselves from hurt. Despair, is a last protection. To disappear through despair, is to seek a temporary but necessary illusion, a place where we hope nothing can ever find us in the same way again.\nDespair is a necessary and seasonal state of repair, a temporary healing absence, an internal physiological and psychological winter when our previous forms of participation in the world take a rest; it is a loss of horizon, it is the place we go when we do not want to be found in the same way anymore. We give up hope when certain particular wishes are no longer able to come true and despair is the time in which we both endure and heal, even when we have not yet found the new form of hope.\nDespair is strangely, the last bastion of hope; the wish being, that if we cannot be found in the old way we cannot ever be touched or hurt in that way again. Despair is the sweet but illusory abstraction of leaving the body while still inhabiting it, so we can stop the body from feeling anymore. Despair is the place we go when we no longer want to make a home in the world and where we feel, with a beautifully cruel form of satisfaction, that we may never have deserved that home in the first place. Despair, strangely, has its own sense of achievement, and despair, even more strangely, needs despair to keep it alive.\nDespair turns to depression and abstraction when we try to make it stay beyond its appointed season and start to shape our identity around its frozen disappointments. But despair can only stay beyond its appointed time through the forced artificiality of created distance, by abstracting ourselves from bodily feeling, by trapping ourselves in the disappointed mind, by convincing ourselves that the seasons have stopped and can never turn again, and perhaps, most simply and importantly, by refusing to let the body breathe by its self, fully and deeply. Despair is kept alive by freezing our sense of time and the rhythms of time; when we no longer feel imprisoned by time, and when the season is allowed to turn, despair cannot survive.\nTo keep despair alive we have to abstract and immobilize our bodies, our faculties of hearing, touch and smell, and keep the surrounding springtime of the world at a distance. Despair needs a certain tending, a reinforcing, and isolation, but the body left to itself will breathe, the ears will hear the first birdsong of morning or catch the leaves being touched by the wind in the trees, and the wind will blow away even the grayest cloud; will move even the most immovable season; the heart will continue to beat and the world, we realize, will never stop or go away.\nThe antidote to despair is not to be found in the brave attempt to cheer ourselves up with happy abstracts, but in paying a profound and courageous attention to the body and the breath, independent of our imprisoning thoughts and stories, even strangely, in paying attention to despair itself, and the way we hold it, and which we realize, was never ours to own and to hold in the first place. To see and experience despair fully in our body is to begin to see it as a necessary, seasonal visitation, and the first step in letting it have its own life, neither holding it nor moving it on before its time.\nWe take the first steps out of despair by taking on its full weight and coming fully to ground in our wish not to be here. We let our bodies and we let our world breathe again. In that place, strangely, despair cannot do anything but change into something else, into some other season, as it was meant to do, from the beginning. Despair is a difficult, beautiful necessary, a binding understanding between human beings caught in a fierce and difficult world where half of our experience is mediated by loss, but it is a season, a wave form passing through the body, not a prison surrounding us. A season left to itself will always move, however slowly, under its own patience, power and volition.\nRefusing to despair about despair itself, we can let despair have its own natural life and take a first step onto the foundational ground of human compassion, the ability to see and understand and touch and even speak, the heartfelt grief of another."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Gibran", "text": "Then a woman said, Speak to us of Joy and Sorrow.\nAnd he answered:\nYour joy is your sorrow unmasked.\nAnd the selfsame well from which your laughter rises was oftentimes filled with your tears.\nAnd how else can it be?\nThe deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain.\nIs not the cup that holds your wine the very cup that was burned in the potter\u2019s oven?\nAnd is not the lute that soothes your spirit, the very wood that was hollowed with knives?\nWhen you are joyous, look deep into your heart and you shall find it is only that which has given you sorrow that is giving you joy.\nWhen you are sorrowful look again in your heart, and you shall see that in truth you are weeping for that which has been your delight.\nSome of you say, \u201cJoy is greater than sorrow,\u201d and others say, \u201cNay, sorrow is the greater.\u201d\nBut I say unto you, they are inseparable.\nTogether they come, and when one sits alone with you at your board, remember that the other is asleep upon your bed.\nVerily you are suspended like scales between your sorrow and your joy.\nOnly when you are empty are you at standstill and balanced.\nWhen the treasure-keeper lifts you to weigh his gold and his silver, needs must your joy or your sorrow rise or fall."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "WH Auden", "text": "Looking up at the stars, I know quite well\nThat, for all they care, I can go to hell,\nBut on earth indifference is the least\nWe have to dread from man or beast.\nHow should we like it were stars to burn\nWith a passion for us we could not return?\nIf equal affection cannot be,\nLet the more loving one be me.\nAdmirer as I think I am\nOf stars that do not give a damn,\nI cannot, now I see them, say\nI missed one terribly all day.\nWere all stars to disappear or die,\nI should learn to look at an empty sky\nAnd feel its total dark sublime,\nThough this might take me a little time."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The bell and the blackbird\nThe sound of a bell\nStill reverberating,\nor a blackbird calling\nfrom a corner of the field,\nasking you to wake\ninto this life,\nor inviting you deeper\ninto the one that waits.\n\nEither way\ntakes courage,\neither way wants you\nto be nothing\nbut that self that\nis no self at all,\nwants you to walk\nto the place\nwhere you find\nyou already know\nhow to give\nevery last thing\naway.\n\nThe approach\nthat is also\nthe meeting\nitself,\nwithout any\nmeeting\nat all.\n\nThat radiance\nyou have always\ncarried with you\nas you walk\nboth alone\nand completely\naccompanied\nin friendship\nby every corner\nof the world\ncrying\nAllelujah."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anonymous", "text": "\u201cRun fast as you can toward God and if someone keeps up, introduce yourself.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brandon Sanderson", "text": "\u201cSometimes, a hypocrite is nothing more than a man who is in the process of changing.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Quincy Adams", "text": "\u201cI am a warrior, so that my son may be a merchant, so that his son may be a poet.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Robert Heller", "text": "Fear is excitement without the breath."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Whitman", "text": "We were together, I forgot the rest."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arne Garborg", "text": "\u201cTo love a person is to learn the song that is in their heart and to sing it to them when they have forgotten.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James. Baldwin.", "text": "\"Not everything that is faced can be changed but. nothing can be changed until it is faced.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "William Blake", "text": "He who binds to himself a joy\nDoes the winged life destroy\nHe who kisses the joy as it flies\nLives in eternity's sunrise"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jaime Gil de Bieda", "text": "\u201cI believed that I wanted to be a poet, but deep down I just wanted to be a poem.\u201d\u00a0"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Edgar Allen Poe", "text": "Take this kiss upon the brow!\nAnd, in parting from you now,\nThus much let me avow \u2014\nYou are not wrong, who deem\nThat my days have been a dream;\nYet if hope has flown away\nIn a night, or in a day,\nIn a vision, or in none,\nIs it therefore the less gone?\u00a0\nAll that we see or seem\nIs but a dream within a dream.\n\nI stand amid the roar\nOf a surf-tormented shore,\nAnd I hold within my hand\nGrains of the golden sand \u2014\nHow few! yet how they creep\nThrough my fingers to the deep,\nWhile I weep \u2014 while I weep!\nO God! Can I not grasp\nThem with a tighter clasp?\nO God! can I not save\nOne from the pitiless wave?\nIs all that we see or seem\nBut a dream within a dream?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Jeff Foster", "text": "I used to be a spiritual teacher.\nI had to quit when I realised there was no such thing.\nOr rather, everything is a spiritual teacher.\nThe cat. The carpet. A chair.\nA tree. A mountain.\nMy dad with dementia.\nHeartache. Joy. My own. Yours.\nThe man sleeping on the pavement.\nThe breathtaking night sky.\nIt's all a teacher.\nIt's all a guru.\nAnd I am just a mouthpiece, as we all are.\nI am just a friend, sharing my heart.\nI am just a bird, singing my song.\nI quit as a spiritual teacher, I quit as any kind of authority, and I became a real human being, authentic, embodied, honest and true.\nAnd there I found my true peace and enlightenment.\nIn the temple of the ordinary.\nIn the sanctuary of the mundane.\nIn the holy heart of the uncovered moment."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kant", "text": "Knowledge does not depend so much on the object of knowledge as on the capacity of the knower."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Regina Derieva", "text": "A poem\u2014\nis just one more\nscrap of paper\nthat has sailed off the table\nin a bottle\nwith a cry for help."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Anna Akhmatova", "text": "\u0423\u0435\u0434\u0438\u043d\u0435\u043d\u0438\u0435\n\u0422\u0430\u043a \u043c\u043d\u043e\u0433\u043e \u043a\u0430\u043c\u043d\u0435\u0439 \u0431\u0440\u043e\u0448\u0435\u043d\u043e \u0432 \u043c\u0435\u043d\u044f,\n\u0427\u0442\u043e \u043d\u0438 \u043e\u0434\u0438\u043d \u0438\u0437 \u043d\u0438\u0445 \u0443\u0436\u0435 \u043d\u0435 \u0441\u0442\u0440\u0430\u0448\u0435\u043d,\n\u0418 \u0441\u0442\u0440\u043e\u0439\u043d\u043e\u0439 \u0431\u0430\u0448\u043d\u0435\u0439 \u0441\u0442\u0430\u043b\u0430 \u0437\u0430\u043f\u0430\u0434\u043d\u044f,\n\u0412\u044b\u0441\u043e\u043a\u043e\u044e \u0441\u0440\u0435\u0434\u0438 \u0432\u044b\u0441\u043e\u043a\u0438\u0445 \u0431\u0430\u0448\u0435\u043d.\n\u0421\u0442\u0440\u043e\u0438\u0442\u0435\u043b\u0435\u0439 \u0435\u0435 \u0431\u043b\u0430\u0433\u043e\u0434\u0430\u0440\u044e,\n\u041f\u0443\u0441\u0442\u044c \u0438\u0445 \u0437\u0430\u0431\u043e\u0442\u0430 \u0438 \u043f\u0435\u0447\u0430\u043b\u044c \u043c\u0438\u043d\u0443\u0435\u0442.\n\u041e\u0442\u0441\u044e\u0434\u0430 \u0440\u0430\u043d\u044c\u0448\u0435 \u0432\u0438\u0436\u0443 \u044f \u0437\u0430\u0440\u044e,\n\u0417\u0434\u0435\u0441\u044c \u0441\u043e\u043b\u043d\u0446\u0430 \u043b\u0443\u0447 \u043f\u043e\u0441\u043b\u0435\u0434\u043d\u0438\u0439 \u0442\u043e\u0440\u0436\u0435\u0441\u0442\u0432\u0443\u0435\u0442.\n\u0418 \u0447\u0430\u0441\u0442\u043e \u0432 \u043e\u043a\u043d\u0430 \u043a\u043e\u043c\u043d\u0430\u0442\u044b \u043c\u043e\u0435\u0439\n\u0412\u043b\u0435\u0442\u0430\u044e\u0442 \u0432\u0435\u0442\u0440\u044b \u0441\u0435\u0432\u0435\u0440\u043d\u044b\u0445 \u043c\u043e\u0440\u0435\u0439,\n\u0418 \u0433\u043e\u043b\u0443\u0431\u044c \u0435\u0441\u0442 \u0438\u0437 \u0440\u0443\u043a \u043c\u043e\u0438\u0445 \u043f\u0448\u0435\u043d\u0438\u0446\u0443...\n\u0410 \u043d\u0435 \u0434\u043e\u043f\u0438\u0441\u0430\u043d\u043d\u0443\u044e \u043c\u043d\u043e\u0439 \u0441\u0442\u0440\u0430\u043d\u0438\u0446\u0443 \u2014\n\u0411\u043e\u0436\u0435\u0441\u0442\u0432\u0435\u043d\u043d\u043e \u0441\u043f\u043e\u043a\u043e\u0439\u043d\u0430 \u0438 \u043b\u0435\u0433\u043a\u0430,\n\u0414\u043e\u043f\u0438\u0448\u0435\u0442 \u041c\u0443\u0437\u044b \u0441\u043c\u0443\u0433\u043b\u0430\u044f \u0440\u0443\u043a\u0430."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Anna Akhmatova", "text": "Solitude by Anna Akhmatova\nSo many stones have been thrown at me,\nThat I'm not frightened of them anymore,\nAnd the pit has become a solid tower,\nTall among tall towers.\n\nI thank the builders,\nMay care and sadness pass them by.\nFrom here I'll see the sunrise earlier,\nHere the sun's last ray rejoices.\nAnd into the windows of my room\nThe northern breezes often fly.\nAnd from my hand a dove eats grains of wheat...\n\nAs for my unfinished page,\nThe Muse's tawny hand, divinely calm\nAnd delicate, will finish it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u041f\u0430\u043c\u044f\u0442\u044c \u043e \u0441\u043e\u043b\u043d\u0446\u0435 \u0432 \u0441\u0435\u0440\u0434\u0446\u0435 \u0441\u043b\u0430\u0431\u0435\u0435\u0442.\n\u0416\u0435\u043b\u0442\u0435\u0439 \u0442\u0440\u0430\u0432\u0430.\n\u0412\u0435\u0442\u0435\u0440 \u0441\u043d\u0435\u0436\u0438\u043d\u043a\u0430\u043c\u0438 \u0440\u0430\u043d\u043d\u0438\u043c\u0438 \u0432\u0435\u0435\u0442\n\u0415\u0434\u0432\u0430-\u0435\u0434\u0432\u0430.\n\u0412 \u0443\u0437\u043a\u0438\u0445 \u043a\u0430\u043d\u0430\u043b\u0430\u0445 \u0443\u0436\u0435 \u043d\u0435 \u0441\u0442\u0440\u0443\u0438\u0442\u0441\u044f \u2014\n\u0421\u0442\u044b\u043d\u0435\u0442 \u0432\u043e\u0434\u0430.\n\u0417\u0434\u0435\u0441\u044c \u043d\u0438\u043a\u043e\u0433\u0434\u0430 \u043d\u0438\u0447\u0435\u0433\u043e \u043d\u0435 \u0441\u043b\u0443\u0447\u0438\u0442\u0441\u044f, \u2014\n\u041e, \u043d\u0438\u043a\u043e\u0433\u0434\u0430!\n\u0418\u0432\u0430 \u043d\u0430 \u043d\u0435\u0431\u0435 \u043f\u0443\u0441\u0442\u043e\u043c \u0440\u0430\u0441\u043f\u043b\u0430\u0441\u0442\u0430\u043b\u0430\n\u0412\u0435\u0435\u0440 \u0441\u043a\u0432\u043e\u0437\u043d\u043e\u0439.\n\u041c\u043e\u0436\u0435\u0442 \u0431\u044b\u0442\u044c, \u043b\u0443\u0447\u0448\u0435, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u044f \u043d\u0435 \u0441\u0442\u0430\u043b\u0430\n\u0412\u0430\u0448\u0435\u0439 \u0436\u0435\u043d\u043e\u0439.\n\u041f\u0430\u043c\u044f\u0442\u044c \u043e \u0441\u043e\u043b\u043d\u0446\u0435 \u0432 \u0441\u0435\u0440\u0434\u0446\u0435 \u0441\u043b\u0430\u0431\u0435\u0435\u0442.\n\u0427\u0442\u043e \u044d\u0442\u043e? \u0422\u044c\u043c\u0430?\n\u041c\u043e\u0436\u0435\u0442 \u0431\u044b\u0442\u044c!.. \u0417\u0430 \u043d\u043e\u0447\u044c \u043f\u0440\u0438\u0439\u0442\u0438 \u0443\u0441\u043f\u0435\u0435\u0442\n\u0417\u0438\u043c\u0430."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Memory Of Sun\nMemory of sun seeps from the heart.\nGrass grows yellower.\nFaintly if at all the early snowflakes\nHover, hover.\n\nWater becoming ice is slowing in\nThe narrow channels.\nNothing at all will happen here again,\nWill ever happen.\n\nAgainst the sky the willow spreads a fan\nThe silk's torn off.\nMaybe it's better I did not become\nYour wife.\n\nMemory of sun seeps from the heart.\nWhat is it? -- Dark?\nPerhaps! Winter will have occupied us\nIn the night."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u0421\u0436\u0430\u043b\u0430 \u0440\u0443\u043a\u0438 \u043f\u043e\u0434 \u0442\u0435\u043c\u043d\u043e\u0439 \u0432\u0443\u0430\u043b\u044c\u044e...\n\u00ab\u041e\u0442\u0447\u0435\u0433\u043e \u0442\u044b \u0441\u0435\u0433\u043e\u0434\u043d\u044f \u0431\u043b\u0435\u0434\u043d\u0430?\u00bb \u2014\n\u041e\u0442\u0442\u043e\u0433\u043e, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u044f \u0442\u0435\u0440\u043f\u043a\u043e\u0439 \u043f\u0435\u0447\u0430\u043b\u044c\u044e\n\u041d\u0430\u043f\u043e\u0438\u043b\u0430 \u0435\u0433\u043e \u0434\u043e\u043f\u044c\u044f\u043d\u0430.\n\u041a\u0430\u043a \u0437\u0430\u0431\u0443\u0434\u0443? \u041e\u043d \u0432\u044b\u0448\u0435\u043b, \u0448\u0430\u0442\u0430\u044f\u0441\u044c,\n\u0418\u0441\u043a\u0440\u0438\u0432\u0438\u043b\u0441\u044f \u043c\u0443\u0447\u0438\u0442\u0435\u043b\u044c\u043d\u043e \u0440\u043e\u0442...\n\u042f \u0441\u0431\u0435\u0436\u0430\u043b\u0430, \u043f\u0435\u0440\u0438\u043b \u043d\u0435 \u043a\u0430\u0441\u0430\u044f\u0441\u044c,\n\u042f \u0431\u0435\u0436\u0430\u043b\u0430 \u0437\u0430 \u043d\u0438\u043c \u0434\u043e \u0432\u043e\u0440\u043e\u0442.\n\u0417\u0430\u0434\u044b\u0445\u0430\u044f\u0441\u044c, \u044f \u043a\u0440\u0438\u043a\u043d\u0443\u043b\u0430: \u00ab\u0428\u0443\u0442\u043a\u0430\n\u0412\u0441\u0435, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u0431\u044b\u043b\u043e. \u0423\u0439\u0434\u0435\u0448\u044c, \u044f \u0443\u043c\u0440\u0443\u00bb.\n\u0423\u043b\u044b\u0431\u043d\u0443\u043b\u0441\u044f \u0441\u043f\u043e\u043a\u043e\u0439\u043d\u043e \u0438 \u0436\u0443\u0442\u043a\u043e\n\u0418 \u0441\u043a\u0430\u0437\u0430\u043b \u043c\u043d\u0435: \u00ab\u041d\u0435 \u0441\u0442\u043e\u0439 \u043d\u0430 \u0432\u0435\u0442\u0440\u0443\u00bb."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I wrung my hands under my dark veil. . .\n\"Why are you pale, what makes you reckless?\"\n-- Because I have made my loved one drunk\nwith an astringent sadness.\n\nI'll never forget. He went out, reeling;\nhis mouth was twisted, desolate. . .\nI ran downstairs, not touching the banisters,\nand followed him as far as the gate.\n\nAnd shouted, choking: \"I meant it all\nin fun. Don't leave me, or I'll die of pain.\"\nHe smiled at me -- oh so calmly, terribly --\nand said: \"Why don't you get out of the wind?\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Annensky", "text": "\u0421\u0440\u0435\u0434\u0438 \u043c\u0438\u0440\u043e\u0432, \u0432 \u043c\u0435\u0440\u0446\u0430\u043d\u0438\u0438 \u0441\u0432\u0435\u0442\u0438\u043b\u2028\n\u041e\u0434\u043d\u043e\u0439 \u0417\u0432\u0435\u0437\u0434\u044b \u044f \u043f\u043e\u0432\u0442\u043e\u0440\u044f\u044e \u0438\u043c\u044f\u2028\n\u041d\u0435 \u043f\u043e\u0442\u043e\u043c\u0443, \u0447\u0442\u043e\u0431 \u044f \u0415\u0451 \u043b\u044e\u0431\u0438\u043b,\u2028\n\u0410 \u043f\u043e\u0442\u043e\u043c\u0443, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u044f \u0442\u043e\u043c\u043b\u044e\u0441\u044c \u0441 \u0434\u0440\u0443\u0433\u0438\u043c\u0438.\u2028 \u2028\n\u0418 \u0435\u0441\u043b\u0438 \u043c\u043d\u0435 \u0441\u043e\u043c\u043d\u0435\u043d\u044c\u0435 \u0442\u044f\u0436\u0435\u043b\u043e,\u2028\n\u042f \u0443 \u041d\u0435\u0451 \u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e\u0439 \u0438\u0449\u0443 \u043e\u0442\u0432\u0435\u0442\u0430,\u2028\n\u041d\u0435 \u043f\u043e\u0442\u043e\u043c\u0443, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u043e\u0442 \u041d\u0435\u0451 \u0441\u0432\u0435\u0442\u043b\u043e,\u2028\n\u0410 \u043f\u043e\u0442\u043e\u043c\u0443, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u0441 \u041d\u0435\u0439 \u043d\u0435 \u043d\u0430\u0434\u043e \u0441\u0432\u0435\u0442\u0430."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Annensky", "text": "\u201cAmong the worlds, in the glittering of luminaries, I keep repeating the name of one Star only\u2026. Not because I feel love for Her, but because I languish with others. And when I am overpowered by doubt, from Her alone I seek an answer, not because she gives light, but because with Her no light is needed.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pushkin", "text": "\u042f \u0432\u0430\u0441 \u043b\u044e\u0431\u0438\u043b: \u043b\u044e\u0431\u043e\u0432\u044c \u0435\u0449\u0435, \u0431\u044b\u0442\u044c \u043c\u043e\u0436\u0435\u0442,\n\u0412 \u0434\u0443\u0448\u0435 \u043c\u043e\u0435\u0439 \u0443\u0433\u0430\u0441\u043b\u0430 \u043d\u0435 \u0441\u043e\u0432\u0441\u0435\u043c;\n\u041d\u043e \u043f\u0443\u0441\u0442\u044c \u043e\u043d\u0430 \u0432\u0430\u0441 \u0431\u043e\u043b\u044c\u0448\u0435 \u043d\u0435 \u0442\u0440\u0435\u0432\u043e\u0436\u0438\u0442;\n\u042f \u043d\u0435 \u0445\u043e\u0447\u0443 \u043f\u0435\u0447\u0430\u043b\u0438\u0442\u044c \u0432\u0430\u0441 \u043d\u0438\u0447\u0435\u043c.\n\n\u042f \u0432\u0430\u0441 \u043b\u044e\u0431\u0438\u043b \u0431\u0435\u0437\u043c\u043e\u043b\u0432\u043d\u043e, \u0431\u0435\u0437\u043d\u0430\u0434\u0435\u0436\u043d\u043e,\n\u0422\u043e \u0440\u043e\u0431\u043e\u0441\u0442\u044c\u044e, \u0442\u043e \u0440\u0435\u0432\u043d\u043e\u0441\u0442\u044c\u044e \u0442\u043e\u043c\u0438\u043c;\n\u042f \u0432\u0430\u0441 \u043b\u044e\u0431\u0438\u043b \u0442\u0430\u043a \u0438\u0441\u043a\u0440\u0435\u043d\u043d\u043e, \u0442\u0430\u043a \u043d\u0435\u0436\u043d\u043e,\n\u041a\u0430\u043a \u0434\u0430\u0439 \u0432\u0430\u043c \u0431\u043e\u0433 \u043b\u044e\u0431\u0438\u043c\u043e\u0439 \u0431\u044b\u0442\u044c \u0434\u0440\u0443\u0433\u0438\u043c."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pushkin", "text": "\u201cI loved you; perhaps love has not yet quite gone out in my soul, but let it no longer trouble you: I don\u2019t want to sadden you in the smallest way. I loved you silently, hopelessly, tormented now by shyness (timidity), now by jealousy; I loved you so sincerely, so tenderly, as God grant you may be loved by another man.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "When in the night I await her coming,\nmy life seems stopped. I ask myself: \nWhat are tributes, freedom, \nor youth compared to this \ntreasured friend holding a flute?\n\nLook, she\u2019s coming! \nShe throws off her veil and watches me, \nsteady and long. I say:\n\u201cWas it you who dictated to Dante \nthe pages of Hell?\u201d \n\nAnd she answers: \n\u201cI am the one.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u041c\u0443\u0437\u0430\n\u041a\u043e\u0433\u0434\u0430 \u044f \u043d\u043e\u0447\u044c\u044e \u0436\u0434\u0443 \u0435\u0435 \u043f\u0440\u0438\u0445\u043e\u0434\u0430,\n\u0416\u0438\u0437\u043d\u044c, \u043a\u0430\u0436\u0435\u0442\u0441\u044f, \u0432\u0438\u0441\u0438\u0442 \u043d\u0430 \u0432\u043e\u043b\u043e\u0441\u043a\u0435.\n\u0427\u0442\u043e \u043f\u043e\u0447\u0435\u0441\u0442\u0438, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u044e\u043d\u043e\u0441\u0442\u044c, \u0447\u0442\u043e \u0441\u0432\u043e\u0431\u043e\u0434\u0430\n\u041f\u0440\u0435\u0434 \u043c\u0438\u043b\u043e\u0439 \u0433\u043e\u0441\u0442\u044c\u0435\u0439 \u0441 \u0434\u0443\u0434\u043e\u0447\u043a\u043e\u0439 \u0432 \u0440\u0443\u043a\u0435.\n\u0418 \u0432\u043e\u0442 \u0432\u043e\u0448\u043b\u0430. \u041e\u0442\u043a\u0438\u043d\u0443\u0432 \u043f\u043e\u043a\u0440\u044b\u0432\u0430\u043b\u043e,\n\u0412\u043d\u0438\u043c\u0430\u0442\u0435\u043b\u044c\u043d\u043e \u0432\u0437\u0433\u043b\u044f\u043d\u0443\u043b\u0430 \u043d\u0430 \u043c\u0435\u043d\u044f.\n\u0415\u0439 \u0433\u043e\u0432\u043e\u0440\u044e: \u00ab\u0422\u044b \u043b\u044c \u0414\u0430\u043d\u0442\u0443 \u0434\u0438\u043a\u0442\u043e\u0432\u0430\u043b\u0430\n\u0421\u0442\u0440\u0430\u043d\u0438\u0446\u044b \u0410\u0434\u0430?\u00bb \u041e\u0442\u0432\u0435\u0447\u0430\u0435\u0442: \u00ab\u042f!\u00bb."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Upon the hard crest of a snow-drift\nWe tread, and grown quiet, we walk\nOn towards my house, white, enchanted;\nOur mood is too tender for talk.\nAnd sweeter than music, this dream now\nCome true, the low boughs of the firs\nThat sway as we brush them in passing,\nThe slight silver clink of your spurs."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anna-akhmatova", "text": "(He loved three things in life:\nEvensong, white peacocks\nAnd old maps of America.\nHe hated it when children cried,\n. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .\n. . . And I was his wife.)"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Tsvetaeva", "text": "Letter from Tsvetaeva to her daughter \nAnd when you too are dragged \u2014 as by a tide \u2014\ninto a life of endless wandering,\njustify your snakish pedigree:\nput home \u2014 myself \u2014 my poems \u2014 out of mind.\nKnow one thing: you will be old tomorrow.\nDrink wine, ride troikas, sing loud in the barroom,\nbe a blue-eyed gypsy, be a temptress.\nKnow one thing: you\u2019ll never find an equal \u2014\nso throw yourself at every lover\u2019s breast.\nOh, the blazing Paris boulevards!\n(Do you see them? Millions of eyes!)\nOh, the thunder of Madrid\u2019s guitars!\n(I\u2019ve written of them \u2014 oh so many times!)\nKnow one thing: (your gaze is wide and ardent,\nthe sails are swelling \u2014 on your merry way!)\nKnow one thing: you will be old tomorrow \u2014\nchild, nothing else is worth the time of day.\n\n\u0410 \u043a\u043e\u0433\u0434\u0430 \u2014 \u043a\u043e\u0433\u0434\u0430-\u043d\u0438\u0431\u0443\u0434\u044c \u2014 \u043a\u0430\u043a \u0432 \u0432\u043e\u0434\u0443\n\u0418 \u0442\u0435\u0431\u044f \u043f\u043e\u0442\u044f\u043d\u0435\u0442 \u2014 \u0432 \u0432\u0435\u0447\u043d\u044b\u0439 \u043f\u0443\u0442\u044c,\n\u041e\u043f\u0440\u0430\u0432\u0434\u0430\u0439 \u0437\u043c\u0435\u0438\u043d\u0443\u044e \u043f\u043e\u0440\u043e\u0434\u0443:\n\u0414\u043e\u043c \u2014 \u043c\u0435\u043d\u044f \u2014 \u043c\u043e\u0438 \u0441\u0442\u0438\u0445\u0438 \u2014 \u0437\u0430\u0431\u0443\u0434\u044c.\n\n\u0417\u043d\u0430\u0439 \u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e: \u0447\u0442\u043e \u0437\u0430\u0432\u0442\u0440\u0430 \u0431\u0443\u0434\u0435\u0448\u044c \u0441\u0442\u0430\u0440\u043e\u0439.\n\u041f\u0435\u0439 \u0432\u0438\u043d\u043e, \u043f\u0440\u0430\u0432\u044c \u0442\u0440\u043e\u0439\u043a\u043e\u0439, \u043f\u043e\u0439 \u0443 \u042f\u0440\u0430,\n\u0421\u0438\u043d\u0435\u043e\u043a\u043e\u044e \u0446\u044b\u0433\u0430\u043d\u043a\u043e\u0439 \u0431\u0443\u0434\u044c.\n\u0417\u043d\u0430\u0439 \u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e: \u043d\u0438\u043a\u0442\u043e \u0442\u0435\u0431\u0435 \u043d\u0435 \u043f\u0430\u0440\u0430 \u2014\n\u0418 \u0431\u0440\u043e\u0441\u0430\u0439\u0441\u044f \u043a\u0430\u0436\u0434\u043e\u043c\u0443 \u043d\u0430 \u0433\u0440\u0443\u0434\u044c.\n\n\u0410\u0445, \u0433\u043e\u0440\u044f\u0442 \u043f\u0430\u0440\u0438\u0436\u0441\u043a\u0438\u0435 \u0431\u0443\u043b\u044c\u0432\u0430\u0440\u044b!\n(\u041f\u043e\u043d\u0438\u043c\u0430\u0435\u0448\u044c \u2014 \u043c\u0438\u043b\u043b\u0438\u043e\u043d\u044b \u0433\u043b\u0430\u0437!)\n\u0410\u0445, \u0433\u0440\u0435\u043c\u044f\u0442 \u043c\u0430\u0434\u0440\u0438\u0434\u0441\u043a\u0438\u0435 \u0433\u0438\u0442\u0430\u0440\u044b!\n(\u042f \u043e \u043d\u0438\u0445 \u043f\u0438\u0441\u0430\u043b\u0430 \u2014 \u0441\u0442\u043e\u043b\u044c\u043a\u043e \u0440\u0430\u0437!)\n\n\u0417\u043d\u0430\u0439 \u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e: (\u0442\u0432\u043e\u0439 \u0432\u0437\u0433\u043b\u044f\u0434 \u0448\u0438\u0440\u043e\u043a \u043e\u0442 \u0436\u0430\u0440\u0430,\n\u041f\u0430\u0440\u0443\u0441\u0430 \u043d\u0430\u0434\u0443\u043b\u0438\u0441\u044c \u2014 \u0434\u043e\u0431\u0440\u044b\u0439 \u043f\u0443\u0442\u044c!)\n\u0417\u043d\u0430\u0439 \u043e\u0434\u043d\u043e: \u0447\u0442\u043e \u0437\u0430\u0432\u0442\u0440\u0430 \u0431\u0443\u0434\u0435\u0448\u044c \u0441\u0442\u0430\u0440\u043e\u0439,\n\u041e\u0441\u0442\u0430\u043b\u044c\u043d\u043e\u0435, \u0434\u0435\u0442\u043e\u0447\u043a\u0430, \u2014 \u0437\u0430\u0431\u0443\u0434\u044c."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "A kiss on the forehead\u2014erases misery.\nI kiss your forehead.\n\nA kiss on the eyes\u2014lifts sleeplessness.\nI kiss your eyes.\n\nA kiss on the lips\u2014is a drink of water.\nI kiss your lips.\n\nA kiss on the forehead\u2014erases memory."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Edward Asadov", "text": "So many people you can take to bed\nSo few you feel like waking up with\nWho in the morning when goodbyes are said\nYou feel like waving to and smiling to,\nand then you wait to hear from them all day long\n\nSo many people just to live with,\nHave coffee in the morning, chat, dispute,\nTo go on holiday, enjoy the seaside with,\nTo share joys and sorrows, as you should,\nTo be by their side... but not to love.\n\nSo few to dream together with\nTo watch the clouds drifting in the skies\nTo write the words of love on the first snow\nTo think of nothing else but those eyes\nTo know or desire no other bliss than that.\n\nSo few you can keep silence with\nWho understand midsentence, from half a glance\nWho are worth devoting year after year to,\nFor whom you can endure any pain,\nBe willing to sacrifice your life at once...\n\nAs history repeats itself, the same goes on and on.\nPeople meet easily and part with no regret...\nNo grief, whatsoever, no concern\nBecause there are so many you can take to bed\nAnd so few you feel like waking up with.\n\nLife weaves us into its pattern\nSubdued we go through motions and routine\nOne who would like to hear, needs to listen,\nIf you run fast, you'll notice only flesh\nIf you slow down, souls will be seen...\n\nWhen faced with choice, we use both heart and mind\nTo make decisions... We go crazy within reason\nAt times being too shy to smile in return...\nWe open our souls only to people of one kind\nThe one that makes us feel like waking up with\u2026"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Good Night\u00a0\n\nMay you fall asleep in the arms of a dream, \nso beautiful, you\u2019ll wake up crying."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Michael Faudet", "text": "Pretty Torments\u00a0\nI love, \nhow you like to tease. \n\nSlowly crawling, \nwhile your legs do the talking, \nwith knees that blush, \non wooden floors. \n\nDropping a pencil, \nand picking it up."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "You are what your deep, driving desire is.\nAs your desire is, so is your will.\nAs your will is, so is your deed.\nAs your deed is, so is your destiny.\u00a0\n[Brihadaranyaka IV.4.5 ]"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Havelock Ellis", "text": "Dreams are real, as long as they last. Can we say more of life?\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Paulo Coelho", "text": "\u201cYou drown not by falling into a river, but by staying submerged in it.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Heinrich Heine", "text": "\u201cif God wants to make my happiness complete, he will grant me the joy of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanging from those trees. Before their death I shall, moved in my heart, forgive them all the wrong they did me in their lifetime. One must, it is true, forgive one\u2019s enemies\u2014but not before they have been hanged.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ocean Vuong", "text": "\u201cLet no one mistake us for the fruit of violence\u2014but that violence, having passed through the fruit, failed to spoil it.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Richard Siken", "text": "\u201dWe have not touched the stars, nor are we forgiven, which brings us back to the hero\u2019s shoulders and the gentleness that comes, not from the absence of violence, but despite the abundance of it.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Alberto Ruy-S\u00e1nchez", "text": "NUEVE VECES\nTE SUE\u00d1O\nDel diario de Aziz Al-Gazali"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Johne Donne", "text": "For Whom The Bell Tolls\nNo man is an island,\nEntire of itself.\nEach is a piece of the continent,\nA part of the main.\nIf a clod be washed away by the sea,\nEurope is the less.\nAs well as if a promontory were.\nAs well as if a manor of thine own\nOr of thine friend's were.\nEach man's death diminishes me,\nFor I am involved in mankind.\nTherefore, send not to know\nFor whom the bell tolls,\nIt tolls for thee."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Salvor Hardin", "text": "\u201cIt pays to be obvious, especially if you have a reputation for subtlety.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u201cThose who say it can\u2019t be done are usually interrupted by others doing it.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u201cMoney, it turned out, was exactly like sex, you thought of nothing else if you didn't have it and thought of other things if you did.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James Baldwin", "text": "\u201cI imagine one of the reasons people cling to their hates so stubbornly is because they sense, once hate is gone, they will be forced to deal with pain.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James Baldwin", "text": "\u201cThe whole language of writing for me is finding out what you don\u2019t want to know, what you don\u2019t want to find out. But something forces you to anyway.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Suzuki Shosan (1579-1655)", "text": "To learn to be always in a state of meditation means never to let your vital energy wane.You would never allow it to do so if it were certain that you were to die tomorrow. It wanes because you forget about death. Grit your teeth, fix your gaze, and observe death at this moment. You have to feel it so strongly that is seems as if it\u2019s attacking you. Fearless energy comes from this. At this moment death is right before your eyes. It\u2019s not something you can afford to neglect."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jordan B. Peterson", "text": "\u201cYou can only find out what you actually believe (rather than what you think you believe) by watching how you act. You simply don\u2019t know what you believe, before that. You are too complex to understand yourself.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u201cNo,\u201d Tempi said sternly. \u201cThe Lethani is not a path.\u201d \u201cWhat is the purpose of the Lethani, Tempi?\u201d \u201cTo guide us in our actions. By following the Lethani, you act rightly.\u201d \u201cIs this not a path?\u201d \u201cNo. The Lethani is what helps us choose a path.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Teddy Roosevelt", "text": "\u201cIt is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, who comes short again and again, because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who neither know victory nor defeat.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "C. P. CAVAFY", "text": "Ithaka\nBY C. P. CAVAFY\nTRANSLATED BY EDMUND KEELEY\nAs you set out for Ithaka hope your road is a long one, full of adventure, full of discovery.\nLaistrygonians, Cyclops,\nangry Poseidon--don't be afraid of them:\nyou'll never find things like that on your way as long as you keep your thoughts raised high, as long as a rare excitement stirs your spirit and your body.\nLaistrygonians, Cyclops,\nwild Poseidon-you won't encounter them unless you bring them along inside your soul, unless your soul sets them up in front of you.\nHope your road is a long one.\nMay there be many summer mornings when, with what pleasure, what joy,\nyou enter harbors you're seeing for the first time; may you stop at Phoenician trading stations to buy fine things,\nmother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony, sensual perfume of every kind-as many sensual perfumes as you can; and may you visit many Egyptian cities to learn and go on learning from their scholars.\nKeep Ithaka always in your mind.\nArriving there is what you're destined for.\nBut don't hurry the journey at all.\nBetter if it lasts for years,\nso you're old by the time you reach the island, wealthy with all you've gained on the way, not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.\nIthaka gave you the marvelous journey.\nWithout her you wouldn't have set out.\nShe has nothing left to give you now.\nAnd if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you.\nWise as you will have become, so full of experience, you'll have understood by then what these Ithakas mean."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "HAUNTIE", "text": "To All My Friends - by HAUNTIE\nThat I could be this human at this time\nbreathing, looking, seeing, smelling\n\nThat I could be this moment at this time\nresting, calmly moving, feeling\n\nThat I could be this excellence at this time\nsudden, changed, peaceful, & woke\n\nTo all my friends who have been with me in weakness when water falls rush down my two sides\n\nTo all my friends who have felt me in anguish\nwhen this earthen back breaks between the crack of two blades\n\nTo all my friends who have held me in rage\nwhen fire tears through swallows behind tight grins\n\nI know you\nI see you\nI hear you\n\nAlthough the world is silent around you\n\nI know you\nI see you\nI hear you"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "The Power Broker", "text": "One measure of the career of Robert Moses is longevity. His power was measured in decades. On April 18, 1924, ten years after he had entered government, it was formally handed to him. For forty-four years thereafter until the day in 1968 when he realized that he had either misunderstood Nelson Rockefeller or had been cheated by him and, in either case, had lost the last of it- he held power, a power so substantial that in the fields in which he chose to exercise it, it was not challenged seriously by any Governor of New York State or, during a thirty-four year period, 1934 to 1968, in which it extended over city as well as state, by any Mayor of New York City. He held this power during the administrations of six Governors-Alfred B. Smith, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert H. Lehman, Thomas B. Dewey and W. Averell Harriman, as well as Rockefeller. He held it during the administrations of five Mayors- Fiorello La Guardia, William O'Dwyer, Vincent Impellitteri, Robert F. Wagner, Jr., and John V. Lindsay. And in 1974, at the age of eighty-five, he was fighting with desperate cunning to get it back."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Stanley Kubrick", "text": "\u201cThe truth of a thing is in the feel of it. \u201cThe truth of a thing is in the feel of it, not in the think of it.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Wendell Berry", "text": "It may be that when we no longer know what to do, \nwe have come to our real work \nand when we no longer know which way to go, \nwe have begun our real journey. \n\nThe mind that is not baffled is not employed. \nThe impeded stream is the one that sings."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Knowledge is a sort of ignorance. The word \u2018ignorance\u2019 is very beautiful. Split it in two \u2014 it becomes \u2018ignor-ance\u2019. Truth can be ignored. That\u2019s what ignorance is; otherwise, truth is already present. Ignorance is nothing but ignoring the truth which is already there. And a man of knowledge becomes more ignorant, because the more he thinks he knows, the more he becomes capable of ignoring that which is. Lost in his theories, dogmas, creeds, scriptures, he no longer has any eyes to look at the reality. Lost in words, verbalizations, his vision is clouded. He cannot see that which is."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "https://www.oshoteachings.com/osho-truth-is-felt-by-the-heart-by-your-totality-by-you-not-by-your-head/"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rachel Sibley", "text": "Buzzard Child\nHeed the call of the wind\nBuzzard Child of mine\nSoar toward\nThe songs of old\nThe call of\nOnce-warm flesh made cold\nCome and draw the red circle From womb to world to wing\nThe song of change\nThe call of fate\nOf carrion and death made clean\nLearn to be with tragedy And luck with equal grace\nSource nutriment from death\nClear the way\nFor fertile space\nOn the bowl of high horizons\nAbove land that quakes and shakes\nYou too will gale and whisper\nYou too will learn the stakes\nKeep lightning to your periphery\nKeep moonrise ever ahead\nKeep a searching eye ever anchored\nOn the circuitous nature of life\nThe sky is wide\nThe heart is wise\nHold its light\nIn steady sight\nDream big, my child\nBreathe deep, my child lake flight\nTake flight\nTake flight"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Teach the children. \nWe don\u2019t matter so much, but the children do.\n\nShow them daisies and the pale hepatica. \nTeach them the taste of sassafras and wintergreen. \nThe lives of the blue sailors, mallow, sunbursts, the moccasin flowers. \nAnd the frisky ones\u2014inkberry, lamb\u2019s-quarters, blueberries. \nAnd the aromatic ones\u2014rosemary, oregano. \n\nGive them peppermint to put in their pockets as they go to school. \nGive them the fields and the woods \nand the possibility of the world salvaged from the lords of profit. \nStand them in the stream, head them upstream, \nrejoice as they learn to love this green space they live in, \nits sticks and leaves and then the silent, beautiful blossoms.\n Attention is the beginning of devotion."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran, On Beauty", "text": "Beauty is eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Start close in, \ndon't take the second step or the third, \nstart with the first thing close in, \nthe step you don't want to take. \n\nStart with the ground you know, \nthe pale ground beneath your feet, \nyour own way of starting the conversation. \n\nStart with your own question, \ngive up on other people's questions, \ndon't let them smother something simple. \n\nTo find another's voice, follow your own voice, \nwait until that voice becomes a private ear listening to another. \n\nStart right now \ntake a small step you can call your own \ndon't follow someone else's heroics, \nbe humble and focused, \nstart close in, \ndon't mistake that other for your own."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Merrit Malloy", "text": "Epitaph by Merrit Malloy\nWhen I die\nGive what\u2019s left of me away\nTo children\nAnd old men that wait to die.\n\nAnd if you need to cry,\nCry for your brother\nWalking the street beside you.\nAnd when you need me,\nPut your arms\nAround anyone\nAnd give them\nWhat you need to give to me.\n\nI want to leave you something,\nSomething better\nThan words\nOr sounds.\n\nLook for me\nIn the people I\u2019ve known\nOr loved,\nAnd if you cannot give me away,\nAt least let me live on in your eyes\nAnd not your mind.\n\nYou can love me most\nBy letting\nHands touch hands,\nBy letting bodies touch bodies,\nAnd by letting go\nOf children\nThat need to be free.\n\nLove doesn\u2019t die,\nPeople do.\nSo, when all that\u2019s left of me\nIs love,\nGive me away"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Valerie Cox", "text": "The Cookie Thief \nby Valerie Cox\nA woman was waiting at an airport one night, with several long hours before her flight. She hunted for a book in the airport shops, bought a bag of cookies and found a place to drop.\nShe was engrossed in her book but happened to see, that the man sitting beside her, as bold as could be. . .grabbed a cookie or two from the bag in between, which she tried to ignore to avoid a scene.\nSo she munched the cookies and watched the clock, as the gutsy cookie thief diminished her stock. She was getting more irritated as the minutes ticked by, thinking, \u201cIf I wasn\u2019t so nice, I would blacken his eye.\u201d\nWith each cookie she took, he took one too, when only one was left, she wondered what he would do. With a smile on his face, and a nervous laugh, he took the last cookie and broke it in half.\nHe offered her half, as he ate the other, she snatched it from him and thought\u2026 oooh, brother. This guy has some nerve and he\u2019s also rude, why he didn\u2019t even show any gratitude!\nShe had never known when she had been so galled, and sighed with relief when her flight was called. She gathered her belongings and headed to the gate, refusing to look back at the thieving ingrate.\nShe boarded the plane, and sank in her seat, then she sought her book, which was almost complete. As she reached in her baggage, she gasped with surprise, there was her bag of cookies, in front of her eyes. i\nIf mine are here, she moaned in despair, the others were his, and he tried to share. Too late to apologize, she realized with grief, that she was the rude one, the ingrate, the thief."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Tomorrow when the farm boys find this\nfreak of nature, they will wrap his body\nin newspaper and carry him to the museum.\n\nBut tonight he is alive and in the north field with his mother. \nIt is a perfect summer evening: \nthe moon rising over the orchard, \nthe wind in the grass. \nAndas he stares into the sky, \nthere are twice as many stars as usual."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Plato", "text": "\u201cThe price good men pay for indifference to public affairs is to be ruled by evil men.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "THE TRUELOVE\nby David Whyte\nThere is a faith in loving fiercely\nthe one who is rightfully yours,\nespecially if you have\nwaited years and especially\nif part of you never believed\nyou could deserve this\nloved and beckoning hand\nheld out to you this way.\nI am thinking of faith now\nand the testaments of loneliness\nand what we feel we are\nworthy of in this world.\nYears ago in the Hebrides,\nI remember an old man\nwho walked every morning\non the grey stones\nto the shore of baying seals,\nwho would press his hat\nto his chest in the blustering\nsalt wind and say his prayer\nto the turbulent Jesus\nhidden in the water,\nand I think of the story\nof the storm and everyone\nwaking and seeing\nthe distant\nyet familiar figure\nfar across the water\ncalling to them\nand how we are all\npreparing for that\nabrupt waking,\nand that calling,\nand that moment\nwe have to say yes,\nexcept it will\nnot come so grandly\nso Biblically\nbut more subtly\nand intimately in the face\nof the one you know\nyou have to love\nso that when\nwe finally step out of the boat\ntoward them, we find\neverything holds\nus, and everything confirms\nour courage, and if you wanted\nto drown you could,\nbut you don\u2019t\nbecause finally\nafter all this struggle\nand all these years\nyou simply don\u2019t want to\nany more\nyou\u2019ve simply had enough\nof drowning\nand you want to live and you\nwant to love and you will\nwalk across any territory\nand any darkness\nhowever fluid and however\ndangerous to take the\none hand you know\nbelongs in yours."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Maria Popova", "text": "The longer I live, the more deeply I learn that love \u2014 whether we call it friendship or family or romance \u2014 is the work of mirroring and magnifying each other\u2019s light. Gentle work. Steadfast work. Life-saving work in those moments when life and shame and sorrow occlude our own light from our view, but there is still a clear-eyed loving person to beam it back. In our best moments, we are that person for another."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Pretend, for example, that you were born in Chicago and have never had the remotest desire to visit Hong Kong, which is only a name on a map for you; pretend that some convulsion, sometimes called accident, throws you into connection with a man or a woman who lives in Hong Kong; and that you fall in love. Hong Kong will immediately cease to be a name and become the center of your life. And you may never know how many people live in Hong Kong. But you will know that one man or one woman lives there without whom you cannot live. And this is how our lives are changed, and this is how we are redeemed.\nWhat a journey this life is! Dependent, entirely, on things unseen. If your lover lives in Hong Kong and cannot get to Chicago, it will be necessary for you to go to Hong Kong. Perhaps you will spend your life there, and never see Chicago again. And you will, I assure you, as long as space and time divide you from anyone you love, discover a great deal about shipping routes, airlines, earth quake, famine, disease, and war. And you will always know what time it is in Hong Kong, for you love someone who lives there. And love will simply have no choice but to go into battle with space and time and, furthermore, to win."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James Baldwin", "text": "One discovers the light in darkness, that is what darkness is for; but everything in our lives depends on how we bear the light. It is necessary, while in darkness, to know that there is a light somewhere, to know that in oneself, waiting to be found, there is a light."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Alan Watts", "text": "Belief clings, faith lets go."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Yusef Komunyakaa", "text": "Rhythm Method\nIf you were sealed inside a box\nwithin a box deep in a forest,\nwith no birdsongs, no crickets\nrubbing legs together, no leaves\nletting go of mottled branches,\nyou'd still hear the rhythm\nof your heart. A red tide\nof beached fish oscillates in sand,\ncopulating beneath a full moon,\n& we can call this the first\nrhythm because sex is what\nnudged the tongue awake\n& taught the hand to hit\ndrums & embrace reed flutes\nbefore they were worked\nfrom wood & myth. Up\n& down, in & out, the piston\ndrives a dream home. Water\ndrips till it sculpts a cup\ninto a slab of stone.\nAt first, no bigger\nthan a thimble, it holds\njoy, but grows to measure\nthe rhythm of loneliness\nthat melts sugar in tea.\nThere's a season for snakes\nto shed rainbows on the grass,\nfor locust to chant out of the dunghill.\nOh yes, oh yes, oh yes, oh yes\nis a confirmation the skin\nsings to hands. The Mantra\nof spring rain opens the rose\n& spider lily into shadow,\n& someone plays the bones\ntill they rise & live\nagain. We know the whole weight\ndepends on small silences\nwe fit outselves into.\nHigh heels at daybreak\nis the saddest refrain\nIf you can see blues\nin the ocean, light & dark\ncan feel worms ease through\na subterranean path\nbeneath each footstep,\nBaby, you got rhythm."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sarah Williams, Twilight Hours: A Legacy of Verse", "text": "\u201c[The Old Astronomer to His Pupil]\nReach me down my Tycho Brahe, I would know him when we meet,\nWhen I share my later science, sitting humbly at his feet;\nHe may know the law of all things, yet be ignorant of how\nWe are working to completion, working on from then to now.\n\nPray remember that I leave you all my theory complete,\nLacking only certain data for your adding, as is meet,\nAnd remember men will scorn it, 'tis original and true,\nAnd the obloquy of newness may fall bitterly on you.\n\nBut, my pupil, as my pupil you have learned the worth of scorn,\nYou have laughed with me at pity, we have joyed to be forlorn,\nWhat for us are all distractions of men's fellowship and smiles;\nWhat for us the Goddess Pleasure with her meretricious smiles.\n\nYou may tell that German College that their honor comes too late,\nBut they must not waste repentance on the grizzly savant's fate.\nThough my soul may set in darkness, it will rise in perfect light;\nI have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.\n\nWhat, my boy, you are not weeping? You should save your eyes for sight;\nYou will need them, mine observer, yet for many another night.\nI leave none but you, my pupil, unto whom my plans are known.\nYou 'have none but me,' you murmur, and I 'leave you quite alone'?\n\nWell then, kiss me, -- since my mother left her blessing on my brow,\nThere has been a something wanting in my nature until now;\nI can dimly comprehend it, -- that I might have been more kind,\nMight have cherished you more wisely, as the one I leave behind.\n\nI 'have never failed in kindness'? No, we lived too high for strife,--\nCalmest coldness was the error which has crept into our life;\nBut your spirit is untainted, I can dedicate you still\nTo the service of our science: you will further it? you will!\n\nThere are certain calculations I should like to make with you,\nTo be sure that your deductions will be logical and true;\nAnd remember, 'Patience, Patience,' is the watchword of a sage,\nNot to-day nor yet to-morrow can complete a perfect age.\n\nI have sown, like Tycho Brahe, that a greater man may reap;\nBut if none should do my reaping, 'twill disturb me in my sleep\nSo be careful and be faithful, though, like me, you leave no name;\nSee, my boy, that nothing turn you to the mere pursuit of fame\n\nI must say Good-bye, my pupil, for I cannot longer speak;\nDraw the curtain back for Venus, ere my vision grows too weak:\nIt is strange the pearly planet should look red as fiery Mars,--\nGod will mercifully guide me on my way amongst the stars.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,\nor the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.\nI love you as certain dark things are to be loved,\nin secret, between the shadow and the soul.\n\nI love you as the plant that never blooms\nbut carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;\nthanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,\nrisen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.\n\nI love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.\nI love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;\nso I love you because I know no other way\n\nthan this: where I does not exist, nor you,\nso close that your hand on my chest is my hand,\nso close that your eyes close as I fall asleep."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James Baldwin", "text": "There is an illusion about America, a myth about America to which we are clinging which has nothing to do with the lives we lead and I don't believe that anybody in this country who has really thought about it or really almost anybody who has been brought up against it--and almost all of us have one way or another--this collision between one's image of oneself and what one actually is is always very painful and there are two things you can do about it, you can meet the collision head-on and try and become what you really are or you can retreat and try to remain what you thought you were, which is a fantasy, in which you will certainly perish."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Vacation\nOnce there was a man who filmed his vacation.\nHe went flying down the river in his boat\nwith his video camera to his eye, making\na moving picture of the moving river\nupon which his sleek boat moved swiftly\ntoward the end of his vacation. He showed\nhis vacation to his camera, which pictured it,\npreserving it forever: the river, the trees,\nthe sky, the light, the bow of his rushing boat\nbehind which he stood with his camera\npreserving his vacation even as he was having it\nso that after he had had it he would still\nhave it. It would be there. With a flick\nof a switch, there it would be. But he\nwould not be in it. He would never be in it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Wendell Berry", "text": "SILENCE\nThough the air is full of singing\nmy head is loud\nwith the labor of words.\n\nThough the season is rich\nwith fruit, my tongue\nhungers for the sweet of speech.\n\nThough the beech is golden\nI cannot stand beside it\nmute, but must say\n\n'It is golden,' while the leaves\nstir and fall with a sound\nthat is not a name.\n\nIt is in the silence\nthat my hope is, and my aim.\n\nA song whose lines\n\u00a0I cannot make or sing\nsounds men's silence\nlike a root. \n\nLet me say\n\u00a0and not mourn: the world\nlives in the death of speech\nand sings there."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Water\nI was born in a drouth year. That summer\nmy mother waited in the house, enclosed\nin the sun and the dry ceaseless wind,\nfor the men to come back in the evenings,\nbringing water from a distant spring.\nveins of leaves ran dry, roots shrank.\nAnd all my life I have dreaded the return\nof that year, sure that it still is\nsomewhere, like a dead enemys soul.\nFear of dust in my mouth is always with me,\nand I am the faithful husband of the rain,\nI love the water of wells and springs\nand the taste of roofs in the water of cisterns.\nI am a dry man whose thirst is praise\nof clouds, and whose mind is something of a cup.\nMy sweetness is to wake in the night\nafter days of dry heat, hearing the rain."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "It may be that when we no longer know what to do\nwe have come our real work,\n\nand that when we no longer know which way to go\nwe have come to our real journey.\n\nThe mind that is not baffled is not employed.\n\nThe impeded stream is the one that sings."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I.\n The poem is important, but\nnot more than the people\nwhose survival it serves,\n\none of the necessities, so they may\nspeak what is true, and have\nthe patience for beauty: the weighted\n\ngrainfield, the shady street,\nthe well-laid stone and the changing tree\nwhose branches spread above.\n\nFor want of songs and stories\nthey have dug away the soil,\npaved over what is left,\n\nset up their perfunctory walls\nin tribute to no god,\nfor the love of no man or woman,\n\nso that the good that was here\ncannot be called back\nexcept by long waiting, by great\n\nsorrows remembered and to come\nby invoking the thunderstones\nof the world, and the vivid air.\n\nII.\n\nThe poem is important,\nas the want of it\nproves. It is the stewardship\n\nof its own possibility,\nthe past remembering itself\nin the presence of\n\nthe present, the power learned\nand handed down to see\nwhat is present\n\nand what is not: the pavement\nlaid down and walked over\nregardlessly--by exiles, here\n\nonly because they are passing.\nOh, remember the oaks that were\nhere, the leaves, purple and brown,\n\nfalling, the nuthatches walking\nheadfirst down the trunks,\ncrying \"onc! onc!\" in the brightness\n\nas they are doing now\nin the cemetery across the street\nwhere the past and the no longer know what to do/  
  
{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I.\nThe poem is important, but\nnot more than the people\nwhose survival it serves,\n\none of the necessities, so they may\nspeak what is true, and have\nthe patience for beauty: the weighted\n\ngrainfield, the shady street,\nthe well-laid stone and the changing tree\nwhose branches spread above.\n\nFor want of songs and stories\nthey have dug away the soil,\npaved over what is left,\n\nset up their perfunctory walls\nin tribute to no god,\nfor the love of no man or woman,\n\nso that the good that was here\ncannot be called back\nexcept by long waiting, by great\n\nsorrows remembered and to come\nby invoking the thunderstones\nof the world, and the vivid air."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "II.\n\nThe poem is important,\nas the want of it\nproves. It is the stewardship\n\nof its own possibility,\nthe past remembering itself\nin the presence of\n\nthe present, the power learned\nand handed down to see\nwhat is present\n\nand what is not: the pavement\nlaid down and walked over\nregardlessly--by exiles, here\n\nonly because they are passing.\nOh, remember the oaks that were\nhere, the leaves, purple and brown,\n\nfalling, the nuthatches walking\nheadfirst down the trunks,\ncrying \"onc! onc!\" in the brightness\n\nas they are doing now\nin the cemetery across the street\nwhere the past and the dead\n\nkeep each other. To remember,\nto hear and remember, is to stop\nand walk on again\n\nto a livelier, surer measure.\nIt is dangerous\nto remember the past only\n\nfor its own sake, dangerous\nto deliver a message\nyou did not get."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "THE TIMBERED CHOIR\nEven while I dreamed I prayed that what I saw was only fear and no foretelling,\nfor I saw the last known landscape destroyed for the sake\nof the objective, the soil bludgeoned, the rock blasted.\nThose who had wanted to go home would never get there now.\n\nI visited the offices where for the sake of the objective the planners planned\nat blank desks set in rows. I visited the loud factories\nwhere the machines were made that would drive ever forward\ntoward the objective. I saw the forest reduced to stumps and gullies; I saw\nthe poisoned river, the mountain cast into the valley;\nI came to the city that nobody recognized because it looked like every other city.\nI saw the passages worn by the unnumbered\nfootfalls of those whose eyes were fixed upon the objective.\n\nTheir passing had obliterated the graves and the monuments\nof those who had died in pursuit of the objective\nand who had long ago forever been forgotten, according\nto the inevitable rule that those who have forgotten forget\nthat they have forgotten. Men, women, and children now pursued the objective\nas if nobody ever had pursued it before.\n\nThe races and the sexes now intermingled perfectly in pursuit of the objective.\nthe once-enslaved, the once-oppressed were now free\nto sell themselves to the highest bidder\nand to enter the best paying prisons\nin pursuit of the objective, which was the destruction of all enemies,\nwhich was the destruction of all obstacles, which was the destruction of all objects,\nwhich was to clear the way to victory, which was to clear the way to promotion, to salvation, to progress,\nto the completed sale, to the signature\non the contract, which was to clear the way\nto self-realization, to self-creation, from which nobody who ever wanted to go home\nwould ever get there now, for every remembered place\nhad been displaced; the signposts had been bent to the ground and covered over.\n\nEvery place had been displaced, every love\nunloved, every vow unsworn, every word unmeant\nto make way for the passage of the crowd\nof the individuated, the autonomous, the self-actuated, the homeless\nwith their many eyes opened toward the objective\nwhich they did not yet perceive in the far distance,\nhaving never known where they were going,\nhaving never known where they came from."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Love the quick profit, the annual raise,\nvacation with pay. Want more\nof everything ready-made. Be afraid\nto know your neighbors and to die.\n\nAnd you will have a window in your head.\nNot even your future will be a mystery\nany more. Your mind will be punched in a card\nand shut away in a little drawer.\n\nWhen they want you to buy something\nthey will call you. When they want you\nto die for profit they will let you know.\nSo, friends, every day do something\nthat won't compute. Love the Lord.\nLove the world. Work for nothing.\nTake all that you have and be poor.\nLove someone who does not deserve it.\n\nDenounce the government and embrace\nthe flag. Hope to live in that free\nrepublic for which it stands.\nGive your approval to all you cannot\nunderstand. Praise ignorance, for what man\nhas not encountered he has not destroyed.\n\nAsk the questions that have no answers.\nInvest in the millenium. Plant sequoias.\nSay that your main crop is the forest\nthat you did not plant,\nthat you will not live to harvest.\n\nSay that the leaves are harvested\nwhen they have rotted into the mold.\nCall that profit. Prophesy such returns.\nPut your faith in the two inches of humus\nthat will build under the trees\nevery thousand years.\n\nListen to carrion -- put your ear\nclose, and hear the faint chattering\nof the songs that are to come.\nExpect the end of the world. Laugh.\nLaughter is immeasurable. Be joyful\nthough you have considered all the facts.\nSo long as women do not go cheap\nfor power, please women more than men.\n\nAsk yourself: Will this satisfy\na woman satisfied to bear a child?\nWill this disturb the sleep\nof a woman near to giving birth?\n\nGo with your love to the fields.\nLie down in the shade. Rest your head\nin her lap. Swear allegiance\nto what is nighest your thoughts.\n\nAs soon as the generals and the politicos\ncan predict the motions of your mind,\nlose it. Leave it as a sign\nto mark the false trail, the way\nyou didn't go.\n\nBe like the fox\nwho makes more tracks than necessary,\nsome in the wrong direction.\nPractice resurrection."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "A Warning To My Readers\n\u00a0Do not think me gentle\nbecause I speak in praise\nof gentleness, or elegant\nbecause I honor the grace\nthat keeps this world. I am\na man crude as any,\ngross of speech, intolerant,\nstubborn, angry, full\nof fits and furies. That I\nmay have spoken well\nat times, is not natural.\nA wonder is what it is."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Hidden Singer\nThe gods are less for their love of praise.\nAbove and below them all is a spirit that needs nothing\nbut its own wholeness, its health and ours.\nIt has made all things by dividing itself.\nIt will be whole again.\nTo its joy we come together --\nthe seer and the seen, the eater and the eaten,\nthe lover and the loved.\nIn our joining it knows itself. It is with us then,\nnot as the gods whose names crest in unearthly fire,\nbut as a little bird hidden in the leaves\nwho sings quietly and waits, and sings."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Meeting In A Part\nIn a dream I meet\nmy dead friend. He has,\nI know, gone long and far,\nand yet he is the same\nfor the dead are changeless.\nThey grow no older.\nIt is I who have changed,\ngrown strange to what I was.\nYet I, the changed one,\nask: \"How you been?\"\nHe grins and looks at me.\n\"I been eating peaches\noff some mighty fine trees.\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "THE COUNTRY OF MARRIAGE\nI.\nI dream of you walking at night along the streams\nof the country of my birth, warm blooms and the nightsongs\nof birds opening around you as you walk.\nYou are holding in your body the dark seed of my sleep.\n\nII.\nThis comes after silence. Was it something I said\nthat bound me to you, some mere promise\nor, worse, the fear of loneliness and death?\nA man lost in the woods in the dark, I stood\nstill and said nothing. And then there rose in me,\nlike the earth's empowering brew rising\nin root and branch, the words of a dream of you\nI did not know I had dreamed. I was a wanderer\nwho feels the solace of his native land\nunder his feet again and moving in his blood.\nI went on, blind and faithful. Where I stepped\nmy track was there to steady me. It was no abyss\nthat lay before me, but only the level ground.\n\nIII.\nSometimes our life reminds me\nof a forest in which there is a graceful clearing\nand in that opening a house,\nan orchard and garden,\ncomfortable shades, and flowers\nred and yellow in the sun, a pattern\nmade in the light for the light to return to.\nThe forest is mostly dark, its ways\nto be made anew day after day, the dark\nricher than the light and more blessed,\nprovided we stay brave\nenough to keep on going in.\n\nIV.\nHow many times have I come to you out of my head\nwith joy, if ever a man was,\nfor to approach you I have given up the light\nand all directions. I come to you\nlost, wholly trusting as a man who goes\ninto the forest unarmed. It is as though I descend\nslowly earthward out of the air. I rest in peace\nin you, when I arrive at last.\n\nV.\nOur bond is no little economy based on the exchange\nof my love and work for yours, so much for so much\nof an expendable fund. We don't know what its limits are--\nthat puts us in the dark. We are more together\nthan we know, how else could we keep on discovering\nwe are more together than we thought?\nYou are the known way leading always to the unknown,\nand you are the known place to which the unknown is always\nleading me back. More blessed in you than I know,\nI possess nothing worthy to give you, nothing\nnot belittled by my saying that I possess it.\nEven an hour of love is a moral predicament, a blessing\na man may be hard up to be worthy of. He can only\naccept it, as a plant accepts from all the bounty of the light\nenough to live, and then accepts the dark,\npassing unencumbered back to the earth, as I\nhave fallen tine and again from the great strength\nof my desire, helpless, into your arms.\n\nVI.\nWhat I am learning to give you is my death\nto set you free of me, and me from myself\ninto the dark and the new light. Like the water\nof a deep stream, love is always too much. We\ndid not make it. Though we drink till we burst\nwe cannot have it all, or want it all.\nIn its abundance it survives our thirst.\nIn the evening we come down to the shore\nto drink our fill, and sleep, while it\nflows through the regions of the dark.\nIt does not hold us, except we keep returning\nto its rich waters thirsty. We enter,\nwilling to die, into the commonwealth of its joy.\n\nVII.\nI give you what is unbounded, passing from dark to dark,\ncontaining darkness: a night of rain, an early morning.\nI give you the life I have let live for the love of you:\na clump of orange-blooming weeds beside the road,\nthe young orchard waiting in the snow, our own life\nthat we have planted in the ground, as I\nhave planted mine in you. I give you my love for all\nbeautiful and honest women that you gather to yourself\nagain and again, and satisfy--and this poem,\nno more mine than any man's who has loved a woman."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Geese appear high over us,\npass, and the sky closes. Abandon,\nas in love or sleep, holds\nthem to their way, clear\nin the ancient faith: what we need\nis here. And we pray, not\nfor new earth or heaven, but to be\nquiet in heart, and in eye,\nclear. What we need is here."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Wendell Berry", "text": "When despair grows in me\nand I wake in the night at the least sound\nin fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,\nI go and lie down where the wood drake\nrests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.\nI come into the peace of wild things\nwho do not tax their lives with forethought\nof grief. I come into the presence of still water.\nAnd I feel above me the day-blind stars\nwaiting for their light. For a time\nI rest in the grace of the world, and am free."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mahmoud Darwish", "text": "If you were told: you\u2019re going to die here this evening What would you do in the remaining time? Look at my watch Drink a glass of juice Munch an apple Watch an ant who has found what to eat Then look at my watch There\u2019s still time to shave have a bath I say to myself: One needs one\u2019s finery when about to write So I\u2019ll wear the blue shirt I sit til noon alive at my desk I do not see the effect of color on words Whiteness whiteness whiteness I prepare my last lunch I pour out wine into two glasses For me and for the one who will come Unannounced Then I take a siesta in between two dreams\n\nLove, like meaning, is out on the open road, but like poetry, it is difficult. It requires talent, endurance, and skillful formulation, because of its many stations. It is not enough to love, for that is one of nature\u2019s magical acts, like rainfall and thunder. It takes you out of yourself into the other\u2019s orbit and then you have to fend for yourself. It is not enough to love, you have to know how to love. Do you know how?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Start close in,\ndon\u2019t take the second step\nor the third,\nstart with the first\nthing\nclose in,\nthe step\nyou don\u2019t want to take.\nStart with\nthe ground\nyou know,\nthe pale ground\nbeneath your feet,\nyour own\nway to begin\nthe conversation.\nStart with your own\nquestion,\ngive up on other\npeople\u2019s questions,\ndon\u2019t let them\nsmother something\nsimple.\nTo hear\nanother\u2019s voice,\nfollow\nyour own voice,\nwait until\nthat voice\nbecomes an\nintimate\nprivate ear\nthat can\nreally listen\nto another.\nStart right now\ntake a small step\nyou can call your own\ndon\u2019t follow\nsomeone else\u2019s\nheroics, be humble\nand focused,\nstart close in,\ndon\u2019t mistake\nthat other\nfor your own.\nStart close in,\ndon\u2019t take\nthe second step\nor the third,\nstart with the first\nthing\nclose in,\nthe step\nyou don\u2019t want to take."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Epictetus", "text": "It is better to starve to death in a calm and confident state of mind than to live anxiously amidst abundance."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Emerson", "text": "\u201cAlways the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told; somehow he publishes it with solemn joy: sometimes with pencil on canvas, sometimes with chisel on stone, sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded; sometimes in anthems of indefinite music, but clearest and most permanent, in words.\u201d\n\u201cHomer's words are as costly and admirable to Homer as Agamemnon's victories are to Agamemnon. The poet does not wait for the hero or the sage, but, as they act and think primarily, so he writes primarily what will and must be spoken, reckoning the others, though primaries also, yet, in respect to him, secondaries and servants; as sitters or models in the studio of a painter, or as assistants who bring building materials to an architect.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "TS Eliot", "text": "But at my back in a cold blast I hear / the rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John C. Maxwell", "text": "People change in four seasons: when they hurt enough they have to, when they see enough they are inspired to, when they learn enough that they want to, and when they receive enough that they are able to."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Alexander Pope", "text": "A little learning is a dangerous thing; / Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rilke", "text": "And so it is that most people have no idea how beautiful the world is and how much magnificence is revealed in the tiniest things, in some flower, in a stone, in tree bark, or in a birch leaf. The grown-ups, going about their business and worries, and tormenting themselves with all kinds of details, gradually lose the perspective for these riches that children, when they are attentive and good, soon notice and love with their whole heart. \n\nAnd yet the greatest beauty would be achieved if everyone remained in this regard always like attentive and good children, simple and pious in sensitivities, and if people did not lose the capacity for taking pleasure as intensely in a birch leaf or a peacock\u2019s feather or the wing of a hooded crow as in a mighty mountain or a splendid palace. What is small is not small in itself, just as that which is great is not\u2014great. A great and eternal beauty passes through the whole world, and it is distributed fairly over that which is small and that which is large; for in such important and essential matters, no injustice is to be found on earth."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "topher kearby", "text": "we built two ships\neach near the same weight & size and sailed them to opposite ends of the world..\nwe were done with each other and agreed to part ways neither knowing where the other planned to travel.\nthe waves rocked, as they do, and the winds howled.\ni lost my course more than once. but, in the end, i arrived unharmed.. and to my surprise, you were there too.."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "MUSIC LESSONS\nSometimes, in the middle of the lesson,\nwe exchanged places. She would gaze a moment at her\nhands\nspread over the keys; then the small house with its knick-\nknacks,\nits shut windows,\n\nits photographs of her sons and the serious husband, \nvanished as new shapes formed. Sound \nbecame music, and music a white \nscarp for the listener to climb\n\nalone. I leaped rock over rock to the top \nand found myself waiting, transformed, \nand still she played, her eyes luminous and willful, \nher pinned hair falling down-\n\nforgetting me, the house, the neat green yard,\n \nshe fled in that lick of flame all tedious bonds:\nsupper, the duties of flesh and home,\nthe knife at the throat, the death in the metronome."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you must remember it too \nhow the rest of the city slept \nwhile we sat awakened for the first time \nwe hadn't touched yet\nbut we managed to travel in and out \nof each other with our words \nour limbs dizzying with enough electricity \nto form half a sun \nwe drank nothing that night\nbut i was intoxicated\n\ni went home and thought \nare we soul mates"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "rupi kaur", "text": "he makes sure to look right at me \nas he places his electric fingers on my skin \nhow does that feel he asks \ncommanding my attention\nresponding is out of the question \ni quiver with anticipation\nexcited and terrified for what's to come \nhe smiles\nknows this is what satisfaction looks like\ni am a switchboard\nhe is the circuits\nmy hips move with his -rhythmic\nmy voice isn't my own when i moan it is music \nlike fingers on a violin string\nhe sparks enough electricity within me to power a city \nwhen we finish i look right at him\nand tell him \nthat was magic"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Abd al-Rahman III, the emir and caliph of C\u00f3rdoba in 10th-century Spain, summed up a life of worldly success at about age 70: \u201cI have now reigned above 50 years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot,\n\nThey amount to 14."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ralph Waldo Emerson", "text": "\u201cAt home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty, and lose my sadness,\u201d Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote in his 1841 essay, \u201cSelf-Reliance.\u201d \u201cI pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea, and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arthur Schopenhauer", "text": "\u201cWealth is like sea-water; the more we drink, the thirstier we become; and the same is true of fame.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Thomas Acquinas", "text": "In the desire for wealth and for whatsoever temporal goods \u2026 when we already possess them, we despise them, and seek others \u2026 The reason of this is that we realize more their insufficiency when we possess them: and this very fact shows that they are imperfect, and the sovereign good does not consist therein."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u201cThey sacrifice their joy and adventures to money -- and the money merely enables them more dull plodding -- to bring more people into the world so that the same futile work and sorrow may be carried on for another span of years.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Joseph Campell", "text": "\u201cIf you follow your bliss, you put yourself on a track that has been there all the while, waiting for you, where the life that you ought to be living becomes the one you are living. Wherever you are \u2013 if you are following your bliss, you are enjoying that refreshment, that life within you, all the time.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James Clear", "text": "Every action you take is a vote for the kind of person you want to become."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Erich Fromm", "text": "Love isn't something natural. Rather it requires discipline, concentration, patience, faith, and the overcoming of narcissism. It isn't a feeling, it is a practice."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Oscar Wilde", "text": "\u2018Religion does not help me. The faith that others give to what is unseen, I give to what one can touch, and look at. \n\nMy gods dwell in temples made with hands; and within the circle of actual experience is my creed made perfect and complete: too complete, it may be, for like many or all of those who have placed their heaven in this earth, I have found in it not merely the beauty of heaven, but the horror of hell also. \n\nWhen I think about religion at all, I feel as if I would like to found an order for those who cannot believe: the Confraternity of the Faithless, one might call it, where on an altar, on which no taper burned, a priest, in whose heart peace had no dwelling, might celebrate with unblessed bread and a chalice empty of wine. \n\nEvery thing to be true must become a religion. And agnosticism should have its ritual no less than faith. It has sown its martyrs, it should reap its saints, and praise God daily for having hidden Himself from man. \n\nBut whether it be faith or agnosticism, it must be nothing external to me. Its symbols must be of my own creating. Only that is spiritual which makes its own form. \n\nIf I may not find its secret within myself, I shall never find it: if I have not got it already, it will never come to me.\u2019"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Every day you play with the light of the universe.\nSubtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the water,\nYou are more than this white head that I hold tightly\nas a bunch of flowers, every day, between my hands.\n\nYou are like nobody since I love you.\nLet me spread you out among yellow garlands.\nWho writes your name in letters of smoke among the stars of the south?\nOh let me remember you as you were before you existed.\n\nSuddenly the wind howls and bangs at my shut window.\nThe sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.\nHere all the winds let go sooner or later, all of them.\nThe rain takes off her clothes.\n\nThe birds go by, fleeing.\nThe wind. The wind.\nI alone can contend against the power of men.\nThe storm whirls dark leaves\nand turns loose all the boats that were moored last night to the sky.\n\nYou are here. Oh, you do not run away.\nYou will answer me to the last cry.\nCurl round me as though you were frightened.\nEven so, a strange shadow once ran through your eyes.\n\nNow, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle,\nand even your breasts smell of it.\nWhile the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies\nI love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your mouth.\n\nHow you must have suffered getting accustomed to me,\nmy savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them all running.\nSo many times we have seen the morning star burn, kissing our eyes,\nand over our heads the grey light unwinds in turning fans.\n\nMy words rained over you, stroking you.\nA long time I have loved the sunned mother-of-pearl of your body.\nUntil I even believe that you own the universe.\nI will bring you happy flowers from the mountains, bluebells, dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.\n\nI want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Neruda", "text": "Era verde el silencio, mojada era la luz,\ntemblaba el mes de Junio como una mariposa\n\n\u201cGreen was the silence, wet was the light, the month of June trembled like a butterfly.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Lord Byron", "text": "She walks in beauty, like the night\nOf cloudless climes and starry skies;\nAnd all that\u2019s best of dark and bright\nMeet in her aspect and her eyes;\nThus mellowed to that tender light\nWhich heaven to gaudy day denies.\n\nOne shade the more, one ray the less,\nHad half impaired the nameless grace\nWhich waves in every raven tress,\nOr softly lightens o\u2019er her face;\nWhere thoughts serenely sweet express,\nHow pure, how dear their dwelling-place.\n\nAnd on that cheek, and o\u2019er that brow,\nSo soft, so calm, yet eloquent,\nThe smiles that win, the tints that glow,\nBut tell of days in goodness spent,\nA mind at peace with all below,\nA heart whose love is innocent!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "William Blake", "text": "To see a World in a Grain of Sand\nAnd a Heaven in a Wild Flower,\nHold Infinity in the palm of your hand \nAnd Eternity in an hour."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Lang Leav", "text": "You were you,\nand I was I;\nwe were two\nbefore our time.\n\nI was yours\nbefore I knew,\nand you have always\nbeen mine too."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jean-Paul Sartre", "text": "With despair, true optimism begins: the optimism of the man who expects nothing, who knows he has no rights and nothing coming to him, who rejoices in counting on himself alone and in acting alone for the good of all."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Upton Sinclair", "text": "It is difficult to get a man to understand something, when his salary depends upon his not understanding it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Picasso", "text": "To know what you\u2019re going to draw, you have to begin drawing."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Eric Fromm", "text": "The first step to take is to become aware that love is an art, just as living is an art; if we want to learn how to love we must proceed in the same way we have to proceed if we want to learn any other art, say music, painting, carpentry, or the art of medicine or engineering. \nWhat are the necessary steps in learning any art? The process of learning an art can be divided conveniently into two parts: one, the mastery of the theory; the other, the mastery of the practice. If I want to learn the art of medicine, I must first know the facts about the human body, and about various diseases. When I have all this theoretical knowledge, I am by no means competent in the art of medicine. I shall become a master in this art only after a great deal of practice, until eventually the results of my theoretical knowledge and the results of my practice are blended into one \u2014 my intuition, the essence of the mastery of any art. But, aside from learning the theory and practice, there is a third factor necessary to becoming a master in any art \u2014 the mastery of the art must be a matter of ultimate concern; there must be nothing else in the world more important than the art. This holds true for music, for medicine, for carpentry \u2014 and for love. And, maybe, here lies the answer to the question of why people in our culture try so rarely to learn this art, in spite of their obvious failures: in spite of the deep-seated craving for love, almost everything else is considered to be more important than love: success, prestige, money, power \u2014 almost all our energy is used for the learning of how to achieve these aims, and almost none to learn the art of loving."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rilke", "text": "It is a question in marriage, to my feeling, not of creating a quick community of spirit by tearing down and destroying all boundaries, but rather a good marriage is that in which each appoints the other guardian of his solitude, and shows him this confidence, the greatest in his power to bestow. A togetherness between two people is an impossibility, and where it seems, nevertheless, to exist, it is a narrowing, a reciprocal agreement which robs either one party or both of his fullest freedom and development. But, once the realization is accepted that even between the closest human beings infinite distances continue to exist, a wonderful living side by side can grow up, if they succeed in loving the distance between them which makes it possible for each to see the other whole and against a wide sky!\nTherefore this too must be the standard for rejection or choice: whether one is willing to stand guard over the solitude of a person and whether one is inclined to set this same person at the gate of one\u2019s own solitude, of which he learns only through that which steps, festively clothed, out of the great darkness.\nAll companionship can consist only in the strengthening of two neighboring solitudes, whereas everything that one is wont to call giving oneself is by nature harmful to companionship: for when a person abandons himself, he is no longer anything, and when two people both give themselves up in order to come close to each other, there is no longer any ground beneath them and their being together is a continual falling\u2026 Once there is disunity between them, the confusion grows with every day; neither of the two has anything unbroken, pure, and unspoiled about him any longer\u2026 They who wanted to do each other good are now handling one another in an imperious and intolerant manner, and in the struggle somehow to get out of their untenable and unbearable state of confusion, they commit the greatest fault that can happen to human relationships: they become impatient. They hurry to a conclusion; to come, as they believe, to a final decision, they try once and for all to establish their relationship, whose surprising changes have frightened them, in order to remain the same now and forever (as they say)."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Adam Smith", "text": "He is a bold surgeon, they say, whose hand does not tremble when he performs an operation upon his own person; and he is often equally bold who does not hesitate to pull off the mysterious veil of self-delusion, which covers from his view the deformities of his own conduct."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Carlos Drummond de Andrade", "text": "ABSENCE\nI used to consider absence a lack.\nAnd I ignorantly regretted that lack.\nToday I have nothing to regret.\nThere is no lack in absence.\nAbsence is a presence in me.\nAnd I feel it, a perfect whiteness,\nso close and cozy in my arms that I\nlaugh, dance, and invent glad exclamations,\nsince absence, this embodied absence,\ncan\u2019t be taken away from me."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Michael Faudet", "text": "Stormy Weather \nWe made love on stormy summer \nnights. \nOur kisses wet and furious like rain \nrunning wild across the naked ground. \nHer gentle moans lost in the rumble of \nthunder."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Michael Faudet", "text": "Strawberries \nShe was a curious girl, \na wanderer, \nwho spent her summers \n\nchasing fluttering pieces of prose \nand eating strawberries."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Michael Faudet", "text": "Deeper \nEvery time you open your eyes I fall \ndeeper \nin love with the story they tell."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Michael Faudet", "text": "Stillness \nThere is a certain stillness, when even \nthe gentle flutter of a butterfly\u2019s wing \nfeels like a hurricane. \n\nThe moment when crashing waves fall \nasleep, peaceful, lost to the serenity of \nsalty dreams. \n\nWhen tall trees stand to attention and \nevery leaf pauses, takes a deep breath, \nand holds it. \n\nIt is here, beneath the maddening \nsilence I hear your name. \n\nAn echo of you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Virginia Wolf", "text": "Proust so titillates my own desire for expression that I can hardly set out the sentence. Oh if I could write like that! I cry. And at the moment such is the astonishing vibration and saturation and intensification that he procures\u2014there\u2019s something sexual in it\u2014that I feel I can write like that, and seize my pen and then I can\u2019t write like that. Scarcely anyone so stimulates the nerves of language in me: it becomes an obsession. But I must return to Swann.\nMy great adventure is really Proust. Well\u2014what remains to be written after that? I\u2019m only in the first volume, and there are, I suppose, faults to be found, but I am in a state of amazement; as if a miracle were being done before my eyes. How, at last, has someone solidified what has always escaped\u2014and made it too into this beautiful and perfectly enduring substance? One has to put the book down and gasp. The pleasure becomes physical\u2014like sun and wine and grapes and perfect serenity and intense vitality combined."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Huangdi Neijing", "text": "Maintaining order rather than correcting disorder is the ultimate principle of wisdom. To cure disease after it has appeared is like digging a well when one feels thirsty, or forging weapons after the war has already begun."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "No tree, it is said, can grow to heaven unless its roots reach down to hell."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Oscar Wilde", "text": "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it. Resist it, and your soul grows sick with longing for the things it has forbidden to itself, with desire for what its monstrous laws have made monstrous and unlawful"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "F. Scott Fitzgerald", "text": "There was one of his lonelinesses coming, one of those times when he walked the streets or sat, aimless and depressed, biting a pencil at his desk. It was a self-absorption with no comfort, a demand for expression with no outlet, a sense of time rushing by, ceaselessly and wastefully- assuaged only by that conviction that there was nothing to waste, because all efforts and attainments were equally valueless."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Dostoevsky", "text": "if God is dead then everything is permitted"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Herbert, Frank", "text": "A process cannot be understood by stopping it. Understanding must move with the flow of the process, must join it and flow with it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Whatever Else You Do\nWhatever else you do or forbear,\nimpose upon yourself the task of happiness;\nand now and then abandon yourself\nto the joy of laughter.\n\nAnd however much you condemn\nthe evil in the world, remember that the\nworld is not all evil; that somewhere\nchildren are at play, as you yourself in the\nold days; that women still find joy\nin the stalwart hearts of men;\n\nAnd that men, treading with restless feet\ntheir many paths, may yet find refuge\nfrom the storms of the world in the cheerful\nhouse of love."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "A Prayer\nLet me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times.\n\nMay I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of a quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years.\n\nSpare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit.\n\nThough the world knows me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself.\n\nLift up my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself.\n\nLet me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path.\n\nGive me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope.\n\nAnd though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Max Ehrmann", "text": "Desiderata \nGo placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.\nSpeak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story.\nAvoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexatious to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself.\nEnjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.\nExercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.\nBe yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass.\nTake kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.\nNurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness.\nBeyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here.\nAnd whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Gibran", "text": "Defeat, my Defeat, my solitude and my aloofness;\nYou are dearer to me than a thousand triumphs,\nAnd sweeter to my heart than all world-glory.\n\nDefeat, my Defeat, my self-knowledge and my defiance,\nThrough you I know that I am yet young and swift of foot\nAnd not to be trapped by withering laurels.\nAnd in you I have found aloneness\nAnd the joy of being shunned and scorned.\n\nDefeat, my Defeat, my shining sword and shield,\nIn your eyes I have read\nThat to be enthroned is to be enslaved,\nAnd to be understood is to be leveled down,\nAnd to be grasped is but to reach one\u2019s fullness\nAnd like a ripe fruit to fall and be consumed.\n\nDefeat, my Defeat, my bold companion,\nYou shall hear my songs and my cries and my silences,\nAnd none but you shall speak to me of the beating of wings,\nAnd urging of seas,\nAnd of mountains that burn in the night,\nAnd you alone shall climb my steep and rocky soul.\n\nDefeat, my Defeat, my deathless courage,\nYou and I shall laugh together with the storm,\nAnd together we shall dig graves for all that die in us,\nAnd we shall stand in the sun with a will,\nAnd we shall be dangerous."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Gibran", "text": "Do not love half lovers\nDo not entertain half friends\nDo not indulge in works of the half talented\nDo not live half a life\nand do not die a half death\n\nIf you choose silence, then be silent\nWhen you speak, do so until you are finished\nDo not silence yourself to say something\nAnd do not speak to be silent\n\nIf you accept, then express it bluntly\nDo not mask it\nIf you refuse then be clear about it\nfor an ambiguous refusal is but a weak acceptance\n\nDo not accept half a solution\nDo not believe half truths\nDo not dream half a dream\nDo not fantasize about half hopes\n\nHalf a drink will not quench your thirst\nHalf a meal will not satiate your hunger\nHalf the way will get you no where\nHalf an idea will bear you no results\n\nYour other half is not the one you love\nIt is you in another time yet in the same space\nIt is you when you are not\n\nHalf a life is a life you didn't live,\nA word you have not said\nA smile you postponed\nA love you have not had\nA friendship you did not know\nTo reach and not arrive\nWork and not work\nAttend only to be absent\nWhat makes you a stranger to them closest to you\nand they strangers to you\n\nThe half is a mere moment of inability\nbut you are able for you are not half a being\nYou are a whole that exists to live a life\nnot half a life"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "When I run after what I think I want, \nmy days are a furnace of stress and anxiety; \nif I sit in my own place of patience, \nwhat I need flows to me, and without pain. \nFrom this I understand that what I want also wants me, \nis looking for me and attracting me. \nThere is a great secret here \nfor anyone who can grasp it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "John O\u2019Donahue", "text": "May you be blessed in the holy names of those\nWho, without you knowing it,\nHelp to carry and lighten your pain.\n\nMay you know serenity\nWhen you are called\nTo enter the house of suffering.\n\nMay a window of light always surprise you.\n\nMay you be granted the wisdom\nTo avoid false resistance;\nWhen suffering knocks on the door of your life,\nMay you glimpse its eventual gifts.\n\nMay you be able to receive the fruits of suffering.\n\nMay memory bless and protect you\nWith the hard-earned light of past travail;\nTo remind you that you have survived before\nAnd though th darkness now is deep,\nYou will soon see the approaching light.\n\nMay the grace of time heal your wounds.\n\nmay you know that though the storm might rage,\nNot a hair of your head will be harmed.\n\nWhen you lose someone you love,\nYour life becomes strange,\nThe ground beneath you becomes fragile,\nYour thoughts make your eyes unsure;\nAnd some dead echo drags your voice down\nWhere words have no confidence\nYour heart has grown heavy with loss;\nAnd though this loss has wounded others too,\nNo one knows what has been taken from you\nWhen the silence of absence deepens.\n\nFlickers of guilt kindle regret\nFor all that was left unsaid or undone.\n\nThere are days when you wake up happy;\nAgain inside the fullness of life,\nUntil the moment breaks\nAnd you are thrown back\nOnto the black tide of loss.\nDays when you have your heart back,\nYou are able to function well\nUntil in the middle of work or encounter,\nSuddenly with no warning,\nYou are ambushed by grief.\n\nIt becomes hard to trust yourself.\nAll you can depend on now is that\nSorrow will remain faithful to itself.\nMore than you, it knows its way\nAnd will find the right time\nTo pull and pull the rope of grief\nUntil that coiled hill of tears\nHas reduced to its last drop.\n\nGradually, you will learn acquaintance\nWith the invisible form of your departed;\nAnd when the work of grief is done,\nThe wound of loss will heal\nAnd you will have learned\nTo wean your eyes\nFrom that gap in the air\nAnd be able to enter the hearth\nIn your soul where your loved one\nHas awaited your return\nAll the time."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "LOUISE GLUCK", "text": "CROSSROADS\nMy body, now that we will not be traveling together much longer\nI begin to feel a new tenderness toward you, very raw and unfamiliar,\nlike what I remember of love when I was young \u2013\nlove that was so often foolish in its objectives\nbut never in its choices, its intensities\nToo much demanded in advance, too much that could not be promised \u2013\nMy soul has been so fearful, so violent;\nforgive its brutality.\nAs though it were that soul, my hand moves over you cautiously,\nnot wishing to give offense\nbut eager, finally, to achieve expression as substance:\nit is not the earth I will miss,\nit is you I will miss."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bertrand Russell", "text": "\u201cOf all forms of caution, caution in love is perhaps the most fatal to true happiness.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bertrand Russell", "text": "\u201cOne of the symptoms of an approaching nervous breakdown is the belief that one\u2019s work is terribly important.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Stephen Mitchell", "text": "Tao de Ching\n\nMen are born soft and supple; \ndead, they are stiff and hard.\nPlants are born tender and pliant; \ndead, they are brittle and dry.\n\nThus whoever is stiff and inflexible is a disciple of death.\nWhoever is soft and yielding is a disciple of life.\n\nThe hard and stiff will be broken.\nThe soft and supple will prevail."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "put some honey and sea water by your\nbed. \nacknowledge. that your being needs \nsweetness and cleansing. \nthat it is sore. \nthat you are. soft. \n\u2014 orishas"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "the thing i know as poetry. \nis that feeling ii get in my eyes."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "if i give birth to twin poems. \na year apart from one other. \nthey may look as one person. but \nthey are really two. \ntwo lives. breathing from the same \nmouth. \n\u2014 two"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "poetry \nalters my dna. \nevery poem is a different life. \nevery poem brings me closer to myself. \nand breaks open a new future inside of \nme."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "when you are midnight. \ni always know.\nall the poignant blue freckle. \nsweep across you. \nyou silver. then indigo. before \ncompletely becoming a war of stars. \nit is the transformation of \nhuman into sky \nand \nback again. \n\u2014 yrsa\u2019s poem (this kind of human)"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "ocean. \nthe blue liquor. \nthe blue wine.\nthere were times \nwhen i needed. no. \nand \nit was not there for me. \n\u2013 the third parent"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "so easily. \nmy \nred mint tea. \nbecomes \na red mint sea. \nand i am drinking a poem."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i am writing my way back to you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i walk into \na poem \nand walk out someone else. \n\u2014 writing"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you must write. yourself. \nbefore \nyou can write anything else."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "do not choose the lesser life. \ndo you hear me. \ndo you hear me. choose the life that is. yours. \nthe life that is seducing your lungs. \nthat is dripping down your chin."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "a friend. is someone who supports your \nBreath."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i have a life to garden. \na multiverse to wake from sleep. \n\u2014 giants"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "just for tonight\u2026 just for tonight. \nbe the tenderest thing. \nin the universe."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "this whole book is weeping. \nand \nevery pore of this book is joy. \nand \nthat is the feast."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "(up late.) \nmaking a flower stew. (otherwise \nknown as a poem.)"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "the poem. \nthe one. that is running through your \nlife. \npay attention. \nto that poem."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you. \neverything about you. comes so \nnaturally to me."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Flowerworks."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i am trying to remember you \nand \nlet you go \nat \nthe same time. \n\u2014 the mourn"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "we \nreturn to each \nother \nin waves. \nthis is how water \nloves."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "be easy. \ntake your time. \nyou are coming \nhome. \nto yourself. \n\u2014 the becoming | wing"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "sometimes \ni smell my parents \non my words. \nand i weep."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "there is prayer in poem.\nwhen i am writing i am praying. \nall the prayers that are too soft. \ntoo young. \ntoo old. \nto say."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "there was an evening in what you said."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "i want \nwork that is a relentless \noasis."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "some words. the way they look at you\u2026"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "you are a flood in my hands."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "nayyirah waheed", "text": "give me a moment\u2026 \ni am adjusting the roses in my tongue. \n\u2014 the rose farm"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i want more \u2018men\u2019 with flowers falling from their skin. \nmore water in their eyes. \nmore tremble in their bodies. \nmore women in their hearts than on their hands. \nmore softness in their height. \nmore honesty in their voice. \nmore wonder. \nmore humility in their feet."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "stay soft. it looks beautiful on you"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i am a brutally soft woman."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "he was so beautiful \nbecause when he held her \nhe was not concerned with \u2018being a man.\u2019 \n\u2018being a man\u2019 had nothing to do with this. \nthese flowers pouring from his chest."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "stay is a sensitive word. \nwe wear who stayed and who left in our skin forever."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i am a silk field of vulnerability."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "do not put your hand in the mouth of loneliness.\nits teeth are soft but it will scar you for life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "cry wild. you have probably never cried wild. \nbut, you know what doors feel like. \nyou have an intimacy with doors that is killing you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "eyes that commit. that is what I am looking for.\ndo not ever be afraid to tell me who you are.\ni am going to find out eventually."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i like the heat in certain words. \nthe warm travel. \nthe low sun."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you do not have to be a fire for every mountain blocking you. \nyou could be a water and\nsoft river your way to freedom too."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "sometimes the night wakes \nin the middle of me. \nand i can do nothing \nbut become the moon."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "if a man \ncan only show vulnerability\nfor what is between my legs. \ncan only be a heart during sex.\nif an orgasm is the only way he can weep.\nwhat is his life \nbut a cage."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "listen to my poems.\nbut do not look for me. \nlook for you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "your skin smells like light. \ni think you are the moon."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "if you show someone \nthe sun in your bones \nand they reject you \nyou must remember. \nthey hurt themselves this very same way."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "there is a tender thing \ni am made of. \ni have always \nfelt before i breathe."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "apologize to your body. \nmaybe that\u2019s where the healing begins."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you blush like an ocean in love. \nwild with blueness."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you \nare my favorite kind. \nnothing \nthat i can \nname."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i lost my hands in her waist \nand \nthat is the softest detail."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "if you are softer \nthan before they came. \nyou have been loved."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "it is being honest \nabout my pain \nthat makes me invincible."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i am a dream still dreaming."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "there have been so many times \ni have seen a man wanting to weep \nbut instead \nbeat his heart until it was unconscious."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you are a story. \ndo not become a word. \none word. \nbecause you want to be loved.\nlove does not ask you to be nothing \nfor something."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "healing \nbegins\nthe moment \nYou\nwant it to."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i touched her in the middle of her heart. \ni never saw her again."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i loved you \nbecause it was easier\nthan loving myself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "as a child \nthere was either books \nor pain. \ni chose books."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Chemistry\nis you touching \nmy arm \nand it setting fire \nto my mind."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "he said \n\u2018my absence is strong and warm. \nit will hold you. \nit will teach you how to miss.\n how to be without. \nand how to survive anyway.\u2019"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i look for you \nin the middle of the light. \nin the west of the day. \nin the warm memory of the water."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "you are digging into my heart \nwith both of your hands. \nwho. what. are you looking for. \ni am right here."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "her love. was the only medicine.\nthe only medicine. that ever worked. \nand this is why she left. \nshe wanted yours to work. too."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i have lost\nmillions and millions of words \nto fear. \nTell me that is not violence."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "your \nhands pouring sky \nall over my \nbed. \nwhat language is that."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "she was flower salt in my heart, and she hurt \nBeautifully."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "i saw love \nthere \ni just did not pick it up."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "can we speak in flowers. \nit will be easier for me to understand."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "she asked \n\u2018you are in love what does love look like\u2019 \nto which i replied \n\u2018like everything i\u2019ve ever lost \ncome back to me.\u2019"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "even the small poems mean something. \nthey \nare often whales in the bodies of tiny \nFish."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "there \nare \nfeelings. \nyou haven\u2019t felt yet. \ngive them time. \nthey are almost here."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "if i write \nwhat you may feel \nbut cannot say. \nit does not \nmake \nme a poet. \nit makes me a bridge. \nand \ni am humbled \nand \ni am grateful \nto assist your heart in speaking."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "expect sadness \nlike \nyou expect rain. \nboth \ncleanse you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "if we must \nBoth\nbe right. \nwe will \nlose\n each other."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "ARACELIS GIRMAY", "text": "Perhaps one day you touch the young branch\nof something beautiful. & it grows & grows\ndespite your birthdays & the death certificate,\n& it one day shades the heads of something beautiful\nor makes itself useful to the nest. Walk out\nof your house, then, believing in this.\nNothing else matters.\n\nAll above us is the touching\nof strangers & parrots,\nsome of them human,\nsome of them not human.\n\nListen to me. I am telling you\na true thing. This is the only kingdom.\nThe kingdom of touching;\nthe touches of the disappearing, things."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Goethe", "text": "\u201cI have come to the frightening conclusion that I am the decisive element. It is my personal approach that creates the climate. It is my daily mood that makes the weather. I possess tremendous power to make life miserable or joyous. I can be a tool of torture or an instrument of inspiration, I can humiliate or humor, hurt or heal. In all situations, it is my response that decides whether a crisis is escalated or de-escalated, and a person is humanized or de-humanized. If we treat people as they are, we make them worse. If we treat people as they ought to be, we help them become what they are capable of becoming.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Rachel \n\nOkay, not one can write a symphony, or a dictionary,\nor even a letter to an old friend, full of remembrance\nand comfort.\nNot one can manage a single sound though the blue jays\ncarp and whistle all day in the branches, without\nthe push of the wind.\nBut to tell the truth after a while I'm pale with longing\nfor their thick bodies ruckled with lichen\nand you can't keep me from the woods, from the tonnage\nof their shoulders, and their shining green hair.\nToday is a day like any other: twenty-four hours, a\nlittle sunshine, a little rain.\nListen, says ambition, nervously shifting her weight from\none boot to another -- why don't you get going?\nFor there I am, in the mossy shadows, under the trees.\nAnd to tell the truth I don't want to let go of the wrists\nof idleness, I don't want to sell my life for money,\nI don't even want to come in out of the rain."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I live my life in widening circles \nthat reach out across the world. \nI may not complete this last one \nbut I give myself to it.\nI circle around God, around the primordial tower. \nI\u2019ve been circling for thousands of years \nand I still don\u2019t know: am I a falcon, \na storm, or a great song?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "One day you finally knew\nwhat you had to do, and began,\nthough the voices around you\nkept shouting\ntheir bad advice --\nthough the whole house\nbegan to tremble\nand you felt the old tug\nat your ankles.\n\"Mend my life!\"\neach voice cried.\nBut you didn't stop.\nYou knew what you had to do,\nthough the wind pried\nwith its stiff fingers\nat the very foundations,\nthough their melancholy\nwas terrible.\nIt was already late\nenough, and a wild night,\nand the road full of fallen\nbranches and stones.\nBut little by little,\nas you left their voice behind,\nthe stars began to burn\nthrough the sheets of clouds,\nand there was a new voice\nwhich you slowly\nrecognized as your own,\nthat kept you company\nas you strode deeper and deeper\ninto the world,\ndetermined to do\nthe only thing you could do --\ndetermined to save\nthe only life that you could save."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Oh do you have time\nto linger\nfor just a little while\nout of your busy\nand very important day\nfor the goldfinches\nthat have gathered\nin a field of thistles\nfor a musical battle,\nto see who can sing\nthe highest note,\nor the lowest,\nor the most expressive of mirth,\nor the most tender?\nTheir strong, blunt beaks\ndrink the air\nas they strive\nmelodiously\nnot for your sake\nand not for mine\nand not for the sake of winning\nbut for sheer delight and gratitude \u2013\nbelieve us, they say,\nit is a serious thing\njust to be alive\non this fresh morning\nin the broken world.\nI beg of you,\ndo not walk by\nwithout pausing\nto attend to this\nrather ridiculous performance.\nIt could mean something.\nIt could mean everything.\nIt could be what Rilke meant, when he wrote:\nYou must change your life."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Black Oaks\nOkay, not one can write a symphony, or a dictionary, or even a letter to an old friend, full of remembrance and comfort.\nNot one can manage a single sound, though the blue jays carp and whistle all day in the branches, without the push of the wind.\nBut to tell the truth after a while I'm pale with longing for their thick bodies ruckled with lichen\nand you can't keep me from the woods, from the tonnage of their shoulders, and their shining green hair.\nToday is a day like any other: twenty-four hours, a\nlittle sunshine, a little rain.\nListen, says ambition, nervously shifting her weight from one boot to another--why don't you get going?\nFor there I am, in the mossy shadows, under the trees.\nAnd to tell the truth I don't want to let go of the wrists of idleness, I don't want to sell my life for money, \nI don't even want to come in out of the rain."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Shakespeare", "text": "And this our life, exempt from public haunt, finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Amy Lowell", "text": "Hold your soul open for my welcoming.\nLet the quiet of your spirit bathe me\nWith its clear and rippled coolness,\nThat, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,\nOutstretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.\n\nLet the flickering flame of your soul play all about me,\nThat into my limbs may come the keenness of fire,\nThe life and joy of tongues of flame,\nAnd, going out from you, tightly strung and in tune,\nI may rouse the blear-eyed world,\nAnd pour into it the beauty which you have begotten."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Andrea Gibson", "text": "Say Yes\nWhen two violins are placed in a room if a chord on one violin is struck\nthe other violin will sound the note\nIf this is your definition of hope\nThis is for you\nThe ones who know how powerful we are\nWho know we can sound the music in the people around us\nsimply by playing our own strings\nfor the ones who sing life into broken wings\nopen their chests and offer their breath\nas wind on a still day when nothing seems to be moving\nSpare those intent on proving god is dead\n\nFor you when your fingers are red\nfrom clutching your heart\nso it will beat faster\nFor the time you mastered the art of giving yourself for the sake of someone else\nFor the ones who have felt what it is to crush the lies\nand lift truth so high the steeples bow to the sky\nThis is for you\n\nThis is also for the people who wake early to watch flowers bloom\nWho notice the moon at noon on a day when the world\nhas slapped them in the face with its lack of light\nFor the mothers who feed their children first\nand thirst for nothing when they\u2019re full\n\nThis is for women\nAnd for the men who taught me only women bleed with the moon\nbut there are men who cry when women bleed\nmen who bleed from women\u2019s wounds\nand this is for that moon\non the nights she seems hung by a noose\nFor the people who cut her loose\nand for the people still waiting for the rope to burn\nabout to learn they have scissors in their hands\n\nThis is for the man who showed me\nthe hardest thing about having nothing\nis having nothing to give\nWho said the only reason to live is to give ourselves away\n\nSo this is for the day we\u2019ll quit or jobs and work for something real\nWe\u2019ll feel for sunshine in the shadows\nlook for sunrays in the shade\n\nThis is for the people who rattle the cage that slave wage built\nand for the ones who didn\u2019t know the filth until tonight\nBut right now are beginning songs that sound something like\npeople turning their porch lights on and calling the homeless back home\n\nThis is for all the shit we own\nand for the day we\u2019ll learn how much we have\nwhen we learn to give that shit away\n\nThis is for doubt becoming faith\nFor falling from grace and climbing back up\nFor trading our silver platters for something that matters\nlike the gold that shines from our hands when we hold each other\n\nThis is for the grandmother who walked a thousand miles on broken glass\nto find that single patch of grass to plant a family tree\nwhere the fruit would grow to laugh\nFor the ones who know the math of war\nhas always been subtraction\nso they live like an action of addition\n\nFor you when you give like every star is wishing on you\nand for the people still wishing on stars\nthis is for you too\n\nThis is for the times you went through hell so someone else wouldn\u2019t have to\nFor the time you taught a 14 year old girl she was powerful\nThis is for the time you taught a 14 year old boy he was beautiful\n\nFor the radical anarchist asking a republican to dance\ncause what\u2019s the chance of everyone moving from right to left\nif the only moves they see are NBC and CBS\n\nThis is for the no becoming yes\nFor scars becoming breath\nFor saying I love you to people who will never say it to us\nFor scraping away the rust and remembering how to shine\nFor the dime you gave away when you didn\u2019t have a penny\nFor the many beautiful things we do\n\nFor every song we\u2019ve ever sung\nFor refusing to believe in miracles\nbecause miracles are the impossible coming true\nand everything is possible\n\nThis is for the possibility that guides us\nand for the possibilities still waiting to sing\nand spread their wings inside us\n\u2018Cause tonight saturn is on his knees\nproposing with all of his ten thousand rings\nthat whatever song we\u2019ve been singing we sing even more\n\nThe world needs us right now more than it ever has before\nPull all your strings\nPlay every chord\nIf you\u2019re writing letters to the prisoners\nstart tearing down the bars\nIf you\u2019re handing our flashlights in the dark\nstart handing our stars\nNever go a second hushing the percussion of your heart\nPlay loud\nPlay like you know the clouds have left too many people cold and broken\nand you\u2019re their last chance for sun\nPlay like there\u2019s no time for hoping brighter days will come\nPlay like the apocalypse is only 4\u20263\u20262\nbut you have a drum in your chest that could save us\nYou have a song like a breath that could raise us\nlike the sunrise into a dark sky that cries to be blue\nPlay like you know we won\u2019t survive if you don\u2019t\nbut we will if you do\nPlay like saturn is on his knees\nproposing with all of his ten thousand rings\nthat we give every single breath\nthis is for saying\u2013yes\nThis is for saying yes"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "WALLACE STEVENS", "text": "The Idea of Order at Key West\n\nShe sang beyond the genius of the sea. \nThe water never formed to mind or voice, \nLike a body wholly body, fluttering\nIts empty sleeves; and yet its mimic motion \nMade constant cry, caused constantly a cry, \nThat was not ours although we understood, \nInhuman, of the veritable ocean.\n\nThe sea was not a mask. No more was she. \nThe song and water were not medleyed sound \nEven if what she sang was what she heard, \nSince what she sang was uttered word by word.\nIt may be that in all her phrases stirred \nThe grinding water and the gasping wind; \nBut it was she and not the sea we heard.\n\nFor she was the maker of the song she sang. \nThe ever-hooded, tragic-gestured sea\nWas merely a place by which she walked to sing. \nWhose spirit is this? we said, because we knew \nIt was the spirit that we sought and knew \nThat we should ask this often as she sang.\n\nIf it was only the dark voice of the sea \nThat rose, or even colored by many waves; \nIf it was only the outer voice of sky\nAnd cloud, of the sunken coral water-walled, \nHowever clear, it would have been deep air, \nThe heaving speech of air, a summer sound \nRepeated in a summer without end\nAnd sound alone. But it was more than that, \nMore even than her voice, and ours, among\nThe meaningless plungings of water and the wind, \nTheatrical distances, bronze shadows heaped \nOn high horizons, mountainous atmospheres \nOf sky and sea.\n\n It was her voice that made \nThe sky acutest at its vanishing. \nShe measured to the hour its solitude. \nShe was the single artificer of the world\nIn which she sang. And when she sang, the sea, \nWhatever self it had, became the self\nThat was her song, for she was the maker. Then we, \nAs we beheld her striding there alone,\nKnew that there never was a world for her \nExcept the one she sang and, singing, made.\n\nRamon Fernandez, tell me, if you know, \nWhy, when the singing ended and we turned \nToward the town, tell why the glassy lights, \nThe lights in the fishing boats at anchor there, \nAs the night descended, tilting in the air, \nMastered the night and portioned out the sea, \nFixing emblazoned zones and fiery poles, \nArranging, deepening, enchanting night.\n\nOh! Blessed rage for order, pale Ramon, \nThe maker\u2019s rage to order words of the sea, \nWords of the fragrant portals, dimly-starred, \nAnd of ourselves and of our origins,\nIn ghostlier demarcations, keener sounds."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "George Santayana", "text": "Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nietzche", "text": "Where pride is insistent enough, memory prefers to give way"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kevin Kelly", "text": "\u2022 About 99% of the time, the right time is right now.\n\u2022 No one is as impressed with your possessions as you are.\n\u2022 Dont ever work for someone you dont want to become.\n\u2022 Cultivate 12 people who love you, because they are worth more than 12 million people who like you.\n\u2022 Dont keep making the same mistakes; try to make new mistakes.\n\u2022 If you stop to listen to a musician or street performer for more than a minute, you owe them a dollar.\n\u2022 Anything you say before the word \u201cbut\u201d does not count.\n\u2022 When you forgive others, they may not notice, but you will heal. Forgiveness is not something we do for others; it is a gift to ourselves.\n\u2022 Courtesy costs nothing. Lower the toilet seat after use. Let the people in the elevator exit before you enter. Return shopping carts to their designated areas. When you borrow something, return it better shape (filled up, cleaned) than when you got it.\n\u2022 Whenever there is an argument between two sides, find the third side.\n\u2022 Efficiency is highly overrated; Goofing off is highly underrated. Regularly scheduled sabbaths, sabbaticals, vacations, breaks, aimless walks and time off are essential for top performance of any kind. The best work ethic requires a good rest ethic.\n\u2022 When you lead, your real job is to create more leaders, not more followers.\n\u2022 Criticize in private, praise in public.\n\u2022 Life lessons will be presented to you in the order they are needed. Everything you need to master the lesson is within you. Once you have truly learned a lesson, you will be presented with the next one. If you are alive, that means you still have lessons to learn.\n\u2022 It is the duty of a student to get everything out of a teacher, and the duty of a teacher to get everything out of a student.\n\u2022 If winning becomes too important in a game, change the rules to make it more fun. Changing rules can become the new game.\n\u2022 Ask funders for money, and they\u2019ll give you advice; but ask for advice and they\u2019ll give you money.\n\u2022 Productivity is often a distraction. Don\u2019t aim for better ways to get through your tasks as quickly as possible, rather aim for better tasks that you never want to stop doing.\n\u2022 Immediately pay what you owe to vendors, workers, contractors. They will go out of their way to work with you first next time.\n\u2022 The biggest lie we tell ourselves is \u201cI dont need to write this down because I will remember it.\u201d\n\u2022 Your growth as a conscious being is measured by the number of uncomfortable conversations you are willing to have.\n\u2022 Speak confidently as if you are right, but listen carefully as if you are wrong.\n\u2022 Handy measure: the distance between your fingertips of your outstretched arms at shoulder level is your height.\n\u2022 The consistency of your endeavors (exercise, companionship, work) is more important than the quantity. Nothing beats small things done every day, which is way more important than what you do occasionally.\n\u2022 Making art is not selfish; it\u2019s for the rest of us. If you don\u2019t do your thing, you are cheating us.\n\u2022 Never ask a woman if she is pregnant. Let her tell you if she is.\n\u2022 Three things you need: The ability to not give up something till it works, the ability to give up something that does not work, and the trust in other people to help you distinguish between the two.\n\u2022 When public speaking, pause frequently. Pause before you say something in a new way, pause after you have said something you believe is important, and pause as a relief to let listeners absorb details.\n\u2022 There is no such thing as being \u201con time.\u201d You are either late or you are early. Your choice.\n\u2022 Ask anyone you admire: Their lucky breaks happened on a detour from their main goal. So embrace detours. Life is not a straight line for anyone.\n\u2022 The best way to get a correct answer on the internet is to post an obviously wrong answer and wait for someone to correct you.\n\u2022 You\u2019ll get 10x better results by elevating good behavior rather than punishing bad behavior, especially in children and animals.\n\u2022 Spend as much time crafting the subject line of an email as the message itself because the subject line is often the only thing people read.\n\u2022 Don\u2019t wait for the storm to pass; dance in the rain.\n\u2022 When checking references for a job applicant, employers may be reluctant or prohibited from saying anything negative, so leave or send a message that says, \u201cGet back to me if you highly recommend this applicant as super great.\u201d If they don\u2019t reply take that as a negative.\n\u2022 Use a password manager: Safer, easier, better.\n\u2022 Half the skill of being educated is learning what you can ignore.\n\u2022 The advantage of a ridiculously ambitious goal is that it sets the bar very high so even in failure it may be a success measured by the ordinary.\n\u2022 A great way to understand yourself is to seriously reflect on everything you find irritating in others.\n\u2022 Keep all your things visible in a hotel room, not in drawers, and all gathered into one spot. That way you\u2019ll never leave anything behind. If you need to have something like a charger off to the side, place a couple of other large items next to it, because you are less likely to leave 3 items behind than just one.\n\u2022 Denying or deflecting a compliment is rude. Accept it with thanks, even if you believe it is not deserved.\n\u2022 Always read the plaque next to the monument.\n\u2022 When you have some success, the feeling of being an imposter can be real. Who am I fooling? But when you create things that only you \u2014 with your unique talents and experience \u2014 can do, then you are absolutely not an imposter. You are the ordained. It is your duty to work on things that only you can do.\n\u2022 What you do on your bad days matters more than what you do on your good days.\n\u2022 Make stuff that is good for people to have.\n\u2022 When you open paint, even a tiny bit, it will always find its way to your clothes no matter how careful you are. Dress accordingly.\n\u2022 To keep young kids behaving on a car road trip, have a bag of their favorite candy and throw a piece out the window each time they misbehave.\n\u2022 You cannot get smart people to work extremely hard just for money.\n\u2022 When you don\u2019t know how much to pay someone for a particular task, ask them \u201cwhat would be fair\u201d and their answer usually is.\n\u2022 90% of everything is crap. If you think you don\u2019t like opera, romance novels, TikTok, country music, vegan food, NFTs, keep trying to see if you can find the 10% that is not crap.\n\u2022 You will be judged on how well you treat those who can do nothing for you.\n\u2022 We tend to overestimate what we can do in a day, and underestimate what we can achieve in a decade. Miraculous things can be accomplished if you give it ten years. A long game will compound small gains to overcome even big mistakes.\n\u2022 Thank a teacher who changed your life.\n\u2022 You cant reason someone out of a notion that they didn\u2019t reason themselves into.\n\u2022 Your best job will be one that you were unqualified for because it stretches you. In fact only apply to jobs you are unqualified for.\n\u2022 Buy used books. They have the same words as the new ones. Also libraries.\n\u2022 You can be whatever you want, so be the person who ends meetings early.\n\u2022 A wise man said, \u201cBefore you speak, let your words pass through three gates. At the first gate, ask yourself, \u201cIs it true?\u201d At the second gate ask, \u201cIs it necessary?\u201d At the third gate ask, \u201cIs it kind?\u201d\n\u2022 Take the stairs.\n\u2022 What you actually pay for something is at least twice the listed price because of the energy, time, money needed to set it up, learn, maintain, repair, and dispose of at the end. Not all prices appear on labels. Actual costs are 2x listed prices.\n\u2022 When you arrive at your room in a hotel, locate the emergency exits. It only takes a minute.\n\u2022 The only productive way to answer \u201cwhat should I do now?\u201d is to first tackle the question of \u201cwho should I become?\u201d\n\u2022 Average returns sustained over an above-average period of time yield extraordinary results. Buy and hold.\n\u2022 It\u2019s thrilling to be extremely polite to rude strangers.\n\u2022 It\u2019s possible that a not-so smart person, who can communicate well, can do much better than a super smart person who can\u2019t communicate well. That is good news because it is much easier to improve your communication skills than your intelligence.\n\u2022 Getting cheated occasionally is the small price for trusting the best of everyone, because when you trust the best in others, they generally treat you best.\n\u2022 Art is whatever you can get away with.\n\u2022 For the best results with your children, spend only half the money you think you should, but double the time with them.\n\u2022 Purchase the most recent tourist guidebook to your home town or region. You\u2019ll learn a lot by playing the tourist once a year.\n\u2022 Dont wait in line to eat something famous. It is rarely worth the wait.\n\u2022 To rapidly reveal the true character of a person you just met, move them onto an abysmally slow internet connection. Observe.\n\u2022 Prescription for popular success: do something strange. Make a habit of your weird.\n\u2022 Be a pro. Back up your back up. Have at least one physical backup and one backup in the cloud. Have more than one of each. How much would you pay to retrieve all your data, photos, notes, if you lost them? Backups are cheap compared to regrets.\n\u2022 Dont believe everything you think you believe.\n\u2022 To signal an emergency, use the rule of three; 3 shouts, 3 horn blasts, or 3 whistles.\n\u2022 At a restaurant do you order what you know is great, or do you try something new? Do you make what you know will sell or try something new? Do you keep dating new folks or try to commit to someone you already met? The optimal balance for exploring new things vs exploiting them once found is: 1/3. Spend 1/3 of your time on exploring and 2/3 time on deepening. It is harder to devote time to exploring as you age because it seems unproductive, but aim for 1/3.\n\u2022 Actual great opportunities do not have \u201cGreat Opportunities\u201d in the subject line.\n\u2022 When introduced to someone make eye contact and count to 4. You\u2019ll both remember each other.\n\u2022 Take note if you find yourself wondering \u201cWhere is my good knife? Or, where is my good pen?\u201d That means you have bad ones. Get rid of those.\n\u2022 When you are stuck, explain your problem to others. Often simply laying out a problem will present a solution. Make \u201cexplaining the problem\u201d part of your troubleshooting process.\n\u2022 When buying a garden hose, an extension cord, or a ladder, get one substantially longer than you think you need. It\u2019ll be the right size.\n\u2022 Dont bother fighting the old; just build the new.\n\u2022 Your group can achieve great things way beyond your means simply by showing people that they are appreciated.\n\u2022 When someone tells you about the peak year of human history, the period of time when things were good before things went downhill, it will always be the years of when they were 10 years old \u2014 which is the peak of any human\u2019s existence.\n\u2022 You are as big as the things that make you angry.\n\u2022 When speaking to an audience it\u2019s better to fix your gaze on a few people than to \u201cspray\u201d your gaze across the room. Your eyes telegraph to others whether you really believe what you are saying.\n\u2022 Habit is far more dependable than inspiration. Make progress by making habits. Dont focus on getting into shape. Focus on becoming the kind of person who never misses a workout.\n\u2022 When negotiating, dont aim for a bigger piece of the pie; aim to create a bigger pie.\n\u2022 If you repeated what you did today 365 more times will you be where you want to be next year?\n\u2022 You see only 2% of another person, and they see only 2% of you. Attune yourselves to the hidden 98%.\n\u2022 Your time and space are limited. Remove, give away, throw out things in your life that dont spark joy any longer in order to make room for those that do.\n\u2022 Our descendants will achieve things that will amaze us, yet a portion of what they will create could have been made with today\u2019s materials and tools if we had had the imagination. Think bigger.\n\u2022 For a great payoff be especially curious about the things you are not interested in.\n\u2022 Focus on directions rather than destinations. Who knows their destiny? But maintain the right direction and you\u2019ll arrive at where you want to go.\n\u2022 Every breakthrough is at first laughable and ridiculous. In fact if it did not start out laughable and ridiculous, it is not a breakthrough.\n\u2022 If you loan someone $20 and you never see them again because they are avoiding paying you back, that makes it worth $20.\n\u2022 Copying others is a good way to start. Copying yourself is a disappointing way to end.\n\u2022 The best time to negotiate your salary for a new job is the moment AFTER they say they want you, and not before. Then it becomes a game of chicken for each side to name an amount first, but it is to your advantage to get them to give a number before you do.\n\u2022 Rather than steering your life to avoid surprises, aim directly for them.\n\u2022 Dont purchase extra insurance if you are renting a car with a credit card.\n\u2022 If your opinions on one subject can be predicted from your opinions on another, you may be in the grip of an ideology. When you truly think for yourself your conclusions will not be predictable.\n\u2022 Aim to die broke. Give to your beneficiaries before you die; it\u2019s more fun and useful. Spend it all. Your last check should go to the funeral home and it should bounce.\n\u2022 The chief prevention against getting old is to remain astonished."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jarod Kintz", "text": "The mouth is made for communication, and nothing is more articulate than a kiss."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hakuin", "text": "Boundless and free\nIs the sky of samadhi,\nBright the full moon\nOf wisdom!\nTruly, is anything\nMissing now?\nNirvana is right here,\nBefore our eyes;\nThis very place is the\nLotus Land,\nThis very body\nThe Buddha."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Koken Myokai", "text": "My worn out sandals hang high\nFrom the bare wall,\nAnd dawn's brought\nSpring snow that makes\nThe blossoms open;\nThose twenty years of pilgrimage\nI made to China?\nBetter to have slept\nHere in this mountain hut."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Tagore", "text": "I slept and dreamt that life was joy. \nI awoke and saw that life was service.\nI acted and behold, service was joy."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Simcha Wasserman", "text": "Dull upon the waters\npale with great sin,\nthe skull of Pharaoh\nsurfaces before Hillel,\nwho says:\n'Because you drowned\nothers, they drowned you:\nand ultimately those\nwho drowned you\nwill themselves be drowned.'\nAnd so in peace, it drifts\naway after a thousand\nspeechless years,\nto finally settle\nin its place,\nin a mishna."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "RABBI HILLEL", "text": "That which is hateful to you, do not do to your fellow; this, in a few words, is the entire Torah; all the rest is but an elaboration of this one, central point."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bertrand Russell", "text": "Dogmatism and skepticism are both, in a sense, absolute philosophies; one is certain of knowing, the other of not knowing. What philosophy should dissipate is certainty, whether of knowledge or ignorance."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jordan Peterson", "text": "People experience positive emotion in relation to the pursuit of a valuable goal. Imagine you have a goal. You aim at something. You develop a strategy in relation to that aim, and then you implement it. And then, as you implement the strategy, you observe that it is working.\nThat is what produces the most reliable positive emotion."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Henry Kissinger", "text": "What must be done eventually should be done immediately."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Edgar Wideman", "text": "Good writing is always about things that are important to you, things that are scary to you, things that eat you up. But the writing is a way of not allowing those things to destroy you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ennius", "text": "The victor is not victorious if the vanquished does not consider himself so."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Maya Angelou", "text": "When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Thomas Babington Macaulay", "text": "Then out spake brave Horatius,\nThe Captain of the Gate:\n\"To every man upon this earth\nDeath cometh soon or late.\nAnd how can man die better\nThan facing fearful odds,\nFor the ashes of his fathers,\nAnd the temples of his Gods.\"[4]\n\nHaul down the bridge, Sir Consul,\nWith all the speed ye may;\nI, with two more to help me,\nWill hold the foe in play.\nIn yon strait path a thousand\nMay well be stopped by three.\nNow who will stand on either hand,\nAnd keep the bridge with me?\n\nNo sound of joy or sorrow\nWas heard from either bank;\nBut friends and foes in dumb surprise,\nWith parted lips and straining eyes,\nStood gazing where he sank:\nAnd when above the surges\nThey saw his crest appear,\nAll Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,\nAnd even the ranks of Tuscany\nCould scarce forbear to cheer.\n\nWith weeping and with laughter\nStill is the story told,\nHow well Horatius kept the bridge\nIn the brave days of old."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rilke", "text": "Quiet friend who has come so far,\nfeel how your breathing makes more space around you.\nLet this darkness be a bell tower\nand you the bell. As you ring,\nwhat batters you becomes your strength.\nMove back and forth into the change.\nWhat is it like, such intensity of pain?\nIf the drink is bitter, turn yourself to wine.\nIn this uncontainable night,\nbe the mystery at the crossroads of your senses,\nthe meaning discovered there.\nAnd if the world has ceased to hear you,\nsay to the silent earth: I flow.\nTo the rushing water, speak: I am."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Darwin", "text": "My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organised or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charles Darwin", "text": "If I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I Have Just Said\nI have just said\nsomething\nridiculous to you\nand in response,\nyour glorious laughter.\nThese are the days\nthe sun\nis swimming back\nto the east\nand the light on the water\ngleams\nas never, it seems, before.\nI can\u2019t remember\nevery spring,\nI can\u2019t remember\neverything\u2013\nso many years!\nAre the morning kisses\nthe sweetest\nor the evenings\nor the inbetweens?\nAll I know\nis that \u201cthank you\u201d should appear\nsomewhere.\nSo, just in case\nI can\u2019t find\nthe perfect place\u2013\n\u201cThank you, thank you.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "One Hundred White-Sided Dolphins on a Summer Day\n1.\n\u00a0\nFat,\nblack, slick,\ngalloping in the pitch\nof the waves, in the pearly\n\u00a0\nfields of the sea,\nthey leap toward us,\nthey rise, sparkling, and vanish, and rise sparkling,\nthey breathe little clouds of mist, they lift perpetual smiles,\n\u00a0\nthey slap their tails on the waves, grandmothers and grandfathers\nenjoying the old jokes,\nthey circle around us,\nthey swim with us\u2014\n\u00a0\n2.\n\u00a0\na hundred white-sided dolphins\non a summer day,\neach one, as God himself\ncould not appear more acceptable\n\u00a0\na hundred times,\nin a body blue and black threading through\nthe sea foam,\nand lifting himself up from the opened\n\u00a0\ntents of the waves on his fishtail,\nto look\nwith the moon of his eye\ninto my heart,\n\u00a0\n3.\n\u00a0\nand find there\npure, sudden, steep, sharp, painful\ngratitude\nthat falls\u2013\n\u00a0\nI don\u2019t know-either\nunbearable tons\nor the pale, bearable hand\nof salvation\n\u00a0\non my neck,\nlifting me\nfrom the boat\u2019s plain plank seat\ninto the world\u2019s\n\u00a0\n4.\n\u00a0\nunspeakable kindness.\nIt is my sixty-third summer on earth\nand, for a moment, I have almost vanished\ninto the body of the dolphin,\n\u00a0\ninto the moon-eye of God,\ninto the white fan that lies at the bottom of the sea\nwith everything\nthat ever was, or ever will be,\n\u00a0\nsupple, wild, rising on flank or fishtail\u2013\nsinging or whistling or breathing damply through blowhole\nat top of head. Then, in our little boat, the dolphins suddenly gone,\nwe sailed on through the brisk, cheerful day."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The glacier\u2019s tongue gathered them up"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "BLUE IRIS\nNow that I'm free to be myself, who am I\nCant fly, can't run, and see how slowly I walk.\nWell, I think, I can read books.\n\"What's that you're doing?\"\nthe green-headed fly shouts as it buzzes past.\nI close the book.\nWell, I can write down words, like these, softly.\nWhat's that you're doing?\" whispers the wind, pausing\nin a heap just outside the window.\nGive me a little time, I say back to its staring, silver face.\nit doesn't happen all of a sudden, you know.\nDoesn't it.?\" says the wind, and breaks open, releasing\ndistillation of blue iris.\nAnd my heart panics not to be, as I long to be,\ndie empty; waiting, pure, speechless receptacle."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Loon\nNot quite four a.m., when the rapture of being alive\nstrikes me from sleep, and I rise\nfrom the comfortable bed and go\nto another room, where my books are lined up\nin their neat and colorful rows. \n\nHow magical they are! I choose one, and open it. \nSoon I have wandered in over the waves of the words\nto the temple of thought.\n\nAnd then I hear outside, \nover the actual waves, the small,\nperfect voice of the loon. \nHe is also awake,\nand with his heavy head uplifted he calls out\nto the fading moon, to the pink flush\nswelling in the east that, soon,\nwill become the long, reasonable day.\n\nInside the house\nit is still dark, except for the pool of lamplight\nin which I am sitting.\n\nI do not close the book.\n\nNeither, for a long while, do I read on."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Since I see him every morning, I have rewarded myself the pleasure of thinking he knows me"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Carrying The Snake To The Garden\n\nIn the cellar\nwas the smallest snake\nI have ever seen.\nIt coiled itself\nin a corner\nand watched me\nwith eyes\nlike two little stars\nset into coal,\nand a tail\nthat quivered.\nOne step\nof my foot\nand it fled\nlike a running shoelace,\nbut a scoop of the wrist\nand I had it\nin my hand.\nI was sorry\nfor the fear,\nso I hurried\nupstairs and out the kitchen door\nto the warm grass\nand the sunlight\nand the garden.\nIt turned and turned\nin my hand\nbut when I put it down\nit didn't move.\nI thought\nit was going to flow\nup my leg\nand into my pocket.\nI thought, for a moment,\nas it lifted it's face,\nit was going to sing.\n\nAnd then it was gone."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "JUST AS THE CALENDAR BEGAN\nTO SAY SUMMER\nI went out of the schoolhouse fast\nand through the gardens and to the woods,\nand spent all summer forgetting what I'd been taught-\ntwo times two, and diligence, and so forth,\nhow to be modest and useful, and how to succeed and so forth,\nmachines and oil and plastic and money and so forth,\nBy fall I had healed somewhat, but was summoned back\nto the chalky rooms and the desks, to sit and remember\nthe way the river kept rolling its pebbles,\nthe way the wild wrens sang though they hadn't a penny in the\nbank,\nthe way the flowers were dressed in nothing but light."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "My dear soul, flee from the worthless,\nstay close only to those with a pure heart.\nLike attracts like.\nA crow will lead you to the graveyard,\na parrot to a lump of sugar."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "THE OLD POETS OF CHINA\nWherever I am, the world comes after me.\nIt offers me its busyness. It does not believe\nthat I do not want it. Now I understand\nwhy the old poets of China went so far and high\ninto the mountains, then crept into the pale mist."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "DAISES\nIt is possible, I suppose, that sometime\nwe will learn everything\nthere is to learn: what the world is, for example,\nand what it means. I think this as I am crossing\nfrom one field to another, in summer, and the\nmockingbird is mocking me, as one who either\nknows enough already or knows enough to be\nperfectly content not knowing. Song being born\nof quest he knows this: he must turn silent\nwere he suddenly assaulted with answers. Instead\noh hear his wild, caustic, tender warbling ceaselessly\nunanswered. At my feet the white-petaled daisies display\nthe small suns of their center-piece-their, if you don't\nmind my saying so--their hearts. Of course\nI could be wrong, perhaps their hearts are pale and\nnarrow and hidden in the roots. What do I know.\nBut this: it is heaven itself to take what is given,\nto see what is plain; what the sun\nlights up willingly; for example--I think this\nas I reach down, not to pick but merely to touch\nthe suitability of the field for the daisies, and the\ndaisies for the field."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "MINDFUL\nEvery day\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I see or hear\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0something\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0that more or less\n\nkills me\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0with delight,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0that leaves me\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0like a needle\n\nin the haystack\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0of light.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0It was what I was born for --\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0to look, to listen,\n\nto lose myself\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0inside this soft world --\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0to instruct myself\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0over and over\n\nin joy,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and acclamation.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Nor am I talking\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0about the exceptional,\n\nthe fearful, the dreadful,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0the very extravagant --\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0but of the ordinary,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0the common, the very drab,\n\nthe daily presentations.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Oh, good scholar,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I say to myself,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0how can you help\n\nbut grow wise\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0with such teachings\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0as these --\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0the untrimmable light\n\nof the world,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0the ocean's shine,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0the prayers that are made\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0out of grass?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Terns\nDon\u2019t think just now of the trudging forward of thought,\nBut of the wing-drive of unquestioning affirmation.\nIt\u2019s summer, you never saw such a blue sky,\nAnd here they are, those white birds with quick wings,\nSweeping over the waves, chattering and plunging,\nTheir thin beaks snapping, their hard eyes\nHappy as little nails\nThe years to come-this is a promise-\nWill grant you ample time\nTo try the difficult steps in the empire of thought\nWhere you seek for the shining proofs you think you must have.\nBut nothing you ever understand will be sweeter, or more binding,\nThan this deepest affinity between your eyes and the world.\nThe flock thickens\nOver the rolling, salt brightness. Listen,\nMaybe such devotion, in which one holds the world\nIn the clasp of attention, isn\u2019t the perfect prayer,\nBut it must be close, for the sorrow, whose name is doubt,\nIs thus subdued, and not through the weaponry of reason,\nBut of pure submission. Tell me, what else\nCould beauty be for? And now the tide\nIs at its very crown,\nThe white birds =sprinkle down,\nGathering up the loose silver rising\nAs if weightless. It isn\u2019t instruction, or parable.\nIt isn\u2019t for any vanity or ambition\nExcept for the one allowed, to stay alive.\nIt\u2019s only a nimble frolic\nOver the waves. And you find, for hours,\nYou cannot even remember the questions\nThat weigh so in your mind."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Wild, Wild\nThis is what love is:\nthe dry rose bush the gardener, in his pruning, missed\nsuddenly bursts into bloom.\nA madness of delight; an obsession.\nA holy gift, certainly.\nBut often, alas, improbable.\nWhy couldn't Romeo have settled for someone else?\nWhy couldn't Tristan and Isolde have refused\nthe shining cup\nwhich would have left peaceful the whole kingdom?\nWild sings the bird of the heart in the forests\nof our lives.\nOver and over Faust, standing in the garden, doesn't know\nanything that's going to happen, he only sees\nthe face of Marguerite, which is irresistible.\nAnd wild, wild sings the bird."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "The Poet with His Face in His Hands\n\nYou want to cry aloud for your\nmistakes. But to tell the truth the world\ndoesn\u2019t need anymore of that sound.\nSo if you\u2019re going to do it and can\u2019t\nstop yourself, if your pretty mouth can\u2019t\nhold it in, at least go by yourself across\nthe forty fields and the forty dark inclines\nof rocks and water to the place where\nthe falls are flinging out their white sheets\nlike crazy, and there is a cave behind all that\njubilation and water fun and you can\nstand there, under it, and roar all you\nwant and nothing will be disturbed; you can\ndrip with despair all afternoon and still,\non a green branch, its wings just lightly touched\nby the passing foil of the water, the thrush,\npuffing out its spotted breast, will sing\nof the perfect, stone-hard beauty of everything."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "White Heron Rises Over Blackwater\nI wonder what it is that I will accomplish today\nIf anything can be called that marvelous word.\nIt won\u2019t be\nMy kind of work, which is only putting words on a page,\nThe pencil\nHaltingly calling up\nThe light of the world,\nYet nothing appearing on paper half as bright\nAs the mockingbird\u2019s verbal hilarity\nIn the still unleafed shrub in the churchyard-\nOr the white heron rising over the swamp and the darkness,\nHis yellow eyes and broad wings wearing\nThe light of the world in the light of the world-\nAh yes, I see him.\nHe is exactly the poem I wanted to write."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "LEAD\nHere is a story\nto break your heart.\nAre you willing?\nThis winter\nthe loons came to our harbor\nand died, one by one,\nof nothing we could see.\nA friend told me\nof one on the shore\nthat lifted its head and opened\nthe elegant beak and cried out\nin the long, sweet savoring of its life\nwhich, if you have heard it,\nyou know is a sacred thing.,\nand for which, if you have not heard it,\nyou had better hurry to where\nthey still sing.\nAnd, believe me, tell no one\njust where that is.\nThe next morning\nthis loon, speckled\nand iridescent and with a plan\nto fly home\nto some hidden lake,\nwas dead on the shore.\nI tell you this\nto break your heart,\nby which I mean only\nthat it break open and never close again\nto the rest of the world."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "On Thy Wondrous Works I Will Meditate (Psalm 145)\n1.\nAll day up and down the shore the\nfine points of the waves keep on\ntapping whatever is there: scatter of broken\nclams, empty jingles, old\noyster shells thick and castellated that held\nonce the pale jewel of their bodies, such sweet\ntongue and juice. And who do you\nthink you are sauntering along\nfive feet up in the air, the ocean a blue fire\naround your ankles, the sun\non your face on your shoulders its golden mouth whispering\n(so it seems) you! you! you!\n2.\nNow the afternoon wind\nall frill and no apparent purpose\ntakes her cloud-shaped\nhand and touches every one of the\nwaves so that rapidly\nthey stir the wings of the eiders they blur\nthe boats on their moorings; not even the rocks\nblack and blunt interrupt the waves on their\nway to the shore and one last swimmer (is it you?) rides\ntheir salty infoldings and outfoldings until,\npeaked, their blue sides heaving, they pause; and God\nwhistles them back; and you glide safely to shore.\n3.\nOne morning\na hundred pink and cylindrical\nsquid lay beached their lacy faces,\ntheir gnarls of dimples and ropy tentacles\nlimp and powerless; as I watched\nthe big gulls went down upon\nthis sweetest trash rolling\nlike the arms of babies through the\nswash\u2014in a feathered dash,\na snarl of delight the beaks fell\ngrabbing and snapping; then was left\nonly the empty beach, the birds floating back over the waves.\n4.\nHow many mysteries have you seen in your\nlifetime? How many nets pulled\nfull over the boat\u2019s side, each silver body\nready or not falling into\nsubmission? How many roses in early summer\nuncurling above the pale sands then\nfalling back in unfathomable\nwillingness? And what can you say? Glory\nto the rose and the leaf, to the seed, to the\nsilver fish. Glory to time and the wild fields,\nand to joy. And to grief\u2019s shock and torpor, its near swoon.\n5.\nSo it is not hard to understand\nwhere God\u2019s body is, it is\neverywhere and everything; shore and the vast\nfields of water, the accidental and the intended\nover here, over there. And I bow down\nparticipate and attentive\nit is so dense and apparent. And all the same I am still\nunsatisfied. Standing\nhere, now, I am thinking\nnot of His thick wrists and His blue\nshoulders but, still, of Him. Where, do you suppose, is His\npage and wonderful mind?\n6.\nI would be good\u2014oh, I would be upright and good.\nTo what purpose? To be shining not\nsinful, not wringing out of the hours\npetulance, heaviness, ashes. To what purpose?\nHope of heaven? Not that. But to enter\nthe other kingdom: grace, and imagination,\nand the multiple sympathies: to be as a leaf, a rose,\na dolphin, a wave rising\nslowly then briskly out of the darkness to touch\nthe limpid air, the be God\u2019s mind\u2019s\nservant, loving with the body\u2019s sweet mouth\u2014its kisses, its words\u2014\neverything.\n7.\nI know a man of such\nmildness and kindness it is trying to\nchange my life. He does not\npreach, teach, but simply is. It is\nastonishing, for he is Christ\u2019s ambassador\ntruly, by rule and act. But, more,\nhe is kind with the sort of kindness that shines\nout, but is resolute, not fooled. He has\neaten the dark hours and could also, I think,\nsoldier for God, riding out\nunder the storm clouds, against the world\u2019s pride and unkindness,\nwith both unassailable sweetness, and tempering word.\n8.\nEvery morning I want to kneel down on the golden\ncloth of the sand and say\nsome kind of musical thanks for\nthe world that is happening again\u2014another day\u2014\nfrom the shawl of wind coming out of the\nwest to the firm green\nflesh of the melon lately sliced open and\neaten, its chill and ample body\nflavored with mercy. I want\nto be worthy\u2014of what? Glory? Yes, unimaginable glory.\nO Lord of melons, of mercy, though I am\nnot ready, nor worthy, I am climbing toward you."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "SELF-PORTRAIT\nI wish I was twenty and in love with life\nand still full of beans.\nOnward, old legs!\nThere are the long, pale dunes; on the other side\nthe roses are blooming and finding their labor\nno adversity to the spirit.\nUpward, old legs! There are the roses, and there is the sea\nshining like a song, like a body\nI want to touch\nthough I\u2019m not twenty\nand won\u2019t be again but ah! seventy. And still\nin love with life. And still\nfull of beans."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Night and the River\nI have seen the great feet\nleaping into the river\nand I have seen moonlight\nmilky along the long muzzle\nand I have seen the body\nof something scaled and wonderful\nslumped in the sudden fire of it mouth,\nand I could not tell which fit me\nmore comfortably, the power,\nor the powerlessness:\nneither would have me\nentirely; I was divided,\nconsumed, by sympathy,\npity, admiration.\nAfter a while it was done,\nthe fish had vanished, the bear\nlumped away\nto the green shore\nand into the trees. And then there was only\nthis story.\nIt followed me home\nand entered my house-\na difficult guest\nwith a single tune\nwhich it hums all day and through the night-\nslowly, or briskly,\nit doesn't matter,\nit sounds like a river leaping and falling; it sounds like a body\nfalling apart"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Of The Empire\nWe will be known as a culture that feared death\nand adored power, that tried to vanquish insecurity\nfor the few and cared little for the penury of the\nmany. We will be known as a culture that taught\nand rewarded the amassing of things, that spoke\nlittle if at all about the quality of life for\npeople (other people), for dogs, for rivers. All\nthe world, in our eyes, they will say, was a\ncommodity. And they will say that this structure\nwas held together politically, which it was, and\nthey will say also that our politics was no more\nthan an apparatus to accommodate the feelings of\nthe heart, and that the heart, in those days,\nwas small, and hard, and full of meanness."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "WE SHOULD BE WELL PREPARED\nThe way the plovers cry goodbye.\nThe way the dead fox keeps on looking down the hill with open eye.\nThe way the leaves fall, and then there\u2019s the long wait.\nThe way someone says we must never meet again.\nThe way mold spots the cake,\nThe way sourness overtakes the cream.\nThe way the river water rushes by, never to return.\nThe way the days go by, never to return.\nThe way somebody comes back, but only in a dream."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "SOMETIMES\nI.\nSomething came up\nout of the dark.\nIt wasn\u2019t anything I had ever seen before.\nIt wasn\u2019t an animal\nor a flower,\nunless it was both.\nSomething came up out of the water,\na head the size of a cat\nbut muddy and without ears.\nI don\u2019t know what God is.\nI don\u2019t know what death is.\nBut I believe they have between them\nsome fervent and necessary arrangement.\nII.\nSometimes\nmelancholy leaves me breathless\u2026\nIII.\nWater from the heavens! Electricity from the source!\nBoth of them mad to create something!\nThe lighting brighter than any flower.\nThe thunder without a drowsy bone in its body.\nIV.\nInstructions for living a life:\nPay attention.\nBe astonished.\nTell about it.\nV.\n\nTwo or three times in my life I discovered love.\nEach time it seemed to solve everything.\nEach time it solved a great many things\nbut not everything.\nYet left me as grateful as if it had indeed, and\nthoroughly, solved everything.\nVI.\n\nGod, rest in my heart\nand fortify me,\ntake away my hunger for answers,\nlet the hours play upon my body\nlike the hands of my beloved.\nLet the cathead appear again\u2014\nthe smallest of your mysteries,\nsome wild cousin of my own blood probably\u2014\nsome cousin of my own wild blood probably,\nin the black dinner-bowl of the pond.\nVII.\nDeath waits for me, I know it, around\none corner or another.\nThis doesn\u2019t amuse me.\nNeither does it frighten me.\nAfter the rain, I went back into the field of sunflowers.\nIt was cool, and I was anything but drowsy.\nI walked slowly, and listened\nto the crazy roots, in the drenched earth, laughing and growing."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Mornings at Blackwater Pond\n\nFor years, every morning, I drank\nfrom Blackwater Pond.\nIt was flavored with oak leaves and also, no doubt,\nthe feet of ducks.\n\nAnd always it assuaged me\nfrom the dry bowl of the very far past.\n\nWhat I want to say is\nthat the past is the past,\nand the present is what your life is,\nand you are capable\nof choosing what that will be,\ndarling citizen.\n\nSo come to the pond,\nor the river of your imagination,\nor the harbor of your longing,\n\nand put your lips to the world.\nAnd live\nyour life."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Night Herons\nSome herons were fishing in the robes of the night\nAt a low hour of the water\u2019s body,\nAnd the fish I suppose, were full\nOf fish happiness in those transparent inches\nEven as, over and over, the beaks jacked down\nAnd the narrow bodies were lifted\nWith every quick sally,\nAnd that was the end of them as far as we know-\nThough, what do we know except that death\nIs so everywhere and so entire-\nPummeling and felling,\nOr sometimes,\nLike this, appearing\nThrough such a thing door-\nOne stab and you\u2019re through!\nAnd what then?\nWhy, then it was almost morning,\nAnd one by one the birds opened their wings and flew."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Coyote in the Dark, Coyotes Remembered by Mary Oliver\n\nThe darkest thing\nmet me in the dark.\nIt was only a face\nand a brace of teeth\nthat held no words,\nthough I felt a salty breath\nsighing in my direction.\nOnce, in an autumn that is long gone,\nI was down on my knees\nin the cranberry bog\nand heard, in that lonely place,\ntwo voices coming down the hill,\nand I was thrilled\nto be granted this secret,\nthat the coyotes, walking together\ncan talk together,\nfor I thought, what else could it be?\nAnd even though what emerged\nwere two young women, two-legged for sure\nand not at all aware of me,\ntheir nimble, young women tongues\ntelling and answering,\nand though I knew\nI had believed something probably not true,\nyet it was wonderful\nto have believed it.\nAnd it has stayed with me\nas a present once given is forever given.\nEasy and happy they sounded,\nthose two maidens of the wilderness\nfrom which we have\u2013\nwho knows to what furious, pitiful extent\u2013\nbanished ourselves."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "AT THE RIVER CLARION\n1.\nI don\u2019t know who God is exactly.\nBut I\u2019ll tell you this.\nI was sitting in the river named Clarion, on a water splashed stone\nand all afternoon I listened to the voices of the river talking.\nWhenever the water struck a stone it had something to say,\nand the water itself, and even the mosses trailing under the water.\nAnd slowly, very slowly, it became clear to me what they were saying.\nSaid the river I am part of holiness.\nAnd I too, said the stone. And I too, whispered the moss beneath the water.\nI\u2019d been to the river before, a few times.\nDon\u2019t blame the river that nothing happened quickly.\nYou don\u2019t hear such voices in an hour or a day.\nYou don\u2019t hear them at all if selfhood has stuffed your ears.\nAnd it\u2019s difficult to hear anything anyway, through all the traffic, the ambition.\n2.\nIf God exists he isn\u2019t just butter and good luck.\nHe\u2019s also the tick that killed my wonderful dog Luke.\nSaid the river: imagine everything you can imagine, then keep on going.\nImagine how the lily (who may also be a part of God) would sing to you if it could sing,\nif you would pause to hear it.\nAnd how are you so certain anyway that it doesn\u2019t sing?\nIf God exists he isn\u2019t just churches and mathematics.\nHe\u2019s the forest, He\u2019s the desert.\nHe\u2019s the ice caps, that are dying.\nHe\u2019s the ghetto and the Museum of Fine Arts.\nHe\u2019s van Gogh and Allen Ginsberg and Robert Motherwell.\nHe\u2019s the many desperate hands, cleaning and preparing their weapons.\nHe\u2019s every one of us, potentially.\nThe leaf of grass, the genius, the politician, the poet.\nAnd if this is true, isn\u2019t it something very important?\nYes, it could be that I am a tiny piece of God, and each of you too, or at least\nof his intention and his hope.\nWhich is a delight beyond measure.\nI don\u2019t know how you get to suspect such an idea.\nI only know that the river kept singing.\nIt wasn\u2019t a persuasion, it was all the river\u2019s own constant joy\nwhich was better by far than a lecture, which was comfortable, exciting, unforgettable.\n3.\nOf course for each of us, there is the daily life.\nLet us live it, gesture by gesture.\nWhen we cut the ripe melon, should we not give it thanks?\nAnd should we not thank the knife also?\nWe do not live in a simple world.\n4.\nThere was someone I loved who grew old and ill\nOne by one I watched the fires go out.\nThere was nothing I could do\nexcept to remember\nthat we receive\nthen we give back.\n5.\nMy dog Luke lies in a grave in the forest, she is given back.\nBut the river Clarion still flows from wherever it comes from\nto where it has been told to go.\nI pray for the desperate earth.\nI pray for the desperate world.\nI do the little each person can do, it isn\u2019t much.\nSometimes the river murmurs, sometimes it raves.\n6.\nAlong its shores were, may I say, very intense cardinal flowers.\nAnd trees, and birds that have wings to uphold them, for heaven\u2019s sakes\u2013\nthe lucky ones: they have such deep natures,\nthey are so happily obedient.\nWhile I sit here in a house filled with books,\nideas, doubts, hesitations.\n7.\nAnd still, pressed deep into my mind, the river\nkeeps coming, touching me, passing by on its\nlong journey, its pale, infallible voice\nsinging."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "MYSTERIES, YES\nTruly, we live with mysteries too marvelous\nto be understood.\n\nHow grass can be nourishing in the\nmouths of the lambs.\n\nHow rivers and stones are forever\nin allegiance with gravity\nwhile we ourselves dream of rising.\n\nHow two hands touch and the bonds will\nnever be broken.\n\nHow people come, from delight or the\nscars of damage,\nto the comfort of a poem.\n\nLet me keep my distance, always, from those\nWho think they have the answers.\n\nLet me keep company always with those who say\n\"Look\" and laugh in astonishment,\nand bow their heads."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "EVIDENCE\n\u00a01.\nWhere do I live? If I had no address, as many people\ndo not, I could nevertheless say that I lived in the\nsame town as the lilies of the field, and the still\nwaters.\n\nSpring, and all through the neighborhood now there are\nstrong men tending flowers.\n\nBeauty without purpose is beauty without virtue. But\nall beautiful things, inherently, have this function \u2014\n\u00a0to excite the viewers toward sublime thought. Glory\nto the world, that good teacher.\n\nAmong the swans there is none called the least, or\nthe greatest.\n\nI believe in kindness. Also in mischief. Also in\nsinging, especially when singing is not necessarily\nprescribed.\n\nAs for the body, it is solid and strong and curious\nand full of detail; it wants to polish itself; it\nwants to love another body; it is the only vessel in\nthe world that can hold, in a mix of power and\nsweetness: words, song, gesture, passion, ideas,\ningenuity, devotion, merriment, vanity, and virtue.\n\nKeep some room in your heart for the unimaginable.\n\n2.\n\nThere are many ways to perish, or to flourish.\n\nHow old pain, for example, can stall us at the \nthreshold of function.\n\u00a0\nMemory: a golden bowl, or a basement without light.\n\u00a0\nFor which reason the nightmare comes with its\npainful story and says: you need to know this. \n\nSome memories I would give anything to forget.\nOthers I would not give up upon the point of\ndeath, they are the bright hawks of my life.\n\nStill, friends, consider stone, that is without \nthe fret of gravity, and water that is without \nanxiety. \n\nAnd the pine trees that never forget their \nrecipe for renewal. \n\nAnd the female wood duck who is looking this way \nand that way for her children. And the snapping \nturtle who is looking this way and that way also. \nThis is the world. \n\nAnd consider, always, every day, the determination \nof the grass to grow despite the unending obstacles. \n\n3. \n\nI ask you again: if you have not been enchanted by \nthis adventure--your life--what would do for \nyou? \n\nAnd, where are you, with your ears bagged down \nas if with packets of sand? Listen. We all \nhave much more listening to do. Tear the sand \naway. And listen. The river is singing.\n\nWhat blackboard could ever be invented that\ncould hold all the zeroes of eternity?\n\nLet me put it this way \u2014 if you disdain the \ncobbler may I assume you walk barefoot?\n\nLast week I met the so-called deranged man\nwho lives in the woods. He was walking with\ngreat care, so as not to step on any small,\nliving thing. \n\nFor myself, I have walked in these woods for\nmore than forty years, and I am the only\nthing, it seems, that is about to be used up.\nOr, to be less extravagant, will, in the\nforeseeable future, be used up.\nFirst, though, I want to step out into some\nfresh morning and look around and hear myself\ncrying out: \"The house of money is falling! \nThe house of money is falling! The weeds are \nrising! The weeds are rising!\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "To Begin With The Sweet Grass\n\nI.\nWill the hungry ox stand in the field and not eat\nof the sweet grass?\nWill the owl bite off its own wings?\nWill the lark forget to lift its body in the air or\nforget to sing?\nWill the rivers run upstream?\n\nBehold, I say\u2014behold\nthe reliability and the finery and the teachings\nof this gritty earth gift.\n\nII.\nEat bread and understand comfort.\nDrink water, and understand delight.\nVisit the garden where the scarlet trumpets\nare opening their bodies for the hummingbirds\nwho are drinking the sweetness, who are\nthrillingly gluttonous.\n\nFor one thing leads to another.\nSoon you will notice how stones shine underfoot.\nEventually tides will be the only calendar you believe in.\n\nAnd someone\u2019s face, whom you love, will be as a star\nboth intimate and ultimate,\nand you will be both heart-shaken and respectful.\n\nAnd you will hear the air itself, like a beloved, whisper:\noh, let me, for a while longer, enter the two\nbeautiful bodies of your lungs.\n\nIII.\nThe witchery of living\nis my whole conversation\nwith you, my darlings.\nAll I can tell you is what I know.\n\nLook, and look again.\nThis world is not just a little thrill for the eyes.\n\nIt\u2019s more than bones.\nIt\u2019s more than the delicate wrist with its personal pulse.\nIt\u2019s more than the beating of the single heart.\nIt\u2019s praising.\nIt\u2019s giving until the giving feels like receiving.\nYou have a life\u2014just imagine that!\nYou have this day, and maybe another, and maybe\nstill another.\n\nIV.\nSomeday I am going to ask my friend Paulus,\nthe dancer, the potter,\nto make me a begging bowl\nwhich I believe\nmy soul needs.\n\nAnd if I come to you,\nto the door of your comfortable house\nwith unwashed clothes and unclean fingernails,\nwill you put something into it?\n\nI would like to take this chance.\nI would like to give you this chance.\n\nV.\nWe do one thing or another; we stay the same, or we\nchange.\nCongratulations, if\nyou have changed.\n\nVI.\nLet me ask you this.\nDo you also think that beauty exists for some\nfabulous reason?\n\nAnd, if you have not been enchanted by this adventure\u2014\nyour life\u2014\nwhat would do for you?\n\nVII.\nWhat I loved in the beginning, I think, was mostly myself.\nNever mind that I had to, since somebody had to.\nThat was many years ago.\nSince then I have gone out from my confinements,\nthough with difficulty.\nI mean the ones that thought to rule my heart.\nI cast them out, I put them on the mush pile.\nThey will be nourishment somehow (everything is nourishment\nsomehow or another).\n\nAnd I have become the child of the clouds, and of hope.\nI have become the friend of the enemy, whoever that is.\nI have become older and, cherishing what I have learned,\nI have become younger.\n\nAnd what do I risk to tell you this, which is all I know?\nLove yourself. Then forget it. Then, love the world."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "PASSING THE UNWORKED FIELD\nQueen Anne's lace\nis hardly\nprized but\nall the same it isn't\nidle look\nhow it\nstands straight on its\nthin stems how it\nscrubs its white faces\nwith the\nrags of the sun how it\nmakes all the\nloveliness\nit can."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "SWAN\nDid you too see it, drifting, all night on the black river?\nDid you see it in the morning, rising into the silvery air,\nan armful of white blossoms,\na perfect commotion of silk and linen as it leaned\ninto the bondage of its wings: a snowbank, a bank of lilies,\nbiting the air with its black beak?\nDid you hear it, fluting and whistling\na shrill dark music, like the rain pelting the trees,\nlike a waterfall\nknifing down the black ledges?\nAnd did you see it, finally, just under the clouds-\na white cross streaming across the sky, its feet\nlike black leaves, its wings like the stretching light\nof the river?\nAnd did you feel it, in your heart, how it pertained to everything\nAnd have you too finally figured out what beauty is for?\nAnd have you changed your life?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Don\u2019t Hesitate \nIf you suddenly and unexpectedly feel joy,\ndon't hesitate. Give in to it. There are plenty\nof lives and whole towns destroyed or about\nto be. We are not wise, and not very often\nkind. And much can never be redeemed.\nStill, life has some possibility left. Perhaps this\nis its way of fighting back, that sometimes\nsomething happens better than all the riches\nor power in the world. It could be anything,\nbut very likely you notice it in the instant\nwhen love begins. Anyway, that's often the\ncase. Anyway, whatever it is, don't be afraid\nof its plenty. Joy is not made to be a crumb."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "VARANASI\nBary in the morning we crossed the ghat,\nwhere fires were still smoldering,\nInd gazed, with our Western minds, into the Ganges,\nA woman was standing in the river up to her waist\nshe was lifting handfuls of water and spilling it\nover her body, slowly and many times,\nas if until there came some moment\nof inner satisfaction between her own life and the river's.\nThen she dipped a vessel she had brought with her\nand carried it filled with water back across the ghat,\nno doubt to refresh some shrine near where she lives,\nfor this is the holy city of Shiva, maker\nof the world, and this is his river.\nI can't say much more, except that it all happened\nin silence and peaceful simplicity, and something that felt\nlike the bliss of a certainty and a life lived\nin accordance with that certainty.\nI must remember this, I thought, as we fly back\nto America.\nPray God I remember this."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I HAPPENED TO BE STANDING\nI don't know where prayers go,\nor what they do.\nDo cats pray, while they sleep\nhalf-asleep in the sun?\nDoes the opossum pray as it\ncrosses the street?\nThe sunflowers? The old black oak\ngrowing older every year?\n\nI know I can walk through the world,\nalong the shore or under the trees,\nwith my mind filled with things\nof little importance, in full\nself-attendance. A condition I can't really\ncall being alive.\n\nIs a prayer a gift, or a petition,\nor does it matter?\n\nThe sunflowers blaze, maybe that's their way.\nMaybe the cats are sound asleep. Maybe not.\nWhile I was thinking this I happened to be standing\njust outside my door, with my notebook open,\nwhich is the way I begin every morning.\n\nThen a wren in the privet began to sing.\nHe was positively drenched in enthusiasm,\nI don't know why. And yet, why not.\n\nI wouldn't persuade you from whatever you believe\nor whatever you don't. That's your business.\nBut I thought, of the wren's singing, what could this be\nif it isn't a prayer?\n\nSo I just listened, my pen in the air."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER\nAs long as you're dancing, you can\nbreak the rules.\nSometimes breaking the rules is just\nextending the rules.\nSometimes there are no rules."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "They all wrote thirsty, happy poems"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "A dog can never tell you what she knows from the\nsmells of the world, but you know, watching her, that you know\nalmost nothing."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "BAZOUGEY\nWhere goes he now, that dark little dog\nwho used to come down the road barking and shining?\nHe's gone now, from the world of particulars,\nthe singular, the visible.\nSo, that deepest sting: sorrow. Still,\nis he gone from us entirely, or is he\na part of that other world, everywhere?\nCome with me into the woods where spring is\nadvancing, as it does, no matter what,\nnot being singular or particular, but one\nof the forever gifts, and certainly visible.\nSee how the violets are opening, and the leaves\nunfolding, the streams gleaming and the birds\nsinging. What does it make you think of?\nHis shining curls, his honest eyes, his\nbeautiful barking."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "\u201cLittle Dog\u2019s Rhapsody in the Night\u201d \nHe puts his cheek against mine\nand makes small, expressive sounds.\nAnd when I\u2019m awake, or awake enough\nhe turns upside down, his four paws\nin the air\nand his eyes dark and fervent.\n\u201cTell me you love me,\u201d he says.\n\u201cTell me again.\u201d\nCould there be a sweeter arrangement? Over and over\nhe gets to ask.\nI get to tell."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u201cWhat Gorgeous Thing\u201d\n\u200b\u200bI do not know what gorgeous thing\nthe bluebird keeps saying,\nhis voice easing out of his throat,\nbeak, body into the pink air\nof the early morning. I like it\nwhatever it is. Sometimes\nit seems the only thing in the world\nthat is without dark thoughts.\nSometimes it seems the only thing\nin the world that is without\nquestions that can\u2019t and probably\nnever will be answered, the\nonly thing that is entirely content\nwith the pink, then clear white\nmorning and, gratefully, says so."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\u201cDrifting\u201d\nI was enjoying everything: the rain, the path\nwherever it was taking me, the earth roots\nbeginning to stir.\nI didn\u2019t intend to start thinking about God,\nit just happened.\nHow God, or the gods, are invisible,\nquite understandable.\nBut holiness is visible, entirely.\nIt\u2019s wonderful to walk along like that,\nthought not the usual intention to reach an answer\nbut merely drifting.\nLike clouds that only seem weightless\nbut of course are not.\nAre really important.\nI mean, terribly important.\nNot decoration by any means.\nBy next week the violets will be blooming.\nAnyway, this was my delicious walk in the rain.\nWhat was it actually about?\n\nThink about what it is that music is trying to say.\nIt was something like that."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Do Stones Feel?\n\nDo stones feel?\nDo they love their life?\nOr does their patience drown out everything else?\n\nWhen I walk on the beach I gather a few\nwhite ones, dark ones, the multiple colors.\nDon\u2019t worry, I say, I\u2019ll bring you back, and I do.\n\nIs the tree as it rises delighted with its many\nbranches,\neach one like a poem?\n\nAre the clouds glad to unburden their bundles of rain?\n\nMost of the world says no, no, it\u2019s not possible.\n\nI refuse to think to such a conclusion.\nToo terrible it would be, to be wrong."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "On Meditating, Sort Of \u2013 Mary Oliver\n\nMeditation, so I\u2019ve heard, is best accomplished\nif you entertain a certain strict posture.\nFrankly, I prefer just to lounge under a tree.\nSo why should I think I could ever be successful?\n\nSome days I fall asleep, or land in that\neven better place \u2014 half-asleep \u2014 where the world,\nspring, summer, autumn, winter \u2014\nflies through my mind in its\nhardy ascent and its uncompromising descent.\n\nSo I just lie like that, while distance and time\nreveal their true attitudes: they never\nheard of me, and never will, or ever need to.\n\nOf course I wake up finally\nthinking, how wonderful to be who I am,\nmade out of earth and water,\nmy own thoughts, my own fingerprints \u2014\nall that glorious, temporary stuff."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Gift\nBe still, my soul, and steadfast.\nEarth and heaven both are still watching\nthough time is draining from the clock\nand your walk, that was confident and quick,\nhas become slow.\nSo, be slow if you must, but let\nthe heart still play its true part.\nLove still as once you loved, deeply\nand without patience. Let God and the world\nknow you are grateful. That the gift has been given."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I have just said\n\nI have just said\nsomething\nridiculous to you\nand in response,\nyour glorious laughter.\nThese are the days\nthe sun\nis swimming back\nto the east\nand the light on the water\ngleams\nas never, it seems, before.\nI can\u2019t remember\nevery spring,\nI can\u2019t remember\neverything\u2013\nso many years!\nAre the morning kisses\nthe sweetest\nor the evenings\nor the inbetweens?\nAll I know\nis that \u201cthank you\u201d should appear\nsomewhere.\nSo, just in case\nI can\u2019t find\nthe perfect place\u2013\n\u201cThank you, thank you.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "That Little Beast\n\nThat pretty little beast, a poem, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0has a mind of its own. \nSometimes I want it to crave apples\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0but it wants red meat. \nSometimes I want to walk peacefully \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0on the shore\nand it wants to take off all its clothes\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and dive in. \n\nSometimes I want to use small words\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and make them important\nand it starts shouting the dictionary, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0the opportunities. \n\nSometimes I want to sum up and give thanks, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0putting things in order\nand it starts dancing around the room \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0on its four furry legs, laughing \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and calling me outrageous. \n\nBut sometimes, when I'm thinking about you, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and no doubt smiling, \nit sits down quietly, one paw under its chin, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and just listens."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Storage\n\nWhen I moved from one house to another\nthere were many things I had no room\nfor. What does one do? I rented a storage\nspace. And filled it. Years passed.\nOccasionally I went there and looked in,\nbut nothing happened, not a single\ntwinge of the heart.\nAs I grew older the things I cared\nabout grew fewer, but were more\nimportant. So one day I undid the lock\nand called the trash man. He took\neverything.\nI felt like the little donkey when\nhis burden is finally lifted. Things!\nBurn them, burn them! Make a beautiful\nfire! More room in your heart for love,\nfor the trees! For the birds who own\nnothing \u2014 the reason they can fly."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The World I Live In\n\nI have refused to live\nlocked in the orderly house of\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0reasons and proofs.\nThe world I live in and believe in\nis wider than that. And anyway,\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0what\u2019s wrong with Maybe?\nYou wouldn\u2019t believe what once or\ntwice I have seen. I\u2019ll just\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0tell you this:\nonly if there are angels in your head will you\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0ever, possibly, see one."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "This morning the redbirds' eggs\nhave hatched and already the chicks\nare chirping for food. They don't\nknow where it's coming from, they\njust keep shouting, \"More! More!\"\nAs to anything else, they haven't\nhad a single thought. Their eyes\nhaven't yet opened, they know nothing\nabout the sky that's waiting. Or\nthe thousands, the millions of trees.\nThey don't even know they have wings.\nAnd just like that, like a simple\nneighborhood event, a miracle is\ntaking place."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Why do people keep asking to see\nGod's identity papers\nwhen the darkness opening into morning\nis more than enough?\nCertainly any god might turn away in disgust.\nThink of Sheba approaching\nthe kingdom of Solomon.\nDo you think she had to ask,\n\"Is this the place?\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "WALT WHITMAN", "text": "A group of little children with their ways and chatter flow in, \nLike welcome rippling water o\u2019er my heated nerves and flesh."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Facts are only as interesting as the possibilities they open up to the imagination."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rebecca Elson", "text": "Carnal knowledge \n\nHaving picked the final datum\nFrom the universe\nAnd fixed it in its column,\nNamed the causes of infinity,\nPerformed the calculus\nOf the imaginary i, it seems\nThe body aches\nTo come too,\nTo the light,\nTransmit the grace of gravity,\nExpress in its own algebra\nThe symmetries of awe and fear,\nThe shudder up the spine,\nThe knowing passing like a cool wind\nThat leaves the nape hairs leaping."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rebecca Elson", "text": "Notte di San Giovanni\n\nUnder the giant fern of night\nMosquitoes like asteroids\nShining with sound\nIn the untranslatable dark"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rebecca Elson", "text": "Explaining Relativity\n\nForget the clatter of ballistics,\n'The monologue of falling stones,\nThe sharp vectors\nAnd the stiff numbered grids.\nIt's so much more a thing of pliancy, persuasion,\nWhere space might cup itself around a planet\nLike your palm around a stone,\nWhere you, yourself the planet,\nCaught up in some geodesic dream,\nMight wake to feel it enfold your weight\nAnd know there is, in fact, no falling.\nIt is this, and the existence of limits."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Your great mistake is to act the drama\nas if you were alone. As if life\nwere a progressive and cunning crime\nwith no witness to the tiny hidden\ntransgressions. To feel abandoned is to deny\nthe intimacy of your surroundings. Surely,\neven you, at times, have felt the grand array;\nthe swelling presence, and the chorus, crowding\nout your solo voice. You must note\nthe way the soap dish enables you,\nor the window latch grants you freedom.\nAlertness is the hidden discipline of familiarity.\nThe stairs are your mentor of things\nto come, the doors have always been there\nto frighten you and invite you,\nand the tiny speaker in the phone\nis your dream-ladder to divinity.\nPut down the weight of your aloneness and ease\ninto the conversation. The kettle is singing\neven as it pours you a drink, the cooking pots\nhave left their arrogant aloofness and\nseen the good in you at last. All the birds\nand creatures of the world are unutterably\nthemselves. Everything is waiting for you."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Steinbeck", "text": "Dear Thom:\nWe had your letter this morning. I will answer it from my point of view and of course Elaine will from hers.\nFirst \u2014 if you are in love \u2014 that\u2019s a good thing \u2014 that\u2019s about the best thing that can happen to anyone. Don\u2019t let anyone make it small or light to you.\nSecond \u2014 There are several kinds of love. One is a selfish, mean, grasping, egotistical thing which uses love for self-importance. This is the ugly and crippling kind. The other is an outpouring of everything good in you \u2014 of kindness and consideration and respect \u2014 not only the social respect of manners but the greater respect which is recognition of another person as unique and valuable. The first kind can make you sick and small and weak but the second can release in you strength, and courage and goodness and even wisdom you didn\u2019t know you had.\nYou say this is not puppy love. If you feel so deeply \u2014 of course it isn\u2019t puppy love.\nBut I don\u2019t think you were asking me what you feel. You know better than anyone. What you wanted me to help you with is what to do about it \u2014 and that I can tell you.\nGlory in it for one thing and be very glad and grateful for it.\nThe object of love is the best and most beautiful. Try to live up to it.\nIf you love someone \u2014 there is no possible harm in saying so \u2014 only you must remember that some people are very shy and sometimes the saying must take that shyness into consideration.\nGirls have a way of knowing or feeling what you feel, but they usually like to hear it also.\nIt sometimes happens that what you feel is not returned for one reason or another \u2014 but that does not make your feeling less valuable and good.\nLastly, I know your feeling because I have it and I\u2019m glad you have it.\nWe will be glad to meet Susan. She will be very welcome. But Elaine will make all such arrangements because that is her province and she will be very glad to. She knows about love too and maybe she can give you more help than I can.\nAnd don\u2019t worry about losing. If it is right, it happens \u2014 The main thing is not to hurry. Nothing good gets away."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Johanna Schopenhauer", "text": "'You are not an evil human; you are not without intellect and education; you have everything that could make you a credit to human society. Moreover, I am acquainted with your heart and know that few are better, but you are nevertheless irritating and unbearable, and I consider it most difficult to live with you.\n\n'All of your good qualities become obscured by your super-cleverness and are made useless to the world merely because of your rage at wanting to know everything better than others; of wanting to improve and master what you cannot command. With this you embitter the people around you, since no one wants to be improved or enlightened in such a forceful way, least of all by such an insignificant individual as you still are; no one can tolerate being reproved by you, who also still show so many weaknesses yourself, least of all in your adverse manner, which in oracular tones, proclaims this is so and so, without ever supposing an objection.\n\n'If you were less like you, you would only be ridiculous, but thus as you are, you are highly annoying.'"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Atticus", "text": "I hope to arrive at my death late, in love, and a little drunk."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Winter of Listening\n\nNo one but me by the fire,\nmy hands burning\nred in the palms while\nthe night wind carries\neverything away outside.\n\nAll this petty worry\nwhile the great cloak\nof the sky grows dark\nand intense\nround every living thing.\n\nWhat is precious\ninside us does not\ncare to be known\nby the mind\nin ways that diminish\nits presence.\n\nWhat we strive for\nin perfection\nis not what turns us\ninto the lit angel\nwe desire,\n\nwhat disturbs\nand then nourishes\nhas everything\nwe need\n\nWhat we hate\nin ourselves\nis what we cannot know\nin ourselves but\nwhat is true to the pattern\ndoes not need\nto be explained.\n\nInside everyone\nis a great shout of joy\nwaiting to be born.\n\nEven with the summer\nso far off\nI feel it grown in me\nnow and ready\nto arrive in the world.\n\nAll those years\nlistening to those\nwho had\nnothing to say.\n\nAll those years\nforgetting\nhow everything\nhas its own voice\nto make\nitself heard.\n\nAll those years\nforgetting\nhow easily\nyou can belong\nto everything\nsimply by listening.\n\nAnd the slow\ndifficulty\nof remembering\nhow everything\nis born from\nan opposite\nand miraculous\nOtherness.\n\nSilence and winter\nhave led me to that\nOtherness.\n\nSo let this winter\nof listening\nbe enough\nfor the new life\nI must call my own.\n\nWe speak\nonly with the voices of those\nwe can hear ourselves\n\nand only for that portion\nof the body of the world\nit has learned to perceive.\n\nAnd\nhere\nin the tumult\nof the night\nI hear the walnut\nabove the child's swing\nswaying its dark limbs\nin the wind\nand the rain now\ncome to beat\nagainst my window\n\nand somewhere\nin this cold night\nof wind and stars\nthe first whispered\nopening of\nthose hidden\nand invisible springs\nthat uncoil\nin the summer air\neach yet\nto be imagined rose."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Sometimes\nif you move carefully\nthrough the forest,\n\nbreathing\nlike the ones\nin the old stories,\n\nwho could cross\na shimmering bed of leaves\nwithout a sound,\n\nyou come\nto a place\nwhose only task\nis to trouble you\nwith tiny\nbut frightening requests,\n\nconceived out of nowhere\nbut in this place\nbeginning to lead everywhere.\n\nRequests to stop what\nyou are doing right now,\nAnd\n\nto stop what you\nare becoming\nwhile you do it,\n\nquestions\nthat can make\nOr unmake\na life,\n\nquestions\nthat have patiently\nwaited for you,\n\nquestions\nthat have no right\nto go away."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "When your eyes are tired,\nthe world is tired also.\n\nWhen your vision has gone,\nno part of the world can find you.\n\nTime to go into the dark\nwhere the night has eyes\nto recognize its own.\n\nThere you can be sure\nyou are not beyond love.\nThe dark will be your home\nTonight.\n\nThe night will give you a horizon\nfurther than you can see.\n\nYou must learn one thing.\nThe world was made to be free in.\n\nGive up all the other worlds\nexcept the one to which you belong.\n\nSometimes it takes darkness and the sweet\nconfinement of your aloneness\nto learn\n\nAnything or anyone\nThat does not bring you alive\n\nIs too small for you"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "The Journey\n\nAbove the mountains\nthe geese turn into\nthe light again\n\nPainting their\nblack silhouettes\non an open sky.\n\nSometimes everything\nhas to be\ninscribed across\nthe heavens\n\nso you can find\nthe one line\nalready written\ninside you.\n\nSometimes it takes\na great sky\nto find that\n\nfirst, bright\nand indescribable\nwedge of freedom\nin your own heart.\n\nSometimes with\nthe bones of the black\nsticks left when the fire\nhas gone out\n\nsomeone has written\nsomething new\nin the ashes of your life.\n\nYou are not leaving.\nEven as the light fades quickly now,\nyou are arriving."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "DANTE ALICHIERI", "text": "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita\nMi ritrovai per una selva oscura,\nChe la diritta via era smarrita\n\nIn the middle of the road of our life\nI awoke in a dark wood.\nWhere the true way was wholly lost to me."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "Wise the man who's content with the world's spectacle,\nAnd who drinks without recalling\nThat he has drunk before,\nFor whom everything is new\nAnd forever imperishable.\nCrown him with vine leaves, ivy or twining\nRoses. He knows that life\nIs passing by him and that\nThe shears of Atropos cut\nThe flower and cut him.\nHe knows how to hide this with the color of the wine\nAnd to erase the taste of time\nWith its orgiastic flavor,\nThe way a weeping voice is hushed\nWhen the bacchantes pass by.\nAnd he waits, a calm drinker and almost happy,\nOnly desiring\nWith a desire scarcely felt\nThat the abominable wave\nNot wet him too soon."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "I love the roses of Adonis's gardens.\nYes, Lydia, I love those wing\u00e8d roses,\nWhich one day are born\nAnd on that day die.\nLight for them is eternal, since\nThey are born after sunrise and end\nBefore Apollo quits\nHis visible journey.\nLet us also make our lives one day,\nConsciously forgetting there's night, Lydia,\nBefore and after\nThe little we endure."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "Hillside shepherd, so far away from me with your sheep,\nIs the happiness you seem to have your happiness or mine\nDoes the peace I feel when I see you belong to you or to mei\nNo, shepherd, neither to you nor to me.\nIt belongs only to peace and happiness.\nYou don't have it, because you don't know you have in,\nAnd I don't have it, because I know I do.\nIt exists on its own, and falls on us like the sun,\nWhich hits you on the back and warms you up, while you\nindifferently think about something else,\nAd it hits me in the Face and dazzles my eyes, and I think\nonly about the sun,"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "If, after I die, someone wants to write my biography,\nThere's nothing simpler.\nIt has just two dates--the day I was born and the day I died.\nBetween the two, all the days are mine.\nI'm easy to define.\nI saw as if damned to see.\nI loved things without any sentimentality.\nI never had a desire I couldn't satisfy, because I was never\nblind.\nEven hearing was never more for me than an accompaniment\nto seeing.\n\nI understood that things are real and all of them different\nfrom each other.\nI understood this with my eyes, never with my mind.\nTo understand this with my mind would be to find them all\nalike.\nOne day, like a child, I suddenly got tired.\nI closed my eyes and fell asleep.\nBesides all that, I was the only poet of Nature."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "What's my life worth? In the end (I don't know what end)\nOne man says: \"I earned three hundred thousand dollars.\"\nAnother man says: \"I enjoyed three thousand days of glory.\nYet another says: \"I had a clear conscience and that's enough.\"\nAnd I, should somebody ask what I did,\nWill say:\n\"Nothing except look at things,\nWhich is why I have the whole Universe in my pocket.\"\nAnd if God should ask: \"And what did you see in things?\"\nI'll answer: \"Just the things themselves. That's all you put\nthere.\"\nAnd God, who after all is savvy, will make me into a new kind\nof saint."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "I go inside and shut the window.\nThe lamp is brought and I'm told good night.\nAnd my voice contentedly says good night.\nMay this be my life, now and always:\nThe day bright with sunshine, or gentle with rain,\nOr stormy as if the world were ending,\nThe evening gentle and my eyes attentive\nTo the people passing by my window,\nWith my last friendly gaze going to the peaceful trees,\nAnd then, window shut and the lamp lit,\nWithout reading or sleeping and thinking of nothing,\nTo feel life flowing through me like a river between its banks,\nAnd outside a great silence like a god who is sleeping."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "In this way or that way,\nAs it may happen or not happen,\nSometimes succeeding in saying what I think\nAnd at other times saying it badly and with things mixed in,\n\nI keep writing my poems, inadvertently,\nAs if writing were not something requiring action,\nAs if writing were something that happens to me\nIn the same way that the sun reaches me from outside.\n\nI try to say what I feel\nWithout thinking about what I feel.\nI try to place words right next to my idea\nSo that I won't need a corridor\nOf thought leading to words.\n\nI don't always manage to feel what I know I should feel.\nOnly very slowly does my thought swim across the river,\nWeighed down as it is by the suit men forced it to wear.\nI try to shed what I've learned,\nI try to forget the way I was taught to remember,\nTo scrape off the paint that was painted on my senses,\nTo uncrate my true emotions,\nTo step out of all my wrapping and be myself\nnot Alberto Caeiro\nBut a human animal created by Nature.\n\nThat's how I write, wanting to feel Nature not even as a man\nBut merely as someone who feels Nature.\nThat's how I write, sometimes well, sometimes badly,\nSometimes saying just what I want to say, \nsometimes getting it wrong,\nFalling down one moment and getting up the next,\nBut always continuing on my way like a stubborn blind man.\n\nEven so, I'm somebody.\nI'm the Discoverer of Nature.\nI'm the Argonaut of true sensations.\nI bring to the Universe a new Universe,\nBecause I bring to the Universe its own self.\n\nThis is what I feel and write,\nPerfectly aware and clearly seeing\nThat it's five o'clock in the morning\nAnd that the sun, although it still hasn't raised its face\nOver the wall of the horizon,\nIs already showing the tips of its fingers\nGripping the top of the wall\nOf the horizon sprinkled with low hills."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "I'm a herd keeper.\nThe flock is my thoughts\nAnd my thoughts are all sensations.\nI think with my eyes and with my ears\nAnd with hands and feet\nAnd with the nose and mouth.\nTo think of a flower is to see and smell it\nAnd to eat a fruit is to know its meaning.\n\nSo when on a hot day\nI feel sad to enjoy it so much,\nAnd I lie down in the grass,\nAnd I close my warm eyes,\nI feel my whole body lying in reality,\nI know the truth and I'm happy."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pessoa", "text": "Se eu pudesse trincar a terra toda\nE sentir-lhe um paladar,\nE se a terra fosse uma coisa para trincar\nSeria mais feliz um momento...\nMas eu nem sempre quero ser feliz.\n\u00c9 preciso ser de vez em quando infeliz\nPara se poder ser natural...\nNem tudo \u00e9 dias de sol,\nE a chuva, quando falta muito, pede-se.\nPor isso tomo a infelicidade com a felicidade\nNaturalmente, como quem n\u00e3o estranha\nQue haja montanhas e plan\u00edcies\nE que haja rochedos e erva...\nO que \u00e9 preciso \u00e9 ser-se natural e calmo\nNa felicidade ou na infelicidade,\nSentir como quem olha,\nPensar como quem anda,\nE quando se vai morrer, lembrar-se de que o dia morre,\nE que o poente \u00e9 belo e \u00e9 bela a noite que fica...\nAssim \u00e9 e assim seja...\n\nIf I could sink my teeth into the whole earth\nAnd actually taste it,\nI'd be happier for a moment\nBut I don't always want to be happy.\nTo be unhappy now and then\nIs part of being natural.\nNot all days are sunny,\nAnd when rain is scarce, we pray for it.\nAnd so I take unhappiness with happiness\nNaturally, just as I don't marvel\nThat there are mountains and plains\nAnd that there are rocks and grass.\nWhat matters is to be natural and calm\nIn happiness and in unhappiness,\nTo feel as if feeling were seeing,\nTo think as if thinking were walking,\nAnd to remember, when death comes, that each day dies,\nAnd the sunset is beautiful, and so is the night that\nremains.\nThat's how it is and how I want it to be."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Sometimes, you need the ocean light,\nand colors you\u2019ve never seen before\npainted through an evening sky.\n\nSometimes you need your God\nto be a simple invitation\nnot a telling word of wisdom.\n\nSometimes you need only the first shyness\nthat comes from being shown things\nfar beyond your understanding,\n\nso that you can fly and become free\nby being still and by being still here.\n\nAnd then there are times you want to be\nbrought to ground by touch\nand touch alone.\n\nTo know those arms around you\nand to make your home in the world\njust by being wanted.\n\nTo see eyes looking back at you,\nas eyes should see you at last,\n\nseeing you, as you always wanted to be seen,\nseeing you, as you yourself\nhad always wanted to see the world."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Bohm and Mark Edwards", "text": "For both the rich and the poor,\nlife is dominated by an ever growing current of problems,\nmost of which seem to have no real and lasting solution.\nthe ultimate source of all these problems is in thought itself,\nthe very thing of which our civilization is most proud,\nand therefore the one thing that is \"hidden\"\nbecause of our failure seriously to engage with its actual working\nin our own individual lives and in the lite of society."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Fernando Pessoa", "text": "Whoever, horizon, passes before you\nPasses from view, not from living or being.\nDon\u2019t call the soul dead when it flies away.\nSay:it vanished out there in the sea. \n\nBe for us, sea, the symbol of all life =\nUncertain, unchanging, and more than our seeing!\nOnce Earth makes its circle and death its journey,\nThe ship and the soul will reappear."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary oliver", "text": "THE FOURTH SIGN OF THE ZODIAC (PART 3)\nI know, you never intended to be in this world.\nBut you\u2019re in it all the same.\nSo why not get started immediately.\nI mean, belonging to it.\nThere is so much to admire, to weep over.\nAnd to write music or poems about.\nBless the feet that take you to and fro.\nBless the eyes and the listening ears.\nBless the tongue, the marvel of taste.\nBless touching.\nYou could live a hundred years, it\u2019s happened.\nOr not.\nI am speaking from the fortunate platform\nof many years,\nnone of which, I think, I ever wasted.\nDo you need a prod?\nDo you need a little darkness to get you going?\nLet me be as urgent as a knife, then,\nand remind you of Keats,\nso single of purpose and thinking, for a while,\nhe had a lifetime."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Whitman", "text": "After you have exhausted what there is in business, politics, conviviality, love, and so on \u2014 have found that none of these finally satisfy, or permanently wear \u2014 what remains?\u201d \u201cNature remains; to bring out from their torpid recesses, the affinities of a man or woman with the open air, the trees, fields, the changes of seasons \u2014 the sun by day and the stars of heaven by night.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "EW Wilcox", "text": "I know not whence I came,\n\tI know not whither I go;\nBut the fact stands clear that I am here\n\tIn this world of pleasure and woe.\nAnd out of the mist and murk\n\tAnother truth shines plain--\nIt is my power each day and hour\n\tTo add to its joy or its pain.\nI know that the earth exists,\n\tIt is none of my business why;\nI cannot find out what it's all about,\n\tI would but waste time to try.\nMy life is a brief, brief thing,\n\tI am here for a little space,\nAnd while I stay I would like, if I may,\n\tTo brighten and better the place.\nThe trouble, I think, with us all\n\tIs the lack of a high conceit.\nIf each man thought he was sent to this spot\n\tTo make it a bit more sweet,\nHow soon we could gladden the world,\n\tHow easily right all wrong,\nIf nobody shirked, and each one worked\n\tTo help his fellows along.\nCease wondering why you came--\n\tStop looking for faults and flaws.\nRise up to-day in your pride and say,\n\t\"I am part of the First Great Cause!\nHowever full the world,\n\tThere is room for an earnest man.\nIt had need of me or I would not be--\n\tI am here to strengthen the plan.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Terence McKenna", "text": "Nature loves courage. You make the commitment and nature will respond to that commitment by removing impossible obstacles. Dream the impossible dream and the world will not grind you under, it will lift you up. This is how magic is done. By hurling yourself into the abyss and discovering its a feather bed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Locate yourself nowhere, find yourself everywhere."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Maya Angelou", "text": "I don't trust people who don\u2019t love themselves and tell me \u2018I love you.\u2019 \u2026 There is an African saying which is: \u2018Be careful when a naked person offers you a shirt.\u2019"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anthony de Mello, SJ", "text": "There\u2019s a lovely saying of Tranxu, a great Chinese sage, that I took the trouble to learn by heart. It goes: \u201cWhen the archer shoots for no particular prize, he has all his skills; when he shoots to win a brass buckle, he is already nervous; when he shoots for a gold prize, he goes blind, sees two targets, and is out of his mind. His skill has not changed, but the prize divides him. He cares! He thinks more of winning than of shooting, and the need to win drains him of power.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anthony de Mello, SJ", "text": "\u201cBefore enlightenment, I used to be depressed: after enlightenment, I continue to be depressed.\u201d But there\u2019s a difference: I don\u2019t identify with it anymore. Do you know what a big difference that is?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anthony de Mello, SJ", "text": "Most people tell you they want to get out of kindergarten, but don\u2019t believe them. Don\u2019t believe them! All they want you to do is to mend their broken toys. \u201cGive me back my wife. Give me back my job. Give me back my money. Give me back my reputation, my success.\u201d This is what they want; they want their toys replaced. That\u2019s all. Even the best psychologist will tell you that, that people don\u2019t really want to be cured. What they want is relief; a cure is painful."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Taleb", "text": "Missing a train is only painful if you run after it! Likewise, not matching the idea of success others expect from you is only painful if that\u2019s what you are seeking."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Seth Godin", "text": "I have no original ideas. I only have original combinations."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Sterman", "text": "Nobody Ever Gets Credit for Fixing Problems That Never Happened"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "T.S. Eliot", "text": "To do the useful thing, to say the courageous thing, to contemplate the beautiful thing: that is enough for one man's life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Naseem Taleb", "text": "Virtue is what you do when nobody is looking. The rest is marketing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hermann Hesse", "text": "You are clever, O Samana,\u201d said the Illustrious One, \u201cyou know how to speak cleverly, my friend. Be on your guard against too much cleverness."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rilke", "text": "Perhaps all the dragons in our lives are princesses who are only waiting to see us act, just once, with beauty and courage. Perhaps everything that frightens us is, in its deepest essence, something helpless that wants our love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Stuart Mill", "text": "He who knows only his side of the case knows little of that. His reasons may be good, and no one may have been able to refute them. But if he is equally unable to refute the reasons on the opposite side, if he does not so much as know what they are, he has no ground for preferring either opinion."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Churchill", "text": "If you're going through hell, keep going."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "W. S. MERWIN", "text": "Thanks\n\u00a0\nListen\nwith the night falling we are saying thank you\nwe are stopping on the bridges to bow from the railings\nwe are running out of the glass rooms\nwith our mouths full of food to look at the sky\nand say thank you\nwe are standing by the water thanking it\nstanding by the windows looking out\nin our directions\n\u00a0\nback from a series of hospitals back from a mugging\nafter funerals we are saying thank you\nafter the news of the dead\nwhether or not we knew them we are saying thank you\nlooking up from tables we are saying thank you\nin a culture up to its chin in shame\nliving in the stench it has chosen we are saying thank you\n\u00a0\n\u00a0\nover telephones we are saying thank you\nin doorways and in the backs of cars and in elevators\nremembering wars and the police at the door\nand the beatings on stairs we are saying thank you\nin the banks (that use us) we are saying thank you\nin the faces of the officials and the rich\nand of all who will never change\nwe go on saying thank you thank you\n\u00a0\nwith the animals dying around us\ntaking our feelings we are saying thank you\nwith the forests falling faster than the minutes\nof our lives we are saying thank you\nwith the words going out like cells of a brain\nwith the cities growing over us\nwe are saying thank you faster and faster\nwith nobody listening we are saying thank you\nthank you we are saying and waving\ndark though it is"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Self Portrait\n\u201cIt doesn't interest me if there is one God\nor many gods.\nI want to know if you belong or feel\nabandoned.\nIf you know despair or can see it in others.\nI want to know\nif you are prepared to live in the world\nwith its harsh need\nto change you. If you can look back\nwith firm eyes\nsaying this is where I stand. I want to know\nif you know\nhow to melt into that fierce heat of living\nfalling toward\nthe center of your longing. I want to know\nif you are willing\nto live, day by day, with the consequence of love\nand the bitter\nunwanted passion of your sure defeat.\n\nI have heard, in that fierce embrace, even\nthe gods speak of God.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Galway Kinell", "text": "Wait, for now.\nDistrust everything if you have to.\nBut trust the hours. Haven\u2019t they\ncarried you everywhere, up to now?\nPersonal events will become interesting again.\nHair will become interesting.\nPain will become interesting.\nBuds that open out of season will become interesting.\nSecond-hand gloves will be lovely again;\ntheir memories are what give them\nthe need for other hands. The desolation\nof lovers is the same: that enormous emptiness\ncarved out of such tiny beings as we are\nasks to be filled; the need\nfor the new love is faithfulness to the old.\nWait.\nDon\u2019t go too early.\nYou\u2019re tired. But everyone\u2019s tired.\nBut no one is tired enough.\nOnly wait a little and listen:\nmusic of hair,\nmusic of pain,\nmusic of looms weaving our loves again.\nBe there to hear it, it will be the only time,\nmost of all to hear your whole existence,\nrehearsed by the sorrows, play itself into total exhaustion."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Maya Angelou", "text": "The Pulse of Morning \n\nA Rock, A River, A Tree\nHosts to species long since departed, \nMarked the mastodon,\nThe dinosaur, who left dried tokens \nOf their sojourn here\nOn our planet floor,\nAny broad alarm of their hastening doom \nIs lost in the gloom of dust and ages.\n\nBut today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly, forcefully, \nCome, you may stand upon my\nBack and face your distant destiny,\nBut seek no haven in my shadow,\nI will give you no hiding place down here.\n\nYou, created only a little lower than\nThe angels, have crouched too long in \nThe bruising darkness\nHave lain too long\nFacedown in ignorance,\nYour mouths spilling words\nArmed for slaughter.\n\nThe Rock cries out to us today, \nYou may stand upon me, \nBut do not hide your face."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Seneca", "text": "There is nothing that the busy man is less busy with than living; there is nothing harder to learn."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mel Brooks", "text": "Tragedy is when I cut my finger. Comedy is when you fall into an open sewer and die."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Robert Smith", "text": "Software contracts are better than first-lien debt. You realize a company will not pay the interest payment on their first lien until after they pay their software maintenance or subscription fee. We get paid our money first. Who has the better credit? He can\u2019t run his business without our software."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Daniel Ek", "text": "We believe that speed of iteration beats quality of iteration, which is why we\u2019re not big on bureaucracy."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Eavan Boland", "text": "Quarantine\n\nIn the worst hour of the worst season\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0of the worst year of a whole people\na man set out from the workhouse with his wife.\nHe was walking\u2014they were both walking\u2014north.\nShe was sick with famine fever and could not keep up.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0He lifted her and put her on his back.\nHe walked like that west and west and north.\nUntil at nightfall under freezing stars they arrived.\nIn the morning they were both found dead.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Of cold. Of hunger. Of the toxins of a whole history.\nBut her feet were held against his breastbone.\nThe last heat of his flesh was his last gift to her.\nLet no love poem ever come to this threshold.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0There is no place here for the inexact\npraise of the easy graces and sensuality of the body.\nThere is only time for this merciless inventory:\nTheir death together in the winter of 1847.\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Also what they suffered. How they lived.\nAnd what there is between a man and woman.\nAnd in which darkness it can best be proved."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Simone Weil", "text": "Attention is the rarest and purest form of generosity"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kuan-hsiu", "text": "The voice of success and profit\nMay stir the vault of heaven,\nBut not this place.\nIn the rounds of the day,\nYou wear threadbare clothing\nAnd eat simple fare.\nWhen the mountain snow deepens,\nYour thoughts\nAre far from those of people.\nOccasionally,\nImmortals pass your door\nAnd knock."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Dunning", "text": "An ignorant mind is precisely not a spotless, empty vessel, but one that\u2019s filled with the clutter of irrelevant or misleading life experiences, theories, facts, intuitions, strategies, algorithms, heuristics, metaphors, and hunches that regrettably have the look and feel of useful and accurate knowledge. This clutter is an unfortunate by-product of one of our greatest strengths as a species. We are unbridled pattern recognizers and profligate theorizers. Often, our theories are good enough to get us through the day, or at least to an age when we can procreate. But our genius for creative storytelling, combined with our inability to detect our own ignorance, can sometimes lead to situations that are embarrassing, unfortunate, or downright dangerous \u2013 especially in a technologically advanced, complex democratic society that occasionally invests mistaken popular beliefs with immense destructive power (See: crisis, financial; war, Iraq)."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "capitalism without bankruptcy is like Catholicism without hell."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "EE Cummimgs", "text": "lady, i will touch you with my mind.\ntouch you and touch and touch\nuntil you give\nme suddenly a smile, shyly obscene\n\n(lady i will\ntouch you with my mind.) Touch\nyou,that is all,\n\nlightly and you utterly will become\nwith infinite care\n\nthe poem which i do not write."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rebecca Elson", "text": "ANTIDOTES TO FEAR OF DEATH\nby Rebecca Elson\n\nSometimes as an antidote\nTo fear of death,\nI eat the stars.\n\nThose nights, lying on my back,\nI suck them from the quenching dark\nTil they are all, all inside me,\nPepper hot and sharp.\n\nSometimes, instead, I stir myself\nInto a universe still young,\nStill warm as blood:\n\nNo outer space, just space,\nThe light of all the not yet stars\nDrifting like a bright mist,\nAnd all of us, and everything\nAlready there\nBut unconstrained by form.\n\nAnd sometime it\u2019s enough\nTo lie down here on earth\nBeside our long ancestral bones:\n\nTo walk across the cobble fields\nOf our discarded skulls,\nEach like a treasure, like a chrysalis,\nThinking: whatever left these husks\nFlew off on bright wings."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rebecca Elson", "text": "Having picked the final datum\nFrom the universe\nAnd fixed it in its column,\nNamed the causes of infinity,\nPerformed the calculus\nOf the imaginary i, it seems\nThe body aches\nTo come too,\nTo the light,\nTransmit the grace of gravity,\nExpress in its own algebra\nThe symmetries of awe and fear,\nThe shudder up the spine,\nThe knowing passing like a cool wind\nThat leaves the nape hairs leaping."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rebecca Elson", "text": "We astronomers are nomads,\nMerchants, circus people,\nAll the earth our tent.\nWe are industrious.\nWe breed enthusiasms,\nHonour our responsibility to awe.\nBut the universe has moved a long way off.\nSometimes, I confess,\nStarlight seems too sharp,\nAnd like the moon\nI bend my face to the ground,\nTo the small patch where each foot falls,\nBefore it falls,\nAnd I forget to ask questions,\nAnd only count things."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Heisenberg", "text": "We have to remember that what we observe is not nature in itself but nature exposed to our method of questioning"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Bewketu Seyoum", "text": "Fool\u2019s Love\nFor him\nshe is not just a woman:\nshe holds the stars in her body,\nthe earth in her soul.\nEven if he spends his life running away,\nhe will not get far.\n\u1218\u1295\u1291 \u1295\u12f0\u12f5\u12f6\n\u1209\u12e9\n\u12e8\u1208\u1235 \u12a9\u12c6\u12ca \u1235\u1218\u123b\u1265 \u1208\u1215\u12f0\u121d:\n\u1235\u12ed\u12f5 \u1265\u1208\u1265 \u12c3\u120d\u12f5\n\u1230\u12e8\u12a5 \u1265\u120d\u12f5 \u12a9\u12c6\u1235\u12ca\n\u1208\u12e9 \u1216\u1235 \u1210\u1265\u1234\n\u1208\u121c \u1226\u1218\u1295\u1262 \u12a0\u1218\u1293\u1295\u1270\n\u12a0\u121d\u1260\u1275\u1295\u12c6 \u12a5\u12e9\u1235\u1263\u1205\u12e9\n\u12e8\u1235\u1290\u1205\u1215\u1295 \u12a0\u12f0\u1293\u1295\u12f0\u121d\n\u1218\u1295\u1291 \u12a5\u1218\u122b\u12f5\u12e9 \u1218\u12f5\u120d\u12e9\u1241"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "Love in the Arab world is like a prisoner, and I want to set (it) free. I want to free the Arab soul, sense and body with my poetry. The relationships between men and women in our society are not healthy."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Warsan shire", "text": "come with every wound\nand every woman you\u2019ve ever loved\nevery lie you\u2019ve ever told\nand whatever it is that keeps you up at night\nevery mouth you\u2019ve ever punched in\nall the blood you\u2019ve ever tasted\ncome with every enemy you\u2019ve ever made\nand all the family you\u2019ve ever buried\nand every dirty thing you\u2019ve ever done\nevery drink that\u2019s burnt your throat\nand every morning you\u2019ve woken\nwith nothing and no one\ncome with all your loss\nyour regrets, sins\nmemories\nblack outs\nsecrets\ncome with all the rot in your mouth\nand that voice like needle hitting record\ncome with your kind eyes and weeping knuckles\ncome with all your shame\ncome with your swollen heart\ni\u2019ve never seen anything more beautiful than you."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Audre Lorde", "text": "Coming together \nit is easier to work \nafter our bodies \nmeet\npaper and pen\nneither care nor profit\nwhether we write or not\nbut as your body moves\nunder my hands \ncharged and waiting \nwe cut the leash\nyou create me against your thighs \nhilly with images\nmoving through our word countries \nmy body\nwrites into your flesh\nthe poem\nyou make of me.\n\nTouching you I catch midnight \nas moon fires set in my throat \nI love you flesh into blossom \nI made you\nand take you made\ninto me."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mignon McLaughlin", "text": "Every day of our lives, we are on the verge of making those slight changes that would make all the difference."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Ryokan", "text": "On a bitterly cold November night\nThe snow fell thick and fast.\nFirst like hard grains of salt,\nThen more like soft willow buds.\nThe flakes settled quietly on the bamboo\nAnd piled up pleasingly on the pine branches.\nRather than turning to old texts,\nThe darkness makes me feel like\nComposing my own verse."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I do not know what gorgeous thing\nthe bluebird keeps saying,\nhis voice easing out of his throat,\nbeak, body into the pink air\nof the early morning. I like it\nwhatever it is. Sometimes\nit seems the only thing in the world\nthat is without dark thoughts.\nSometimes it seems the only thing\nin the world that is without\nquestions that can\u2019t and probably\nnever will be answered, the\nonly thing that is entirely content\nwith the pink, then clear white\nmorning and, gratefully, says so."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mary oliver", "text": "A Little Ado About This and That\n\nIf I walk into the world in irritation or self-centeredness, \nthe birds scatter.\n\nI would like people to remember of me, how inexhaustible was her mindfulness.\n\nThe hurricane may find us or it will not, that will always be the way.\nWith Shelley, I feel a visceral experience of imagination.\n\nCan you imagine anyone having a \u201ccasual\u201d faith?\n\n\u201cThis is what I know from years of being me\u201d said a friend.\n\nYou will always love me.\n\nAbout god, how could he give up his secrets and still be god?\n\nIf you think you see a face in the clouds, why not send a greeting? It can\u2019t do any harm."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I don\u2019t want to be demure or respectable.\nI was that way, asleep, for years.\nThat way, you forget too many important things.\nHow the little stones, even if you can\u2019t hear them, are singing.\nHow the river can\u2019t wait to get to the ocean and the sky, it\u2019s been there before.\nWhat traveling is that!\n\nIt is a joy to imagine such distances.\nI could skip sleep for the next hundred years.\nThere is a fire in the lashes of my eyes.\n\nIt doesn\u2019t matter where I am, it could be a small room.\nThe glimmer of gold B\u00f6hme saw on the kitchen pot\nwas missed by everyone else in the house.\n\nMaybe the fire in my lashes is a reflection of that.\nWhy do I have so many thoughts, they are driving me crazy.\nWhy am I always going anywhere, instead of somewhere?\n\nListen to me or not, it hardly matters.\nI\u2019m not trying to be wise, that would be foolish.\nI\u2019m just chattering."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "You might see an angel anytime\nand anywhere. Of course you have\nto open your eyes to a kind of \nsecond level, but it\u2019s not really\nhard. The whole business of \nwhat\u2019s reality and what isn\u2019t has\nnever been solved and probably\nnever will be. So I don\u2019t care to\nbe too definite about anything. \nI have a lot of edges called Perhaps\nand almost nothing you can call\nCertainty. For myself, but not \nfor other people. That\u2019s a place\nyou just can\u2019t get into, not \nentirely anyway, other people\u2019s \nheads. \nI\u2019ll just leave you with this. \nI don\u2019t care how many angels can \ndance on the head of a pin. It\u2019s\nenough to know that for some people\nthey exist, and that they dance."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "What We Want\nIn a poem\npeople want\nsomething fancy,\nbut even more\nthey want something\ninexplicable\nmade plain,\neasy to swallow\u2014\nnot unlike a suddenly\nharmonic passage\nin an otherwise\ndifficult and sometimes dissonant\nsymphony\u2014\neven if it is only\nfor the moment\nof hearing it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I don\u2019t want eventual,\nI want soon.\nIt\u2019s 5 a.m. It\u2019s noon.\nIt\u2019s dusk falling to dark.\n\nI listen to music.\nI eat up a few wild poems\nwhile time creeps along\nas though it\u2019s got all day.\n\nThis is what I have.\nThe dull hangover of waiting,\nthe blush of my heart on the damp grass,\nthe flower-faced moon.\nA gull broods on the shore\nwhere a moment ago there were two.\n\nSoftly my right hand fondles my left hand\nas though it were you."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Why should I have been surprised?\nHunters walk the forest\nwithout a sound.\nThe hunter, strapped to his rifle,\nthe fox on his feet of silk,\nthe serpent on his empire of muscles\u2014\nall move in a stillness,\nhungry, careful, intent.\nJust as the cancer\nentered the forest of my body,\nwithout a sound."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Tom Robbins", "text": "There are only two mantras, yum and yuck, mine is yum."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Alexander Hamilton", "text": "I exercise [my pen] at the [risk] of being anathematized by grave censors for dedicating so much of my time to so trifling and insignificant a toy as\u2014woman."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Alexander Hamilton", "text": "After knowing exactly your taste and whether you are of a romantic or discreet temper as to love affairs, I will endeavour to regulate myself by it. If you would choose to be a goddess and to be worshipped as such, I will torture my imagination for the best arguments the nature of the case will admit to prove you so. . . . But if . . . you are content with being a mere mortal, and require no other license than is justly due to you, I will talk to you like one [in] his sober senses."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ram Dass", "text": "Love slowly transforms you into what the psychedelics only let you glimpse."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Claude Monet", "text": "Beyond painting and gardening, I am good for nothing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "Ultimate truth, if there be such a thing, demands the concert of many voices."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charlie Munger", "text": "We try more to profit from always remembering the obvious than from grasping the esoteric. It is remarkable how much long-term advantage people like us have gotten by trying to be consistently not stupid, instead of trying to be very intelligent."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "LP Jacks", "text": "A master in the art of living draws no sharp distinction between his work and his play; his labor and his leisure; his mind and his body; his education and his recreation. He hardly knows which is which. He simply pursues his vision of excellence through whatever he is doing, and leaves others to determine whether he is working or playing. To himself, he always appears to be doing both."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "If we were all to sit in a circle and confess our sins, we would laugh at each other for lack of originality."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Karl Popper", "text": "The purpose of thinking is to let your thoughts die instead of you"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Maynard Keynes", "text": "I change my mind when the facts change. What do you do?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ralph Waldo Emerson", "text": "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Awake Awhile\nIt does not have to be\nForever,\nRight Now.\nOne Step upon the Sky's soft skirt\nWould be enough.\nHafiz,\nAwake awhile\nJust one True moment of Love\nWill last for days.\nRest all your elaborate plans and tactics\nfor Knowing Him,\nFor they are all just frozen spring buds\nFar,\nSo far from Summer's Divine Gold.\nAwake, my dear.\nBe kind to your sleeping heart.\nTake it out into the vast fields of Light\nAnd let it breathe.\nSay,\n\"Love,\nGive me back my wings,\nLift me,\nLift me nearer.\"\nSay to the sun and the moon,\nSay to our dear Friend,\n\"I will take You up now, Beloved,\nOn that wonderful Dance You promised!\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Han shan", "text": "I\u2019ve always loved friends of the Way \nAlways held them dear \nMeeting a stranger with silent springs \nGreeting a guest talking zen \nTalking about mysteries on a moonlit night \nSearching for truth until dawn \nWhen the tracks of our inventions disappear\nAnd we see who we really are"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Daito", "text": "If you are able to make this mind your own,\nThen even though you do not seek excellence yourself,\nExcellence comes to you of its own accord.\nWithout seeking emancipation,\nYou are not hindered by a single thing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gilles Deleuze", "text": "The problem is no longer getting people to express themselves, but providing little gaps of solitude and silence in which they might eventually find something to say\u2026. What a relief to have nothing to say, the right to say nothing, because only then is there a chance of framing...the thing that might be worth saying."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arthur Schopenhauer", "text": "Talent hits a target no one else can hit; genius hits a target no one else can see."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Munger", "text": "You\u2019re like a one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Keynes", "text": "Better to be roughly right than precisely wrong."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "PG", "text": "lost struggles, whatever they're really about, will be cast as struggles between competing ideas. The English Reformation was at bottom a struggle for wealth and power, but it ended up being cast as a struggle to preserve the souls of Englishmen from the corrupting influence of Rome. It's easier to get people to fight for an idea. And whichever side wins, their ideas will also be considered to have triumphed, as if God wanted to signal his agreement by selecting that side as the victor.\n\nWe often like to think of World War II as a triumph of freedom over totalitarianism. We conveniently forget that the Soviet Union was also one of the winners.\n\nI'm not saying that struggles are never about ideas, just that they will always be made to seem to be about ideas, whether they are or not. And just as there is nothing so unfashionable as the last, discarded fashion, there is nothing so wrong as the principles of the most recently defeated opponent. Representational art is only now recovering from the approval of both Hitler and Stalin."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mike Maples", "text": "A good experiment isn\u2019t one that succeeds but one where you learn earned secrets."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Conway's law is an adage stating that organizations design systems that mirror their own communication structure"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charlie Munger", "text": "We all are learning, modifying, or destroying ideas all the time.\nRapid destruction of your ideas when the time is right is one\nof the most valuable qualities you can acquire.\nYou must force yourself to consider arguments on the other side."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charlie Munger", "text": "The ability to destroy your ideas rapidly instead of slowly when\nthe occasion is right is one of the most valuable things.\nYou have to work hard on it.\nAsk yourself what are the arguments on the other side.\nIt\u2019s bad to have an opinion you\u2019re proud of if you can\u2019t state the\narguments for the other side better than your opponents.\nThis is a great mental discipline."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Buffet", "text": "What an investor needs is the ability to correctly evaluate selected businesses. Note that word \u201cselected\u201d: You don\u2019t have to be an expert on every company, or even many. You only have to be able to evaluate companies within your circle of competence. The size of that circle is not very important; knowing its boundaries, however, is vital."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Maimonides", "text": "Teach thy tongue to say I do not know, and thou shalt progress."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arthur Schopenhauer", "text": "Treat a work of art like a prince: let it speak to you first."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Frederick Douglass", "text": "I prefer to be true to myself, even at the hazard of incurring the ridicule of others, rather than to be false, and to incur my own abhorrence."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Italo Calvino", "text": "Novelists tell that piece of truth hidden at the bottom of every lie,"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Peter Thiel", "text": "It\u2019s one of my greater philanthropic things that I\u2019ve done. I think of it in those terms."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Ayurnamat - noun\nStoicism; the possibility or approach of not worrying about things that cannot be changed.\nInuktitut"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bret Victor", "text": "The main thing that\u2019s needed is simply the recognition of how important seeing is, and the will to do something about it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Michael Nielsen", "text": "[M]uch of our intellectual elite who think they have \u201cthe solutions\u201d have actually cut themselves off from understanding the basis for much of the most important human progress."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Halina Po\u015bwi\u0105towska", "text": "I am Juliet\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I am 23 years old\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I once touched love\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0it tasted bitter\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0like a cup of black coffee\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0it set my heart\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0racing\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0irritated\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0my live organism\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0set my senses swinging\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0went away\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I am Juliet\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0on a balcony high\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0dependent\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0shouting come back\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0calling come back\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0staining\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0bitten lips\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0with the hue of blood\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0did not come back\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I am Juliet\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I am thousand years old\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I live \u2013"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Halina Po\u015bwi\u0105towska", "text": "when I die my darling\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0when I part with the sun\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0to become an oblong object rather sad\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0will you then draw me closer\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0embrace me\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0and fix what savage fate broke\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I often think of you\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I often write to you\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0silly letters -- love within them and smiles\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0then I hide them in the stove\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0let the flame jump word to word\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0before it calmly goes to sleep in the ashes\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0looking in the flame my darling\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0I am thinking -- \u00a0what will happen\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0to my heart hungry for love\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0so please do not allow after all\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0for me to die in a world\n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0which is dim and which is cold"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The family history of Lord Soma is recorded in a scroll called the Chiken Marokashi. It was an unequaled family genealogy in Japan. The lord\u2019s mansion suddenly caught fire one year. Lord Soma lamented: \u201cI do not bemoan the loss of the manor and its fittings. They can all be replaced if they are destroyed in the fire. Regrettably, though, I couldn\u2019t retrieve our treasured heirloom, the family tree.\u201d One of his attendants declared: \u201cI shall enter the flames and save this treasure.\u201d Lord Soma and the other retainers chortled incredulously, \u201cHow can you salvage it now when the building is engulfed by this fire?\u201d The retainer was never effusive in service, nor had he ever been exceptionally useful, but for some reason his lord was fond of him as he was diligent. \u201cBy no means have I been an effective servant to His Lordship because of my clumsiness. Nevertheless, I have always been ready to sacrifice my life for something useful should the opportunity arise. I believe that time is now.\u201d With that, he stormed into the blazing inferno. As soon as the fire had been put out, Lord Soma instructed his men, \u201cFind his body. It is such a shame!\u201d They searched through the burnt ruins and finally located his charred remains in the garden area next to the residence. Blood gushed from his stomach as they turned his prostrated body over. Evidently he had slit open his belly and inserted the document inside, protecting it from the flames. Henceforth, it became known as the Chi-keizu or \u201cBlood Genealogy.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "He'd have a man shot at the drop of a hat and he\u2019d drop it himself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Abraham Lincoln", "text": "As a nation, we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it 'all men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read 'all men are created equal, except negroes, and foreigners, and Catholics.' When it comes to this I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty \u2013 to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "There\u2019s too many pigs for the tits"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Abraham lincoln", "text": "Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasure of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years. At what point then is the approach of danger to be expected? I answer. If it ever reach us it must spring up amongst us; it cannot come from abroad. If destruction be our lot we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen we must live through all time or die by suicide.\nwhenever the vicious portion of [our] population shall be permitted to gather in bands of hundreds and thousands, and burn churches, ravage and rob provision stores, throw printing-presses into rivers, shoot editors, and hang and burn obnoxious persons at pleasure and with impunity, depend upon it, this government cannot last. By such things the feelings of the best citizens will become more or less alienated from it, and thus it will be left without friends, or with too few, and those few too weak to make their friendship effectual.\nIt is to deny what the history of the world tells us is true, to suppose that men of ambition and talents will not continue to spring up amongst us. And when they do, they will as naturally seek the gratification of their ruling passion as others have done before them. The question then is, Can that gratification be found in supporting and maintaining an edifice that has been erected by others? Most certainly it cannot. Many great and good men, sufficiently qualified for any task they should undertake, may ever be found whose ambition would aspire to nothing beyond a seat in Congress, a gubernatorial or a presidential chair; but such belong not to the family of the lion or the tribe of the eagle. What! think you these places would satisfy an Alexander, a Caesar, or a Napoleon? Never! Towering genius disdains a beaten path. It seeks regions hitherto unexplored. It sees no distinction in adding story to story upon the monuments of fame erected to the memory of others. It denies that it is glory enough to serve under any chief. It scorns to tread in the footsteps of any predecessor, however illustrious. It thirsts and burns for distinction; and if possible, it will have it, whether at the expense of emancipating slaves or enslaving freemen. Is it unreasonable, then, to expect that some man possessed of the loftiest genius, coupled with ambition sufficient to push it to its utmost stretch, will at some time spring up among us? And when such an one does, it will require the people to be united with each other, attached to the government and laws, and generally intelligent, to successfully frustrate his designs. Distinction will be his paramount object, and although he would as willingly, perhaps more so, acquire it by doing good as harm, yet, that opportunity being past, and nothing left to be done in the way of building up, he would set boldly to the task of pulling down."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Confucious", "text": "Sincerity is the end and the beginning of all things; without Sincerity there would be nothing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ben Horowitz", "text": "In any human interaction, the required amount of communication is inversely proportional to the level of trust."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ben Horowitz", "text": "your culture is how your company makes decisions when you\u2019re not there. It\u2019s the set of assumptions your employees use to resolve the problems they face every day. It\u2019s how they behave when no one is looking."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Epictetus", "text": "Sheep don\u2019t bring their owners grass to prove to them how much they\u2019ve eaten, they digest it inwardly and outwardly bring forth milk and wool. So don\u2019t make a show of your philosophical learning to the uninitiated, show them by your actions what you have absorbed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Aristotle", "text": "We acquire virtues by first having put them into action... We become just by the practice of just actions, self-controlled by exercising self-control, and courageous by performing acts of courage."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arundhati Roy", "text": "To love. To be loved. To never forget your own insignificance. To never get used to the unspeakable violence and the vulgar disparity of life around you. To seek joy in the saddest places. To pursue beauty to its lair. To never simplify what is complicated or complicate what is simple. To respect strength, never power. Above all, to watch. To try and understand. To never look away. And never, never to forget... another world is not only possible, she is on her way. On a quiet day, I can hear her breathing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hagakure", "text": "Revel in being discarded, or having all your energies exhausted in vain; only those who have endured hardship will be of use. Samurai who have never erred before will never have what it takes."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Stanley Druckenmiller", "text": "I've learned many things from [George Soros], but perhaps the most significant is that it's not whether you're right or wrong, but how much money you make when you're right and how much you lose when you're wrong.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ben Horowitz", "text": "If you\u2019re making decisions that people like all the time, those are the decisions they would have made without you, so you\u2019re not really adding any value. Some of the most important decisions you make will be the ones people don\u2019t like."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Dewey", "text": "We do not learn from experience . . . we learn from reflecting on experience."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "G.K. Chesterton", "text": "Nobody has any business to destroy a social institution until he has really seen it as an historical institution. If he knows how it arose, and what purposes it was supposed to serve, he may really be able to say that they were bad purposes, that they have since become bad purposes, or that they are purposes which are no longer served. But if he simply stares at the thing as a senseless monstrosity that has somehow sprung up in his path, it is he and not the traditionalist who is suffering from an illusion."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Andy Grove", "text": "Venture capital, that\u2019s not a real job. It\u2019s like being a real estate agent."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "I sinned, a sin all filled with pleasure\nwrapped in an embraced, warm and fiery\nI sinned in a pair of arms\nthat were vibrant, virile, violent.\nIn that dim and quiet place of seclusion\nI looked into his eyes brimming with mystery\nmy heart throbbed in my chest all too excited\nby the desire glowing in his eyes.\nIn that dim and quiet place of seclusion\nas I sat next to him all scattered inside\nhis lips poured lust on my lips\nand I left behind the sorrows of my heart.\nI whispered in his ear these words of love:\n\u201cI want you, mate of my soul\nI want you, life-giving embrace\nI want you, lover gone mad\u201d\nDesire surged in his eyes\nred wine swirled in the cup\nmy body surfed all over his\nin the softness of the downy bed.\nI sinned, a sin all filled with pleasure\nnext to a body now limp and languid\nI know not what I did, God\nin that dim and quiet place of seclusion."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "forugh farrokhzad", "text": "I will greet the sun again,\ngreet the stream that once flowed in me,\nthe clouds that were my unfurling thoughts,\nthe aching growth of the grove\u2019s poplars\nwho passed with me through seasons of drought.\n\nI will greet the flock of crows\nwho gifted me the groves\u2019 night perfume\nand my mother who lived in the mirror\nand was my old age\u2019s reflection.\nOnce more I will greet the earth\nwho, in her lust to re-create me, swells\nher flaming belly with green seeds.\n\nI will come. I will come. I will.\nMy hair trailing deep-soil scents.\nMy eyes intimating the dark\u2019s density.\nI will come with a bouquet picked\nfrom shrubs on the other side of the wall.\n\nI will come, I will come. I will.\nThe doorway will glow with love\nand I will once again greet those in love, greet\nthe girl standing in the threshold\u2019s blaze."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "It is not my intention\nTo expose to the world your opportunist nature,\nTo reveal your cheating\nThat lasted for two years,\nI came to thank you\nFor the seasons of tears,\nFor the long nights of pain,\nFor all the deceitful, yellow papers\nYou scattered\nOn the ground of my life.\nBecause of you I discovered\nThe pleasure of writing in yellow,\nThe pleasure of thinking in yellow,\nThe pleasure of loving with yellow."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nizar Qabbanni", "text": "I am afraid\nTo express my love to you\nWine loses its fragrance\nWhen poured into a chalice."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "He lets me listen, when he moves me,\nWords are not like other words\nHe takes me, from under my arms\nHe plants me, in a distant cloud\nAnd the black rain in my eyes\nFalls in torrents, torrents\nHe carries me with him, he carries me\nTo an evening of perfumed balconies\nAnd I am like a child in his hands\nLike a feather carried by the wind\nHe carries for me seven moons in his hands\nand a bundle of songs\nHe gives me sun, he gives me summer\nand flocks of swallows\nHe tells me that I am his treasure\nAnd that I am equal to thousands of stars\nAnd that I am treasure, and that I am\nmore beautiful than he has seen of paintings\nHe tells me things that make me dizzy\nthat make me forget the dance and the steps\nWords\u2026which overturn my history\nwhich make me a woman\u2026in seconds\nHe builds castles of fantasies\nwhich I live in\u2026for seconds\u2026\nAnd I return\u2026I return to my table\nNothing with me\u2026\nNothing with me\u2026except words"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "When I love\nI feel that I am the king of time\nI possess the earth and everything on it\nand ride into the sun upon my horse.\nWhen I love\nI become liquid light\ninvisible to the eye\nand the poems in my notebooks\nbecome fields of mimosa and poppy.\nWhen I love\nthe water gushes from my fingers\ngrass grows on my tongue\nwhen I love\nI become time outside all time.\nWhen I love a woman\nall the trees\nrun barefoot toward me\u2026"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "My darling, I have much to say\nWhere o precious one shall I begin ?\nAll that is in you is princely\nO you who makes of my words through their meaning\nCocoons of silk\nThese are my songs and this is me\nThis short book contains us\nTomorrow when I return its pages\nA lamp will lament\nA bed will sing\nIts letters from longing will turn green\nIts commas be on the verge of flight\nDo not say: why did this youth\nSpeak of me to the winding road and the stream\nThe almond tree and the tulip\nSo that the world escorts me wherever I go ?\nWhy did he sing these songs ?\nNow there is no star\nThat is not perfumed with my fragrance\nTomorrow people will see me in his verse\nA mouth the taste of wine, close-cropped hair\nIgnore what people say\nYou will be great only through my great love\nWhat would the world have been if we had not been\nIf your eyes had not been, what would the world have been?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Clarification To My Poetry-Readers\nAnd of me say the fools:\nI entered the lodges of women\nAnd never left.\nAnd they call for my hanging,\nBecause about the matters of my beloved\nI, poetry, compose.\nI never traded\nLike others\nIn Hashish.\nI never stole.\nI never killed.\nI, in broad day, have loved.\nHave I sinned?\n\nAnd of me say the fools:\nWith my poetry\nI violated the sky\u2019s commands.\nSaid who\nLove is\nThe honor-ravager of the sky?\nThe sky is my intimate.\nIt cries if I cry,\nLaughs if I laugh\nAnd its stars\nGreatens their brilliance\nIf\nOne day I fall in love.\nWhat so\nIf in the name of my beloved I chant,\nAnd like a chestnut tree\nIn every capital I, her, plant.\n\nFondness will remain my calling,\nLike all prophets.\nAnd infancy, innocence\nAnd purity.\nI will write of my beloved\u2019s matters\nTill I melt her golden hair\nIn the sky\u2019s gold.\nI am, \nAnd I hope I change not,\nA child\nScribbling on the stars\u2019 walls\nThe way he pleases,\nTill the worth of love \nIn my homeland\nMatches that of the air,\nAnd to love dreamers I become\nA diction-ary,\nAnd over their lips I become\nAn A\nAnd a B."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Between us\ntwenty years of age\nbetween your lips and my lips\nwhen they meet and stay\nthe years collapse\nthe glass of a whole life shatters.\n\nThe day I met you I tore up\nall my maps\nan my prophecies\nlike an Arab stallion I smelled the rain\nof you\nbefore it wet me\nheard the pulse of your voice\nbefore you spoke\nundid your hair with my hands\nbefore you had braided it\n\nThere is nothing I can do\nnothing you can do\nwhat can the wound do\nwith the knife on the way to it?\n\nYour eyes are like a night of rain\nin which ships are sinking\nand all I wrote is forgotten\nIn mirrors there is no memory.\n\nGod how is it that we surrender\nto love giving it the keys to our city\ncarrying candles to it and incense\nfalling down at its feet asking\nto be forgiven\nWhy do we look for it and endure\nall that it does to us\nall that it does to us?\n\nWoman in whose voice\nsilver and wine mingle\nin the rains\nFrom the mirrors of your knees\nthe day begins its journey\nlife puts out to sea\n\nI knew when I said\nI love you\nthat I was inventing a new alphabet\nfor a city where no one could read\nthat I was saying my poems\nin an empty theater\nand pouring my wine\nfor those who could not\ntaste it.\n\nWhen God gave you to me\nI felt that He had loaded\neverything my way\nand unsaid all His sacred books.\n\nWho are you\nwoman entering my life like a dagger\nmild as the eyes of a rabbit\nsoft as the skin of a plum\npure as strings of jasmine\ninnocent as children's bibs\nand devouring like words?\n\nYour love threw me down\nin a land of wonder\nit ambushed me like the scent\nof a woman stepping into an elevator\nit surprised me\nin a coffee bar\nsitting over a poem\nI forgot the poem\nIt surprised me\nreading the lines in my palm\nI forgot my palm\nIt dropped on me like a blind deaf\nwildfowl\nits feathers became tangled with mine\nits cries were twisted with mine\n\nIt surprised me\nas I sat on my suitcase\nwaiting for the train of days\nI forgot the days\nI traveled with you\nto the land of wonder\n\nYour image is engraved\non the face of my watch\nIt is engraved on each of the hands\nIt is etched on the weeks\nmonths years\nMy time is no longer mine\nit is you"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "In the blue harbor of your eyes\nBlow rains of melodious lights,\nDizzy suns and sails\nPainting their voyage to endlessness.\n\nIn the blue harbor of your eyes\nIs an open sea window,\nAnd birds appear in the distance\nSearching for islands still unborn.\n\nIn the blue harbor of your eyes\nSnow falls in July.\nShips laden with turquoise\nSpill over the sea and are not drowned.\n\nIn the blue harbor of your eyes\nI run on the scattered rocks like a child\nBreathing the fragrance of the sea\nAnd return an exhausted bird.\n\nIn the blue harbor of your eyes\nStones sing in the night.\nWho has hidden a thousand poems\nIn the closed book of your eyes?\n\nIf only, if only I were a sailor,\nIf only somebody'd give me a boat,\nI would furl my sails each evening\nIn the blue harbor of your eyes."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Child Scribbles\n\nMy fault, my greatest fault,\nO sea-eyed princess,\nwas to love you\nas a child loves.\nThe greatest lovers,\nafter all, are children\nMy first mistake\nand not my last\nwas to live\nin the taste of wonder\nready to be amazed\nby the simple span\nof night and day,\n\nand ready for every woman\nI loved to break me\ninto a thousand pieces to make\nme an open city,\nand to leave me behind her\nas dust.\nMy weakness was to see\nthe world with the logic of a child.\n\nAnd my mistake was dragging\nlove out of its cave into the open air,\nmaking my breast\nan open church for all lovers."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "When I love you\nA new language springs up,\nNew cities, new countries discovered.\nThe hours breathe like puppies,\nWheat grows between the pages of books,\nBirds fly from your eyes with tiding of honey,\nCaravans ride from your breasts carrying Indian herbs,\nThe mangoes fall all around, the forests catch fire\nAnd Nubian drums beat.\n\nWhen I love you your breasts shake off their shame,\nTurn into lightning and thunder, a sword, a sandy storm.\nWhen I love you the Arab cities leap up and demonstrate\nAgainst the ages of repression\nAnd the ages\nOf revenge against the laws of the tribe.\nAnd I, when I love you,\nMarch against ugliness,\nAgainst the kings of salt,\nAgainst the institutionalization of the desert.\nAnd I shall continue to love you until the world flood arrives;\nI shall continue to love you until the world flood arrives."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "If you are my friend...\nHelp me...to leave you\nOr if you are my lover...\nHelp me...so I can be healed of you...\nIf I knew....\nthat the ocean is very deep...I would not have swam...\nIf I knew...how I would end,\nI would not have began\n\nI desire you...so teach me not to desire\nteach me...\nhow to cut the roots of your love from the depths\nteach me...\nhow tears may die in the eyes\nand love may commit suicide\n\nIf you are prophet,\nCleanse me from this spell\nDeliver me from this atheism...\nYour love is like atheism...so purify me from this atheism\n\nIf you are strong...\nRescue me from this ocean\nFor I don't know how to swim\nThe blue waves...in your eyes\ndrag me...to the depths\nblue...\nblue...\nnothing but the color blue\nand I have no experience\nin love...and no boat...\n\nIf I am dear to you\nthen take my hand\nFor I am filled with desire...from my\nhead to my feet\n\nI am breathing under water!\nI am drowning...\ndrowning...\nDrowning\u2026"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Epic Of Sadness\nYour love taught me to grieve\nand I have been in need, for centuries\na woman to make me grieve\nfor a woman, to cry upon her arms\nlike a sparrow\nfor a woman to gather my pieces\nlike shards of broken crystal\n\nYour love has taught me, my lady, the worst habits\nit has taught me to read my coffee cups\nthousands of times a night\nto experiment with alchemy,\nto visit fortune tellers\n\nIt has taught me to leave my house\nto comb the sidewalks\nand search your face in raindrops\nand in car lights\nand to peruse your clothes\nin the clothes of unknowns\nand to search for your image\neven\u2026..even\u2026.\n\neven in the posters of advertisements\nyour love has taught me\nto wander around, for hours\nsearching for a gypsies hair\n that all gypsies women will envy\nsearching for a face, for a voice\nwhich is all the faces and all the voices\u2026\n\nYour love entered me\u2026my lady\ninto the cities of sadness\nand I before you, never entered\nthe cities of sadness\nI did not know\u2026\nthat tears are the person\nthat a person without sadness\nis only a shadow of a person\u2026\n\nYour love taught me\nto behave like a boy\nto draw your face with chalk\nupon the wall\nupon the sails of fishermen's boats\non the Church bells, on the crucifixes,\nyour love taught me, how love,\nchanges the map of time\u2026\nYour love taught me, that when I love\nthe earth stops revolving,\nYour love taught me things\nthat were never accounted for\nSo I read children's fairytales\nI entered the castles of Jennies\nand I dreamt that she would marry me\nthe Sultan's daughter\nthose eyes..\nclearer than the water of a lagoon\nthose lips\u2026\nmore desirable than the flower of pomegranates\nand I dreamt that I would kidnap her like a knight\nand I dreamt that I would give\nher necklaces of pearl and coral\nYour love taught me, my lady,\nwhat is insanity\nit taught me\u2026how life may pass\nwithout the Sultan's daughter arriving\n\nYour love taught me\nHow to love you in all things\nin a bare winter tree,\nin dry yellow leaves\nin the rain, in a tempest,\nin the smallest cafe, we drank in,\nin the evenings\u2026our black coffee\n\nYour love taught me\u2026to seek refuge\nto seek refuge in hotels without names\nin churches without names\u2026\nin cafes without names\u2026\n\nYour love taught me\u2026how the night\nswells the sadness of strangers\nIt taught me\u2026how to see Beirut\nas a woman\u2026a tyrant of temptation\nas a woman, wearing every evening\nthe most beautiful clothing she possesses\nand sprinkling upon her breasts perfume\nfor the fisherman, and the princes\nYour love taught me how to cry without crying\nIt taught me how sadness sleeps\nLike a boy with his feet cut off\nin the streets of the Rouche and the Hamra\n\nYour love taught me to grieve\nand I have been needing, for centuries\na woman to make me grieve\nfor a woman, to cry upon her arms\nlike a sparrow\nfor a woman to gather my pieces\nlike shards of broken crystal"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "MY ANGRY CAT\nYou\u2019re repeating yourself\nfor the twentieth time.\nIs there another man in my life?\nYes. Yes. What did you think?\nEven graveyards have visitors.\nThere are, my dear sir,\na lot of men out there,\nand no garden is ever devoid of birds.\nYou\u2019re just an experience I had,\nand here I am,\ntired and bored from this experience,\nout from under your spell.\nI\u2019m cured of all\nmy weakness and gullibility.\nNiceties do, after all, always end.\nYou love me!\nThere you go again,\ndredging up all that ancient history.\nAnd since when did you ever show\nthe slightest interest in me\noutside the contour of my hips?\nWhere does this sudden gush of love come from?\nI was never anything more\nthan a forsaken chair\namong your expensive furniture,\na garden you chose to raze\nwithout shame or repentance.\nWhy are you staring at my breasts\nas if you owned them?\nAnd why do you weep as if you\nstood before a lost kingdom?\nYour glorious kingdom, dear sir,\nhas just crumbled.\nThere. I\u2019ve settled my score\nin an instant.\nYou tell me now\nwho\u2019s losing the game.\nI opened myself to you\nlike the Garden of Eden,\ngave you all the sweet fruit\nand green grass you desired.\nToday I offer you\nneither heaven nor hell.\nThis is what you get\nfor acting the ungrateful.\nYou faithless. If you\u2019d only treated me\nlike a human being \u2013 just once \u2013\nthis other man wouldn\u2019t exist."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Do not say my love was\nA ring or a bracelet.\nMy love is a siege,\nthe daring and headstrong.\nWho, searching sail out to their death.\n\nDo not say my love was\nA moon.\nMy love is a burst of sparks."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "TWO AFRICAN BREASTS\nLet me find time\nto welcome in this love\nthat comes unbid.\nLet me find time\nto memorize\nthis face that rises\nout of the trees\nof forgetfulness.\nGive me the time\nto escape this love\nthat stops my blood.\nLet me find time\nto recognize your name,\nmy name,\nand the place\nwhere I was born.\nLet me find time\nto know where I shall die\nand how I will revive, as\na bird inside your eyes.\nLet me find time\nto study the state of winds\nand waves, to learn the maps\nof bays. . .\nWoman, who lodges\ninside the future\npepper and pomegranate-seeds,\ngive me a country\nto make me forget all countries,\nand give me time\nto avoid this Andalusian face,\nthis Andalusian voice,\nthis Andalusian death\ncoming from all directions.\nLet me find time to prophesy\nthe coming of the flood.\nWoman, who was inscribed\nin books of magic,\nbefore you came\nthe world was prose.\nNow poetry is born.\nGive me the time to catch\nthe colt that runs toward me,\nyour breast.\nThe dot over a line.\nA bedouin breast, sweet\nas cardamom seeds\nas coffee brewing over embers,\nits form ancient as Damascene brass\nas Egyptian temples.\nLet me find luck\nto pick the fish that swim\nunder the waters.\nYour feet on the carpet\nare the shape and stance\nof poetry.\nLet me find the luck\nto know the dividing line\nbetween the certainty\nof love and heresy.\nGive me the opportunity\nto be convinced I have seen\nthe star, and have been spoken to\nby saints.\nWoman, whose thighs are like\nthe desert palm where golden\ndates fall from,\nyour breasts speak seven tongues\nand I was made to listen\nto them all.\nGive me the chance\nto avoid this storm,\nthis sweeping love,\nthis wintry air, and to be convinced,\nto blaspheme, and to enter\nthe flesh of things.\nGive me the chance\nto be the one\nto walk on water."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "\"I have no power to change you\nor explain your ways\nNever believe a man can change a woman\nThose men are pretenders\nwho think\nthat they created woman\nfrom one of their ribs\nWoman does not emerge from a man's rib's, not ever,\nit's he who emerges from her womb\nlike a fish rising from depths of water\nand like streams that branch away from a river\nIt's he who circles the sun of her eyes\nand imagines he is fixed in place\n\nI have no power to tame you\nor domesticate you\nor mitigate your first instincts\nThis task is impossible\nI've tested my intelligence on you\nalso my dumbness\nNothing worked with you, neither guidance\nnor temptation\nStay primitive as you are\n\nI have no power to break your habits\nfor thirty years you have been like this\nfor three hundred years\na storm trapping in a bottle\na body by nature sensing the scent of a man\nassaults it by nature\ntriumphs over it by nature\n\nNever believe what a man says about himself\nthat he is the one who makes the poems\nand makes the children\nIt is the woman who writes the poems\nand the man who signs his name to them\nIt is the woman who bears the children\nand the man who signs at the maternity hospital\nthat he is the father\n\nI have no power to change your nature\nmy books are of no use to you\nand my convictions do not convince you\nnor does my fatherly council do you any good\nyou are the queen of anarchy, of madness, of belonging\nto no one\nStay that way\nYou are the tree of femininity that grows in the dark\nneeds no sun or water\nYou\u00a0 the sea princess who has loved all men\nand loved no one\nslept with all men ... and slept with no one\nyou are the Bedouin woman who went with all the tribes\nand returned a virgin\nStay that way."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Oh, my love\nIf you were at the level of my madness,\nYou would cast away your jewelry,\nSell all your bracelets,\nAnd sleep in my eyes."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Every time I kiss you\nAfter a long separation\nI feel\nI am putting a hurried love letter\nIn a red mailbox."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Light is more important than the lantern,\nThe poem more important than the notebook,\nAnd the kiss more important than the lips.\nMy letters to you\nAre greater and more important than both of us.\nThey are the only documents\nWhere people will discover\nYour beauty\nAnd my madness."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "Ring \n\nLove happened at last,\nAnd we entered God\u2019s paradise,\nSliding\nUnder the skin of the water\nLike fish.\nWe saw the precious pearls of the sea\nAnd were amazed.\nLove happened at last\nWithout intimidation\u2026with symmetry of wish.\nSo I gave\u2026and you gave\nAnd we were fair.\nIt happened with marvelous ease\nLike writing with jasmine water,\nLike a spring flowing from the ground."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran", "text": "I have learned silence from the talkative,\nToleration from the intolerant,\nKindness from the unkind,\nYet, strange, I am ungrateful to those teachers."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "One day you will ask me which is more important? My life or yours? I will say mine and you will walk away not knowing that you are my life."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Octavio Paz", "text": "It\u2019s a long and silent street.\nI walk in the dark and trip and fall\nand get up and step blindly\non the mute stones and dry leaves\nand someone behind me is also walking:\nif I stop, he stops;\nif I run,, he runs. I turn around: no one.\nEverything is black, there is no exit,\nand I turn and turn corners\nthat always lead to the street\nwhere no one waits for me, no one follows,\nwhere I follow a man who trips\nand gets up and says when he sees me: no one."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I go down to the edge of the sea.\nHow everything shines in the morning light!\nThe cusp of the whelk,\nthe broken cupboard of the clam,\nthe opened, blue mussels,\nmoon snails, pale pink and barnacle scarred\u2014\nand nothing at all whole or shut, but tattered, split,\ndropped by the gulls onto the gray rocks and all the moisture gone.\nIt\u2019s like a schoolhouse\nof little words,\nthousands of words.\nFirst you figure out what each one means by itself,\nthe jingle, the periwinkle, the scallop\nfull of moonlight.\nThen you begin, slowly, to read the whole story."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Vida Dutton Scudderf", "text": "Creation is a better means of self-expression and possession; it is through creating, not possessing, that life is revealed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Arthur Schopenhauer", "text": "One should use common words to say uncommon things."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Joseph Campbell", "text": "People say that what we\u2019re all seeking is a meaning for life. I don\u2019t think that\u2019s what we\u2019re really seeking. I think that what we\u2019re seeking is an experience of being alive."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "William James", "text": "If we should inquire for the essence of \u201cgovernment,\u201d for example, one man might tell us it was authority, another submission, another police, another an army, another an assembly, another a system of laws; yet all the while it would be true that no concrete government can exist without all these things, one of which is more important at one moment and others at another. The man who knows governments most completely is he who troubles himself least about a definition which shall give their essence. Enjoying an intimate acquaintance with all their particularities in turn, he would naturally regard an abstract conception in which these were unified as a thing more misleading than enlightening. And why may not religion be a conception equally complex?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jordan Petersen", "text": "Everybody acts out a myth, but very few people know what their myth is. And you should know what your myth is because it might be a tragedy and maybe you don\u2019t want it to be."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jordan Petersen", "text": "Commitment and sacrifice is the same thing"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Nietzsche", "text": "\"Whither is God?\" he cried; \"I will tell you. We have killed him -- you and I. All of us are his murderers. But how did we do this? How could we drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What were we doing when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving? Away from all suns? Are we not plunging continually? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there still any up or down? Are we not straying, as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night continually closing in on us? Do we not need to light lanterns in the morning? Do we hear nothing as yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Do we smell nothing as yet of the divine decomposition? Gods, too, decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. \"Whither is God?\" he cried; \"I will tell you. We have killed him -- you and I. All of us are his murderers. But how did we do this? How could we drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What were we doing when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving? Away from all suns? Are we not plunging continually? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there still any up or down? Are we not straying, as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night continually closing in on us? Do we not need to light lanterns in the morning? Do we hear nothing as yet of the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Do we smell nothing as yet of the divine decomposition? Gods, too, decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jordan Petersen", "text": "The purpose of life as far as I can tell is to find a mode of being that\u2019s so meaningful that the fact that life is suffering is no longer relevant"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nietzsche", "text": "For why has the advent of nihilism become necessary? Because the values we have had hitherto thus draw their final consequence; because nihilism represents the ultimate logical conclusion of our great values and ideals--because we must experience nihilism before we can find out what value these \"values\" really had.--We require, sometimes, new values."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Amos Tversky", "text": "The secret to doing good research is always to be a little underemployed. You waste years by not being able to waste hours."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ralph Waldo Emerson", "text": "As to methods there may be a million and then some, but principles are few. The man who grasps principles can successfully select his own methods. The man who tries methods, ignoring principles, is sure to have trouble."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Yousuf Karsh", "text": "Character, like a photograph, develops in darkness."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Victor Hugo", "text": "Those who do not weep, do not see."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "So come to the pond, or the river of your imagination, or the harbor of your longing, and put your lips to the world. And live your life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Edwin Schlossberg", "text": "the skill of writing is to create a context in which other people can think"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bertrand Russell", "text": "Nothing in the world is more exciting than a moment of sudden discovery or invention, and many more people are capable of experiencing such moments than is sometimes thought."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "To be prepared against surprise is to be trained. To be prepared for surprise is to be educated."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "MAGGIE SMITH", "text": "Good Bones\nBY MAGGIE SMITH\nLife is short, though I keep this from my children.\nLife is short, and I\u2019ve shortened mine\nin a thousand delicious, ill-advised ways,\na thousand deliciously ill-advised ways\nI\u2019ll keep from my children. The world is at least\nfifty percent terrible, and that\u2019s a conservative\nestimate, though I keep this from my children.\nFor every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird.\nFor every loved child, a child broken, bagged,\nsunk in a lake. Life is short and the world\nis at least half terrible, and for every kind\nstranger, there is one who would break you,\nthough I keep this from my children. I am trying\nto sell them the world. Any decent realtor,\nwalking you through a real shithole, chirps on\nabout good bones: This place could be beautiful,\nright? You could make this place beautiful."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "RUMI", "text": "YESTERDAY I WAS CLEVER, SO I CHANGED THE WORLD. TODAY I AM WISE, SO I AM CHANGING MYSELF."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Epictetus", "text": "If you wish to improve, be content to appear clueless or stupid in extraneous matters."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Francis Crick", "text": "It is amateurs who have one big bright beautiful idea that they can never abandon. Professionals know that they have to produce theory after theory before they are likely to hit the jackpot."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Where now is the memory\nof the days that were yours on earth, and wove\njoy with sorrow, and made a universe that was your own?\n\nThe river of years has lost them\nfrom its numbered current; you are a word in an index.\n\nTo others the gods gave glory that has no end:\ninscriptions, names on coins, monuments, conscientious historians;\nall that we know of you, eclipsed friend,\nis that you heard the nightingale one evening.\n\nAmong the asphodels of the Shadow, your shade, in its vanity,\nmust consider the gods ungenerous.\n\nBut the days are a web of small troubles,\nand there is a greater blessing\nthan to be the ash of which oblivion is made?\n\nAbove other heads the gods kindled\nthe inexorable light of glory, which peers into the secret parts and discovers each separate fault;\nglory, that at last shrivels the rose it reveres;\nthey were more considerate with you, brother.\n\nIn the rapt evening that will never be night\nyou listen without end to Theocritus\u2019 nightingale."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Borges", "text": "The Spanish (A un poeta menor de la antolog\u00eda):\n\u00bfD\u00f3nde est\u00e1 la memoria de los d\u00edas\nque fueron tuyos en la tierra, y tejieron\ndicha y dolor y fueron para ti el universo?\n\nEl r\u00edo numerable de los a\u00f1os\nlos ha perdido; eres una palabra en un \u00edndice.\n\nDieron a otros gloria interminable los dioses,\ninscripciones y exergos y monumentos y puntuales historiadores;\nde ti s\u00f3lo sabemos, oscuro amigo,\nque o\u00edste al ruise\u00f1or, una tarde.\n\nEntre los asf\u00f3delos de la sombra, tu vana sombra\npensar\u00e1 que los dioses han sido avaros.\n\nPero los d\u00edas son una red de triviales miserias,\n\u00bfy habr\u00e1 suerte mejor que la ceniza\nde que est\u00e1 hecho el olvido?\n\nSobre otros arrojaron los dioses\nla inexorable luz de la gloria, que mira las entra\u00f1as y enumera las grietas,\nde la gloria, que acaba por ajar la rosa que venera;\ncontigo fueron m\u00e1s piadosos, hermano.\n\nEn el \u00e9xtasis de un atardecer que no ser\u00e1 una noche,\noyes la voz del ruise\u00f1or de Te\u00f3crito."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Borges", "text": "Among the asphodels of the Shadow, your shade, in its vanity,\nmust consider the gods ungenerous.\n\nBut the days are a web of small troubles,\nand there is a greater blessing\nthan to be the ash of which oblivion is made?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Robert Frost", "text": "In three words I can sum up everything I've learned in life: It goes on."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Leo F. Buscaglia", "text": "Too often we underestimate the power of a touch, a smile, a kind word, a listening ear, an honest compliment, or the smallest act of caring, all of which have the potential to turn a life around."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Roald Dahl", "text": "And above all, watch with glittering eyes the whole world around you because the greatest secrets are always hidden in the most unlikely places. Those who don\u2019t believe in magic will never find it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "It\u2019s a pie eating contest where the prize is more pie."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Francis Bacon", "text": "Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "do not choose the lesser life.\ndo you hear me.\ndo you hear me.\nchoose the life that is. yours.\nthe life that is seducing your lungs.\nthat is dripping down your chin."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gen Shinseki", "text": "If you dislike change, you're going to dislike irrelevance even more."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nassim Nicholas Taleb", "text": "Intelligence consists in ignoring things that are irrelevant."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Truth waits for eyes unclouded by longing"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "William James", "text": "Wisdom is the art of knowing what to overlook,"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "You might see an angel anytime\nand anywhere. Of course you have\nto open your eyes to a kind of\nsecond level, but it\u2019s not really\nhard. The whole business of\nwhat\u2019s reality and what isn\u2019t has\nnever been solved and probably\nnever will be. So I don\u2019t care to\nbe too definite about anything.\nI have a lot of edges called Perhaps\nand almost nothing you can call\nCertainty. For myself, but not\nfor other people. That\u2019s a place\nyou just can\u2019t get into, not\nentirely anyway, other people\u2019s\nheads.\nI\u2019ll just leave you with this.\nI don\u2019t care how many angels can\ndance on the head of a pin. It\u2019s\nenough to know that for some people\nthey exist, and that they dance."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "My ugly love, you\u2019re a messy chestnut.\nMy beauty, you are as pretty as the wind.\nUgly: your mouth is big enough for two mouths.\nBeauty: your kisses are as fresh as new melons.\nUgly: where DID you hide your breasts?\nThey\u2019re meager, two little scoops of wheat.\nI\u2019d much rather see two moons across your chest,\ntwo huge proud towers.\nUgly: not even the sea contains things like your toenails.\nBeauty: flower by flower, star by star, wave by wave,\nLove, I\u2019ve made an inventory of your body:\nMy ugly one, I love you for your waist of gold;\nMy beauty, for the wrinkle on your forehead\nMy Love: I love you for your clarity, your dark."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Timothy Donnelly", "text": "Fantasies of Management by Timothy Donnelly\n\nWhen we tell ourselves\nthat so many bells\nhave rung beyond\nour understanding,\nwhat we really mean\nis that so many ring\ncounter to the way\nwe wish to understand them.\nWhen I think back\nlong ago, almost back\nto that barbaric time,\nwhat I want is to lie\ndown in a mile-wide\nbafflement of grasses\nuntil there is nothing\nleft of me but willingness\nto go through it all\nagain, because unless\na donut box of dollars\nfalls down from the\nsky I lie beneath admiring,\nit can\u2019t be avoided\u2013\nonly this time, when they talk\nas if I have a choice\nin the matter, a way to say\nno and live, I\u2019ll ask\nif they wouldn\u2019t mind kindly\ndoing me the favor\nof repeating that please\nbecause I couldn\u2019t quite make out\nwhatever they just said\nthrough all that privilege."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Elizabth Bishop", "text": "The art of losing isn\u2019t hard to master;\nso many things seem filled with the intent\nto be lost that their loss is no disaster.\n\nLose something every day. Accept the fluster\nof lost door keys, the hour badly spent.\nThe art of losing isn\u2019t hard to master.\n\nThen practice losing farther, losing faster:\nplaces, and names, and where it was you meant\nto travel. None of these will bring disaster.\n\nI lost my mother\u2019s watch. And look! my last, or\nnext-to-last, of three loved houses went.\nThe art of losing isn\u2019t hard to master.\n\nI lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,\nsome realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.\nI miss them, but it wasn\u2019t a disaster.\n\n\u2014Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture\nI love) I shan\u2019t have lied. It\u2019s evident\nthe art of losing\u2019s not too hard to master\nthough it may look like (Write it!) like disaster."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The way you make love is the way God will be with you,"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Aracelis Girmay", "text": "Oh, body, be held now by whom you love.\nWhole years will be spent, underneath these impossible stars,\nwhen dirt\u2019s the only animal who will sleep with you\n& touch you \nWith its mouth."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Yeats", "text": "Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,\nEnwrought with golden and silver light,\nThe blue and the dim and the dark cloths \nOf night and light and the half-light;\nI would spread the cloths under your feet:\nBut I, being poor, have only my dreams;\nI have spread my dreams under your feet;\nTread softly because you tread on my dreams"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Instructions for living a life: Pay attention. Be astonished. Tell about it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Praying\nIt doesn\u2019t have to be\nthe blue iris, it could be\nweeds in a vacant lot, or a few\nsmall stones; just\npay attention, then patch\na few words together and don\u2019t try\nto make them elaborate, this isn\u2019t\na contest but the doorway\ninto thanks, and a silence in which\nanother voice may speak."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Picaso", "text": "Learn the rules like a pro, so you can break them like an artist."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Emerson", "text": "He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Jeff Foster", "text": "You Will Lose Everything\nYou will lose everything. Your money, your power, your fame, your success, perhaps even your memories. Your looks will go. Loved ones will die. Your body will fall apart. Everything that seems permanent is impermanent and will be smashed. Experience will gradually, or not so gradually, strip away everything that it can strip away. Waking up means facing this reality with open eyes and no longer turning away.\nBut right now, we stand on sacred and holy ground, for that which will be lost has not yet been lost, and realising this is the key to unspeakable joy. Whoever or whatever is in your life right now has not yet been taken away from you. This may sound trivial, obvious, like nothing, but really it is the key to everything, the why and how and wherefore of existence. Impermanence has already rendered everything and everyone around you so deeply holy and significant and worthy of your heartbreaking gratitude.\nLoss has already transfigured your life into an altar."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "I'm not upset that you lied to me, I'm upset that from now on I can't believe you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "And those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "It is hard enough to remember my opinions, without also remembering my reasons for them!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And if you gaze long enough into an abyss, the abyss will gaze back into you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "You must have chaos within you to give birth to a dancing star."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "In heaven, all the interesting people are missing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "Sometimes people don't want to hear the truth because they don't want their illusions destroyed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "There are no facts, only interpretations."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "The individual has always had to struggle to keep from being overwhelmed by the tribe. If you try it, you will be lonely often, and sometimes frightened. But no price is too high to pay for the privilege of owning yourself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "He who has a why to live for can bear almost any how."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche", "text": "We should consider every day lost on which we have not danced at least once."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "No one can construct for you the bridge upon which precisely you must cross the stream of life, no one but you yourself alone."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Friedrich Nietzsche", "text": "Faith: not wanting to know what the truth is."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "ROBERT FROST", "text": "The Road Not Taken\n\nTwo roads diverged in a yellow wood,\nAnd sorry I could not travel both\nAnd be one traveler, long I stood\nAnd looked down one as far as I could\nTo where it bent in the undergrowth;\n\nThen took the other, as just as fair,\nAnd having perhaps the better claim,\nBecause it was grassy and wanted wear;\nThough as for that the passing there\nHad worn them really about the same,\n\nAnd both that morning equally lay\nIn leaves no step had trodden black.\nOh, I kept the first for another day!\nYet knowing how way leads on to way,\nI doubted if I should ever come back.\n\nI shall be telling this with a sigh\nSomewhere ages and ages hence:\nTwo roads diverged in a wood, and I\u2014\nI took the one less traveled by,\nAnd that has made all the difference."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Thomas Reid", "text": "There is no greater impediment to the advancement of knowledge than the ambiguity of words."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Charles Kettering", "text": "A problem well stated is a problem half solved."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Dewey", "text": "A problem well-put is half-solved."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bertrand Russell", "text": "Although this may seem a paradox, all exact science is based on the idea of approximation. If a man tells you he knows a thing exactly, then you can be safe in inferring that you are speaking to an inexact man."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Marcus Aurelius", "text": "When you wake up in the morning, tell yourself: The people I deal with today will be meddling, ungrateful, arrogant, dishonest, jealous, and surly. They are like this because they can\u2019t tell good from evil. But I have seen the beauty of good, and the ugliness of evil, and have recognized that the wrongdoer has a nature related to my own \u2014 not of the same blood or birth, but of the same mind, and possessing a share of the divine. And so none of them can hurt me. No one can implicate me in ugliness. Nor can I feel angry at my relative, or hate him. We were born to work together like feet, hands, and eyes, like the two rows of teeth, upper and lower. To obstruct each other is unnatural. To feel anger at someone, to turn your back on him: these are obstructions."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Millard Fuller", "text": "It is easier to act yourself into a new way of thinking, than it is to think yourself into a new way of acting."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Cynthia Occelli", "text": "For a seed to achieve its greatest expression, it must come completely undone. The shell cracks, its insides come out and everything changes. To someone who doesn't understand growth, it would look like complete destruction."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I have been in love more times than one, thank the Lord. \nSometimes it was lasting whether active or not. \nSometimes it was all but ephemeral, maybe only an afternoon, but not less real for that.\n\nThey stay in my mind, these beautiful people,\nor anyway beautiful people to me, of which\nthere are so many. \n\nYou, and you, and you, whom I had the fortune to meet, or maybe missed. \nLove, love, love, it was the core of my life, from which, of course, comes the word for the heart. \n\nAnd, oh, have I mentioned that some of them were men and some were women \nand some\u2014now carry my revelation with you\u2014 were trees. \nOr places. \nOr music flying above the names of their makers. \nOr clouds, or the sun which was the first, and the best, the most loyal for certain, who looked so faithfully into my eyes, every morning. \n\nSo I imagine such love of the world\u2014its fervency, its shining, its innocence and hunger to give of itself\u2014\nI imagine\nthis is how it began."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "I know, you never intended to be in this world.\nBut you\u2019re in it all the same.\nSo why not get started immediately.\nI mean, belonging to it.\nThere is so much to admire, to weep over.\nAnd to write music or poems about.\nBless the feet that take you to and fro.\nBless the eyes and the listening ears.\nBless the tongue, the marvel of taste.\nBless touching.\nYou could live a hundred years, it\u2019s happened.\nOr not.\nI am speaking from the fortunate platform\nof many years,\nnone of which, I think, I ever wasted.\nDo you need a prod?\nDo you need a little darkness to get you going?\nLet me be as urgent as a knife, then,\nand remind you of Keats,\nso single of purpose and thinking, for a while,\nhe had a lifetime."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "The Summer Day\nWho made the world?\nWho made the swan, and the black bear?\nWho made the grasshopper?\nThis grasshopper, I mean-\nthe one who has flung herself out of the grass,\nthe one who is eating sugar out of my hand,\nwho is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-\nwho is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.\nNow she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.\nNow she snaps her wings open, and floats away.\nI don't know exactly what a prayer is.\nI do know how to pay attention, how to fall down\ninto the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,\nhow to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,\nwhich is what I have been doing all day.\nTell me, what else should I have done?\nDoesn't everything die at last, and too soon?\nTell me, what is it you plan to do\nwith your one wild and precious life?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "To live in this world\nyou must be able\nto do three things:\nto love what is mortal;\nto hold it\nagainst your bones knowing\nyour own life depends on it;\nand, when the time comes to let it go,\nto let it go."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "You do not have to be good.\nYou do not have to walk on your knees\nfor a hundred miles through the desert repenting.\nYou only have to let the soft animal of your body\nlove what it loves.\nTell me about despair, yours, and I will tell you mine.\nMeanwhile the world goes on.\nMeanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of the rain\nare moving across the landscapes,\nover the prairies and the deep trees,\nthe mountains and the rivers.\nMeanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean blue air,\nare heading home again.\nWhoever you are, no matter how lonely,\nthe world offers itself to your imagination,\ncalls to you like the wild geese, harsh and exciting -\nover and over announcing your place\nin the family of things."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Muso Soseki", "text": "The heavens allowed me\nTo settle myself\nOn a small piece of land\nLooking into the distance\nDigging far down\nI delight in my own freedom\nAll who come here\nFeel the lids fall \nFrom their eyes\nThis view\nOf the world without end\nThere is nowhere to hide"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "hafiz", "text": "Leave the familiar for a while.\nLet your senses and bodies stretch out\n\nLike a welcomed season\nOnto the meadows and shores and hills.\n\nOpen up to the Roof.\nMake a new water-mark on your excitement\nAnd love.\n\nLike a blooming night flower,\nBestow your vital fragrance of happiness\nAnd giving\nUpon our intimate assembly.\n\nChange rooms in your mind for a day.\n\nAll the hemispheres in existence\nLie beside an equator\nIn your heart.\n\nGreet Yourself\nIn your thousand other forms\nAs you mount the hidden tide and travel\nBack home.\n\nAll the hemispheres in heaven\nAre sitting around a fire\nChatting\n\nWhile stitching themselves together\nInto the Great Circle inside of\nYou."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rainer Maria Rilke", "text": "Center of all centers, core of cores,\nalmond self-enclosed, and growing sweet--\nall this universe, to the furthest stars\nall beyond them, is your flesh, your fruit.\n\nNow you feel how nothing clings to you;\nyour vast shell reaches into endless space,\nand there the rich, thick fluids rise and flow.\nIlluminated in your infinite peace,\n\na billion stars go spinning through the night,\nblazing high above your head.\nBut in you is the presence that\nwill be, when all the stars are dead."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "What does it mean to have integrity? It means many things, of course, but one criterion is to avoid behavior that readily leads to shame or remorse. The ethical terrain here extends well beyond the question of honesty \u2014 but to truly have integrity, we must not feel the need to lie about our personal lives.\nTo lie is to erect a boundary between the truth we are living and the perception others have of us. The temptation to do this is often born of an understanding that others will disapprove of our behavior. Often, there are good reasons why they would.\n\nLying is, almost by definition, a refusal to cooperate with others. It condenses a lack of trust and trustworthiness into a single act. It is both a failure of understanding and an unwillingness to be understood. To lie is to recoil from relationship."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Sam Harriss", "text": "At least one study suggests that 10 percent of communication between spouses is deceptive. Another has found that 38 percent of encounters among college students contain lies. However, researchers have discovered that even liars rate their deceptive interactions as less pleasant than truthful ones. This is not terribly surprising: We know that trust is deeply rewarding and that deception and suspicion are two sides of the same coin. Research suggests that all forms of lying \u2014 including white lies meant to spare the feelings of others \u2014 are associated with poorer-quality relationships."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Susan Sontag", "text": "Ordinary language is an accretion of lies. The language of literature must be, therefore, the language of transgression, a rupture of individual systems, a shattering of psychic oppression."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kant", "text": "Nonage [immaturity] is the inability to use one\u2019s own understanding without another\u2019s guidance. This nonage is self-imposed if its cause lies not in lack of understanding but in indecision and lack of courage to use one\u2019s own mind without another\u2019s guidance. Dare to know! (Sapere aude.) \u2018Have the courage to use your own understanding,\u2019 is therefore the motto of the Enlightenment."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "John Searle", "text": "If you can\u2019t say it clearly, you don\u2019t understand it yourself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Poets have never used the word balance, for good reason. First of all, it is too obvious and therefore untrustworthy; it is also a deadly boring concept and seems to speak as much to being stuck and immovable, as much as to harmony. There is also the sense of unbalancing that must take place in order to push a person into a new and larger set of circumstances."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "THE JOURNEY\nAbove the mountains\nthe geese turn into\nthe light again\nPainting their\nblack silhouettes\non an open sky.\nSometimes everything\nhas to be\ninscribed across\nthe heavens\nso you can find\nthe one line\nalready written\ninside you.\nSometimes it takes\na great sky\nto find that\nfirst, bright\nand indescribable\nwedge of freedom\nin your own heart.\nSometimes with\nthe bones of the black\nsticks left when the fire\nhas gone out\nsomeone has written\nsomething new\nin the ashes of your life.\nYou are not leaving.\nEven as the light fades quickly now,\nyou are arriving."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "One of the difficulties of leaving a relationship is not so much, at the end, leaving the person themselves \u2014 because, by that time, you\u2019re ready to go; what\u2019s difficult is leaving the dreams that you shared together. And you know that somehow \u2014 no matter who you meet in your life in the future, and no matter what species of happiness you would share with them \u2014 you will never, ever share those particular dreams again, with that particular tonality and coloration. And so there\u2019s a lovely and powerful form of grief there that is the ultimate of giving away but making space for another form of reimagination."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "no matter the medicinal virtues of being a true friend or sustaining a long close relationship with another, the ultimate touchstone of friendship is not improvement, neither of the other nor of the self, the ultimate touchstone is witness, the privilege of having been seen by someone and the equal privilege of being granted the sight of the essence of another, to have walked with them and to have believed in them, and sometimes just to have accompanied them for however brief a span, on a journey impossible to accomplish alone."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "all friendships of any length are based on a continued, mutual forgiveness"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "FRIENDSHIP is a mirror to presence and a testament to forgiveness. Friendship not only helps us see ourselves through another\u2019s eyes, but can be sustained over the years only with someone who has repeatedly forgiven us for our trespasses as we must find it in ourselves to forgive them in turn. A friend knows our difficulties and shadows and remains in sight, a companion to our vulnerabilities more than our triumphs, when we are under the strange illusion we do not need them. An undercurrent of real friendship is a blessing exactly because its elemental form is rediscovered again and again through understanding and mercy. All friendships of any length are based on a continued, mutual forgiveness. Without tolerance and mercy all friendships die."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "FORGIVENESS is a heartache and difficult to achieve because strangely, it not only refuses to eliminate the original wound, but actually draws us closer to its source. To approach forgiveness is to close in on the nature of the hurt itself, the only remedy being, as we approach its raw center, to reimagine our relation to it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "UNREQUITED love is the love human beings experience most of the time. The very need to be fully requited may be to turn from the possibilities of love itself. Men and women have always had difficulty with the way a love returned hardly ever resembles a love given, but unrequited love may be the form that love mostly takes; for what affection is ever returned over time in the same measure or quality with which it is given? \u2026 And whom could we know so well and so intimately through all the twists and turns of a given life that we could show them exactly, the continuous and appropriate form of affection they need?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "David Whyte", "text": "Love may be sanctified and ennobled by its commitment to the unconditional horizon of perfection, but what makes love real in the human world seems to be our moving, struggling conversation with that wanted horizon rather than any possibility of arrival. The hope for, or the declaration of a purely spiritual, unconditional love is more often a coded desire for immunity and safety, an attempt to forgo the trials of vulnerability, powerlessness and the exquisite pain to which we apprentice ourselves in a relationship, a marriage, in raising children, in a work we love and desire.\n\nThe hope for unconditional love is the hope for a different life than the one we have been given. Love is the conversation between possible, searing disappointment and a profoundly imagined sense of arrival and fulfillment; how we shape that conversation is the touchstone of our ability to love in the real inhabited world. The true signature and perhaps even the miracle of human love is helplessness, and all the more miraculous because it is a helplessness which we wittingly or unwittingly choose; in our love of a child, a partner, a work, or a road we have to take against the odds."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Emerson", "text": "I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Emerson", "text": "There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, but diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak truth as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins\u2026 We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anne Lamont", "text": "In the course of the years a close friendship will always reveal the shadow in the other as much as ourselves, to remain friends we must know the other and their difficulties and even their sins and encourage the best in them, not through critique but through addressing the better part of them, the leading creative edge of their incarnation, thus subtly discouraging what makes them smaller, less generous, less of themselves."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brene brown", "text": "The truth is, rarely can a response make something better \u2014 what makes something better is connection."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Martha Nussbaum", "text": "Our emotional life maps our incompleteness: A creature without any needs would never have reasons for fear, or grief, or hope, or anger."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Maria popova", "text": "To forgive is to assume a larger identity than the person who was first hurt."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Albert Einstein", "text": "there are 2 ways to live life: as if nothing is a miracle, or as if everything is a miracle"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "When death comes\nlike the hungry bear in autumn;\nwhen death comes and takes all the bright coins from his purse to buy me,\nand snaps the purse shut;\nwhen death comes\nlike the measle-pox\nwhen death comes\nlike an iceberg between the shoulder blades,\nI want to step through the door full of curiosity, wondering: what is it going to be like, that cottage of darkness?\n\nAnd therefore I look upon everything\nas a brotherhood and a sisterhood,\nand I look upon time as no more than an idea,\nand I consider eternity as another possibility,\nand I think of each life as a flower, as common\nas a field daisy, and as singular,\nand each name a comfortable music in the mouth,\ntending, as all music does, toward silence,\nand each body a lion of courage, and something\nprecious to the earth.\n\nWhen it's over, I want to say all my life\nI was a bride married to amazement.\nI was the bridegroom, taking the world into my arms.\nWhen it's over, I don't want to wonder\nif I have made of my life something particular, and real.\nI don't want to find myself sighing and frightened,\nor full of argument.\nI don't want to end up simply having visited this world"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rilke", "text": "God speaks to each of us as he makes us,\nthen walks with us silently out of the night.\nThese are the words we dimly hear:\nYou, sent out beyond your recall,\ngo to the limits of your longing.\nEmbody me.\nFlare up like a flame\nand make big shadows I can move in.\n\nLet everything happen to you: beauty and terror.\nJust keep going. No feeling is final.\nDon\u2019t let yourself lose me.\nNearby is the country they call life.\nYou will know it by its seriousness.\nGive me your hand."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rainer Maria Rilke", "text": "Therefore, dear Sir, love your solitude and try to sing out with the pain it causes you. For those who are near you are far away... and this shows that the space around you is beginning to grow vast.... be happy about your growth, in which of course you can't take anyone with you, and be gentle with those who stay behind; be confident and calm in front of them and don't torment them with your doubts and don't frighten them with your faith or joy, which they wouldn't be able to comprehend. Seek out some simple and true feeling of what you have in common with them, which doesn't necessarily have to alter when you yourself change again and again; when you see them, love life in a form that is not your own and be indulgent toward those who are growing old, who are afraid of the aloneness that you trust.... and don't expect any understanding; but believe in a love that is being stored up for you like an inheritance, and have faith that in this love there is a strength and a blessing so large that you can travel as far as you wish without having to step outside it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rilke", "text": "It is not inertia alone that is responsible for human relationships repeating themselves from case to case, indescribably monotonous and unrenewed: it is shyness before any sort of new, unforeseeable experience with which one does not think oneself able to cope. But only someone who is ready for everything, who excludes nothing, not even the most enigmatical will live the relation to another as something alive."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Saul Alinksy", "text": "...those who are at war with the present have an eye for the seeds of change and the potentialities of small beginnings.\n\n\u201cLest we forget at least an over the shoulder acknowledgment to the very first radical: from all our legends, mythology and history (and who is to know where mythology leaves off and history begins - or which is which), the very first radical known to man who rebelled against the establishment and did it so effectively that he at least won his own kingdom - Lucifer.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Macaulay", "text": "If men are to wait for liberty till they become good and wise in slavery, they may indeed wait forever."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Eric Hoffer", "text": "A grievance is most poignant when almost redressed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Warsan Shire", "text": "Give your daughters difficult names. \nGive your daughters names that command the full use of tongue. \nMy name makes you want to tell me the truth. \nMy name doesn\u2019t allow me to trust anyone that cannot pronounce it right."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "General Dwight D. Eisenhower", "text": "In preparing for battle, I have always found that plans are useless, but planning is indispensable."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "The greatest problems of life are not meant to be solved, they are meant to be outgrown."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "We are not what happened to us, we are what we choose to become."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "The sole purpose of human existence is to kindle a light in the darkness of mere being."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "Where love rules, there is no will to power. Where power predominates, love is lacking."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "A man who has not passed through the inferno of his passions has never overcome them."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "What you resist, persists."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "The most terrifying thing is to accept oneself completely."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "You do not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "Shame is a soul eating emotion."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "The best political, social, and spiritual work you can do is to withdraw the projection of your shadow onto others."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "Theologians fail to see that it is not a matter of proving the existence of the light, but of blind people who do not know that their eyes could see."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jung", "text": "No tree, it is said, can grow to heaven unless its roots reach down to hell."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Chin'gak Hyesim", "text": "I have longed for the \nSchool of the Void,\nTo learn with my mind of ashes\nTo sit in Son.\nFame is fragile \nAs a clay rice-cake steamer\nEven after success,\nThe effort for fame \nHas been in vain.\nRiches and honors,\nSought uselessly\nThe poor also have this affliction.\nI have left my village home\nAnd sleep calmly under pines."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Louise Erdrich", "text": "Life will break you. Nobody can protect you from that, and living alone won't either, for solitude will also break you with its yearning. You have to love. You have to feel. It is the reason you are here on earth. You are here to risk your heart. You are here to be swallowed up. And when it happens that you are broken, or betrayed, or left, or hurt, or death brushes near, let yourself sit by an apple tree and listen to the apples falling all around you in heaps, wasting their sweetness. Tell yourself you tasted as many as you could."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Dogen", "text": "The second awakening is to know how much is enough. Even if you already have something, you set a limit for yourself for using it. So you should know how much is enough."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hopi Elders", "text": "You have been telling people that this is the Eleventh Hour, now you must go back and tell the people that this is the Hour. And there are things to be considered\u2026\n\nWhere are you living?\nWhat are you doing?\nWhat are your relationships?\nAre you in right relation?\nWhere is your water?\n\nKnow your garden.\nIt is time to speak your truth.\nCreate your community.\nBe good to each other.\nAnd do not look outside yourself for your leader.\n\nThis could be a good time! There is a river flowing now very fast. It is so great and swift that there are those who will be afraid. They will try to hold on to the shore. They will feel they are being torn apart and will suffer greatly. Know the river has its destination. The elders say we must let go of the shore, push off into the middle of the river, keep our eyes open, and our heads above the water.\n\nAnd I say, see who is in there with you and celebrate. At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally, least of all ourselves. For the moment that we do, our spiritual growth and journey come to a halt.\n\nThe time of the lone wolf is over. Gather yourselves! Banish the word \u2019struggle\u2019 from your attitude and your vocabulary. All that we do now must be done in a sacred manner and in celebration.\n\nWe are the ones we\u2019ve been waiting for."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "If anyone asks you \nhow the perfect satisfaction \nof all our sexual wanting \nwill look, lift your face \nand say, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. \n\nWhen someone mentions the gracefulness \nof the night sky, climb up on the roof \nand dance and say, \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this? \n\nIf anyone wants to know what \"spirit\" is, \nor what \"God's fragrance\" means, \nlean your head toward him or her. \nKeep your face close. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. \n\nWhen someone quotes the old poetic image \nabout clouds gradually uncovering the moon, \nslowly loosen knot by knot the strings \nof your robe. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this? \n\nIf anyone wonders how Jesus raised the dead, \ndon't try to explain the miracle. \nKiss me on the lips. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. Like this. \n\nWhen someone asks what it means \nto \"die for love,\" point \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0here. \n\nIf someone asks how tall I am, frown \nand measure with your fingers the space \nbetween the creases on your forehead. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0This tall. \n\nThe soul sometimes leaves the body, then returns. \nWhen someone doesn't believe that, \nwalk back into my house. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. \n\nWhen lovers moan, \nthey're telling our story. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. \n\nI am a sky where spirits live. \nStare into this deepening blue, \nwhile the breeze says a secret. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. J\n\nWhen someone asks what there is to do, \nlight the candle in his hand. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. \n\nHow did Joseph's scent come to Jacob? \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Huuuu. \n\nHow did Jacob's sight return? \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Huuuuu. \n\nA little wind cleans the eyes. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this. \n\nWhen Shams comes back from Tabriz, \nhe'll put just his head around the edge \nof the door to surprise us. \n\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0\u00a0Like this."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Elizabeth Gilbert", "text": "I AM WILLING\nDear Ones:\nSix months ago this week, Rayya died.\nPeople keep asking me how I\u2019m doing, and I\u2019m not always sure how to answer that. It depends on the day. It depends on the minute. Right this moment, I\u2019m OK. Yesterday, not so good. Tomorrow, we\u2019ll see.\nHere is what I have learned about Grief, though.\nI have learned that Grief is a force of energy that cannot be controlled or predicted. It comes and goes on its own schedule. Grief does not obey your plans, or your wishes. Grief will do whatever it wants to you, whenever it wants to. In that regard, Grief has a lot in common with Love.\nThe only way that I can \u201chandle\u201d Grief, then, is the same way that I \u201chandle\u201d Love \u2014 by not \u201chandling\u201d it. By bowing down before its power, in complete humility.\nWhen Grief comes to visit me, it\u2019s like being visited by a tsunami. I am given just enough warning to say, \u201cOh my god, this is happening RIGHT NOW,\u201d and then I drop to the floor on my knees and let it rock me. It\u2019s a full-body experience. To resist it is to be brutalized by it. You just bow down \u2014 that\u2019s all you CAN do \u2014 and you let this thing roll through your heart and body and mind, in all its vehemence.\nHow do you survive the tsunami of Grief?\nBy being willing to experience it, without resistance. By being willing to feel everything. By being willing to accept the unacceptable.\nThe conversation of Grief, then, is one of prayer-and-response.\nGrief says to me: \u201cYou will never love anyone the way you loved Rayya.\u201d\nAnd I reply: \u201cI am willing for that to be true.\u201d\nGrief says: \u201cShe\u2019s gone, and she\u2019s never coming back.\u201d\nI reply: \u201cI am willing for that to be true.\u201d\nGrief says: \u201cYou will never see her walk in the door again.\u201d\nI say: \u201cI am willing.\u201d\nGrief says: \u201cYou will never have access to her wisdom again.\u201d\nI say: \u201cI am willing.\u201d\nGrief says: \u201cYou will never hear that laugh again.\u201d\nI say: \u201cI am willing.\u201d\nGrief says, \u201cYou will never smell her skin again.\u201d\nI get down on the floor on my fucking knees, and \u2014 and through my sheets of tears \u2014 I say, \u201cI AM WILLING.\u201d\nI am beginning to understand that Grief is not the same thing as Depression. Depression is unwilling. Grief is a MOVEMENT \u2014 catastrophic and mighty \u2014 that you ALLOW to rock you and spin you. Depression is refusal to feel. Depression is a refusal to move, or to be moved. Depression is resistance, and resistance is futile.\nI am not depressed, in the wake of Rayya\u2019s death. I am DESTROYED, but I am not depressed \u2014 but that\u2019s only because I am willing to be destroyed.\nI will live on, because I am WILLING. I am willing to take this life on God\u2019s terms, not mine.\nLove\u2019s terms, not mine.\nGrief\u2019s terms, not mine.\nI am willing to surrender to the reality that I will never understand any of this. I am even willing to accept that I may not ever fully heal from the loss of Rayya.\nGrief says: \u201cYou may never recover from this\u201d\nAnd I say: \u201cI am willing.\u201d\nThis is the job of the living \u2014 to be willing to bow down before EVERYTHING that is bigger than you. And nearly everything in this world is bigger than you. Let your willingness be the only big thing about you.\nMy friend Martha Beck officiated the commitment ceremony last year for me and Rayya. I will never forget what she said on that day: \u201cTrue love always liberates the beloved.\u201d\nSix months ago, I had to let Rayya go. It wasn\u2019t up to me. It was brutal, and I was willing. I bowed down and wept. God\u2019s will, not mine. But Rayya belonged to God before she belonged to me. She NEVER belonged to me, actually; I just loved her. And true love always liberates the beloved.\nI am willing.\nTwo days ago \u2014 on the six month anniversary of Rayya\u2019s death \u2014 Martha wrote me a letter. She said, \u201cThe spark of absolutely unique, inimitable energy that showed up as Rayya is no longer in form. I can\u2019t wrap my head around it. What is she doing now? What is she BEING now? Death is every bit as common as life, and both utterly baffle me.\u201d\nMe, too. I am completely fucking baffled. I don\u2019t understand Life any more than I understand Love or Death or Grief.\nBut I am willing to be here for the duration of the mystery. I am willing to be rocked by every last tsunami.\nI don\u2019t know what Rayya is doing or being now. That is not for me to know. I only know that I will love her forever. And I know what I am doing and what I am being:\nI am willing.\nOnward,\n\nElizabeth Gilbert"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Cor\" is the Latin word for heart. And courage is to speak one's mind by telling all one's heart\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pablo Neruda", "text": "Green was the silence, wet was the light, the month of June trembled like a butterfly."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Messenger\n\nMy work is loving the world.\nHere the sunflowers, there the hummingbird\u2014\nequal seekers of sweetness.\nHere the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.\nHere the clam deep in the speckled sand.\n\nAre my boots old? Is my coat torn?\nAm I no longer young, and still not half-perfect? \nLet me keep my mind on what matters,\nwhich is my work,\n\nwhich is mostly standing still and learning to be astonished.\nThe phoebe, the delphinium.\nThe sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.\nWhich is mostly rejoicing, since all the ingredients are here,\n\nwhich is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart\nand these body-clothes,\na mouth with which to give shouts of joy to the moth and the wren, \nto the sleepy dug-up clam, \ntelling them all, over and over, how it is \nthat we live forever."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Joan Didion", "text": "I have already lost touch with a couple of the people I used to be."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Emerson", "text": "God will not have his work manifest by cowards."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "the wounds have changed me. i am so soft with scars my skin breathes and beats stars."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "i want more \u2018men\u2019 with flowers falling from th in eir skin. more water in their eyes. more tremble in their bodies. more women in their hearts than on their hands. more softness in their height. more honesty in their voice. more wonder. more humility in their feet. \u2013 less"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "can we speak in flowers. it will be easier for me to understand. \u2013 other language"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "If you are softer\nThan before \nthey came\nYou \nhave been loved."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "It is being honest\nAbout my \npain\nThat makes me\nInvincible."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "I love myself\nThe quietest.\nsimplest.\nMost\nPowerful.\nRevolution\never."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "i don't pay attention to the\nworld ending.\nit has ended for me\nmany times\nand began again in the morning."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nayyirah Waheed", "text": "i walk into \na poem.\nand walk out someone else."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Thoreau", "text": "There is the calmness of the lake when there is not a breath of wind. . . . So it is with us. Sometimes we are clarified and calmed healthily, as we never were before in our lives, not by an opiate, but by some unconscious obedience to the all-just laws, so that we become like a still lake of purest crystal and without an effort our depths are revealed to ourselves. All the world goes by us and is reflected in our deeps."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "Whether you like it or not, whether you know it or not, secretly Nature seeks and hunts and tries to ferret out the track in which God may be found."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Li Po", "text": "Written at Yuan Tan-ch\u2019ui\u2019s Mountain Retreat\n\nAn old friend who lives on Tung Mountain\nLoves the beauty of valleys and hills.\nIn green spring, he rests in empty woods\nAnd sleeps though the sun is high.\nPine wind rustles his collar and sleeve;\nThe deep, rocked pool cleanses heart and ear.\nI envy this man who suffers no delusions,\nHis high pillow wreathed by green clouds."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bunan", "text": "The moon's the same old moon,\nThe flowers exactly as they were,\nYet I've become the thingness\nOf all the things I see!"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Every year\nthe lilies\nare so perfect\nI can hardly believe\n\ntheir lapped light crowding\nthe black,\nmid-summer ponds.\nNobody could count all of them --\n\nthe muskrats swimming\namong the pads and the grasses\ncan reach out\ntheir muscular arms and touch\n\nonly so many, they are that\nrife and wild.\nBut what in this world\nis perfect?\n\nI bend closer and see\nhow this one is clearly lopsided --\nand that one wears an orange blight --\nand this one is a glossy cheek\n\nhalf nibbled away --\nand that one is a slumped purse\nfull of its own\nunstoppable decay.\n\nStill, what I want in my life\nis to be willing\nto be dazzled --\nto cast aside the weight of facts\n\nand maybe even\nto float a little\nabove this difficult world.\nI want to believe I am looking\n\ninto the white fire of a great mystery.\nI want to believe that the imperfections are nothing --\nthat the light is everything -- that it is more than the sum\nof each flawed blossom rising and fading\nAnd I do."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Thomas Merton", "text": "I don't think I have ever seen a day like yesterday, and I am still dazzled by a dazzle that comes at me from all sides and from a source that I am not used to."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "A white flower grows in the quietness. Let your tongue become that flower."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Sell your cleverness and buy bewilderment."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Every child has known God,\nNot the God of names,\nNot the God of don'ts,\nNot the God who ever does anything weird,\nBut the God who knows only 4 words.\nAnd keeps repeating them, saying \n\"Come dance with Me... Come dance.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Marcel Proust", "text": "The only true voyage of discovery, the only fountain of Eternal Youth, would be not to visit strange lands but to possess other eyes, to behold the universe through the eyes of another, of a hundred others, to behold the hundred universes that each of them beholds, that each of them is\n\n“The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "kabir", "text": "Do not go to the garden of flowers o Friend! go not there; \nIn your body is the garden of flowers. \nTake your seat on the thousand petals of the lotus, \nand there gaze on the Infinite Beauty."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jami Epitaph", "text": "When your face is hidden from me, like the moon hidden on a dark night, I shed stars of tears and yet my night remains dark in spite of all those shining stars."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jami", "text": "I never saw a lamp shine more brilliantly\nthan the lamp of silence."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sohrab Sepeheri", "text": "I don't know why they say\nthe horse is a noble animal\nand the dove is beautiful\nand why no one keeps a vulture.\nWhy is the clover inferior to the red tulip?\nWe need to wash our eyes\nand view things differently.\nWe should wash our words\nWords should be wind\nWords should be rain\nWe should close the umbrellas\nAnd walk in the rain."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Bianca Sparacino", "text": "Happiness turned to me and said -- \n'It is time. It is time to forgive yourself for all of the things that you did not become. \nIt is time to exonerate yourself for all the people you couldn't save, \nfor all the fragile hearts you fumbled with in the dark of your confusion.\n\nIt is time, child, to accept that you don't have to be who you were a year ago,\n that you don't have to want the same things. \n\nAbove all else, \nit is time to believe,\nwith reckless abandon, \nthat you are worthy of me, \nfor I have been waiting for years."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Envision the train station you want to build, imagine it in perfection, and as you build it, know imperfections will arise, but you\u2019ll still create this station that is yours. and is beautiful"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "What binds souls together and creates harmony is the ability to empathize over pain and yet still decid you will choose joy."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Murakami", "text": "Sometimes when I look at you, I feel I'm gazing at a distant star. It's dazzling, but the light is from tens of thousands of years ago. Maybe the star doesn't even exist anymore. Yet sometimes that light seems more real to me than anything."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Zanning", "text": "In the spacious temple,\nThe back door's not barred at night.\nHalf a gatha composed beside the stream,\nA remaining sutra read beneath the moon.\nThough I pursued the mundane dust,\nI came awake at last.\nThose who do not know this truth\nMust labor in lifelong toil."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Antonio Machado", "text": "Last night as I was sleeping I dreamt a marvellous vision\nthat there was a beehive here in my heart.\nAnd the en bees were making white combs\nand sweet honey from my old failures."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Delusion is a divine curse\nthat makes someone envious, conceited, malicious,\nso that he doesn't know the evil he does\nwill strike him back.\n\nIf he could see his nothingness\nand his deadly, festering wound,\npain would arise from looking within,\nand that pain would save him."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "William Blake", "text": "The Tyger -- William Blake \n\nTyger Tyger, burning bright, \nIn the forests of the night; \nWhat immortal hand or eye, \nCould frame thy fearful symmetry? \n\nIn what distant deeps or skies. \nBurnt the fire of thine eyes? \nOn what wings dare he aspire? \nWhat the hand, dare seize the fire? \n\nAnd what shoulder, & what art, \nCould twist the sinews of thy heart? \nAnd when thy heart began to beat, \nWhat dread hand? & what dread feet? \n\nWhat the hammer? what the chain, \nIn what furnace was thy brain? \nWhat the anvil? what dread grasp, \nDare its deadly terrors clasp! \n\nWhen the stars threw down their spears \nAnd water'd heaven with their tears: \nDid he smile his work to see? \nDid he who made the Lamb make thee? \n\nTyger Tyger burning bright, \nIn the forests of the night: \nWhat immortal hand or eye, \nDare frame thy fearful symmetry?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "William Stafford", "text": "If you don't know the kind of person I am \nand I don't know the kind of person you are \na pattern that others made may prevail in the world \nand following the wrong god home we may miss our star.\n\nFor there is many a small betrayal in the mind, \na shrug that lets the fragile sequence break \nsending with shouts the horrible errors of childhood \nstorming out to play through the broken dike.\n\nAnd as elephants parade holding each elephant's tail, \nbut if one wanders the circus won't find the park, \nI call it cruel and maybe the root of all cruelty \nto know what occurs but not recognize the fact.\n\nAnd so I appeal to a voice, to something shadowy, \na remote important region in all who talk: \nthough we could fool each other, we should consider\u2014\nlest the parade of our mutual life get lost in the dark.\n\nFor it is important that awake people be awake,\nor a breaking line may discourage them back to sleep; \nthe signals we give\n\u00a0\u2014 yes or no, or maybe \u2014\nshould be clear: \nthe darkness around us is deep."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "How do I Listen to others? As if everyone were my Master Speaking to me His Cherished Last Words"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Define and narrow me, you starve yourself of yourself..."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "A thousand times I have ascertained and \nfound it to be true: \n\nThe affairs of this world are really nothing \ninto nothing. \n\nStill though, we should dance."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "One night a man was crying,\nAllah! Allah!\nHis lips grew sweet with the praising,\nuntil a cynic said,\n\"So! I have heard you\ncalling out, but have you ever\ngotten any response?\"\n\nThe man had no answer to that.\nHe quit praying and fell into a confused sleep.\n\nHe dreamed he saw Khidr, the guide of souls,\nin a thick, green foliage.\n\"Why did you stop praising?\"\n\"Because I've never heard anything back.\"\n\"This longing\nyou express is the return message.\"\n\nThe grief you cry out from\ndraws you toward union.\n\nYour pure sadness\nthat wants help\nis the secret cup.\n\nListen to the moan of a dog for its master.\nThat whining is the connection.\n\nThere are love dogs\nno one knows the names of.\n\nGive your life\nto be one of them."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Neruda", "text": "\u2026And let me talk to you with your silence\nthat is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.\nYou are like the night, with its stillness and constellations\u2026"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Day and night I guarded the pearl of my soul. Now in this ocean of pearling currents, I've lost track of which is mine"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Last night the moon came dropping its clothes in the street.\nI took it as a sign to start singing,\nfalling up into the bowl of sky.\nThe bowl breaks. Everywhere is falling everywhere.\nNothing else to do.\n\nHere\u2019s the new rule: break the wineglass,\nand fall toward the glassblower\u2019s breath."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "I saw you and became empty.\nThis emptiness, more beautiful than existence,\nit obliterates existence, and yet when it comes,\nexistence thrives and creates more existence!"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "If they be two, they are two so \n\u00a0\u00a0As stiff twin compasses are two; \nThy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show \n\u00a0\u00a0To move, but doth, if the other do.\n\nAnd though it in the center sit, \n\u00a0\u00a0Yet when the other far doth roam, \nIt leans and hearkens after it, \n\u00a0\u00a0And grows erect, as that comes home.\n\nSuch wilt thou be to me, who must, \n\u00a0\u00a0Like th' other foot, obliquely run; \nThy firmness makes my circle just, \n\u00a0\u00a0And makes me end where I begun."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Adrienne Rich", "text": "An honorable human relationship \u2014 that is, one in which two people have the right to use the word \u201clove\u201d \u2014 is a process, delicate, violent, often terrifying to both persons involved, a process of refining the truths they can tell each other.\n\nIt is important to do this because it breaks down human self-delusion and isolation.\n\nIt is important to do this because in doing so we do justice to our own complexity.\n\nIt is important to do this because we can count on so few people to go that hard way with us.\n\nIt isn\u2019t that to have an honorable relationship with you, I have to understand everything, or tell you everything at once, or that I can know, beforehand, everything I need to tell you.\n\nIt means that most of the time I am eager, longing for the possibility of telling you. That these possibilities may seem frightening, but not destructive, to me. That I feel strong enough to hear your tentative and groping words. That we both know we are trying, all the time, to extend the possibilities of truth between us.\n\nThe possibility of life between us."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Adrienne Rich", "text": "The liar lives in fear of losing control. She cannot even desire a relationship without manipulation, since to be vulnerable to another person means for her the loss of control.\nThe liar has many friends, and leads an existence of great loneliness.\nLying is done with words, and also with silence.\n\nThis is why the effort to speak honestly is so important. Lies are usually attempts to make everything simpler \u2014 for the liar \u2014 than it really is, or ought to be.\n\nIn lying to others we end up lying to ourselves. We deny the importance of an event, or a person, and thus deprive ourselves of a part of our lives. Or we use one piece of the past or present to screen out another. Thus we lose faith even within our own lives.\n\nThe unconscious wants truth, as the body does. The complexity and fecundity of dreams come from the complexity and fecundity of the unconscious struggling to fulfill that desire.\n\nThe possibilities that exist between two people, or among a group of people, are a kind of alchemy. They are the most interesting thing in life. The liar is someone who keeps losing sight of these possibilities.\n\nWhen relationships are determined by manipulation, by the need for control, they may possess a dreary, bickering kind of drama, but they cease to be interesting. They are repetitious; the shock of human possibilities has ceased to reverberate through them."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pablo Neruda", "text": "Tantos d\u00edas, ay tantos d\u00edas\nvi\u00e9ndote tan firme y tan cerca,\n\u00bfcomo lo pago, con que pago?\n\nLa primavera sanguinaria\nde los bosques se despert\u00f3,\nsalen los zorros de sus cuevas,\nlas serpientes beben roc\u00edo,\ny yo voy contigo en las hojas,\nentre los pinos y el silencio,\ny me pregunto si esta dicha\ndebo pagarla como y cuando.\n\nDe todas las cosas que he visto\na ti quiero seguir viendo,\nde todo lo que he tocado,\nsolo tu piel quiere ir tocando:\namo tu risa de naranja,\nme gustas cuando estas dormida.\n\nQue voy a hacerle, amor, amada,\nno se como quieren los otros,\nno se como se amaron antes,\nyo vivo vi\u00e9ndote y am\u00e1ndote,\nnaturalmente enamorado.\n\nMe gustas cada tarde m\u00e1s.\nDonde estar\u00e1? Voy preguntando\nsi tus ojos desaparecen.\n\u00a1Cu\u00e1nto tarda! Pienso y me ofendo.\nMe siento pobre, tonto y triste,\ny llegas y eres una r\u00e1faga\nque vuela desde los duraznos.\n\nPor eso te amo y no por eso,\npor tantas cosas y tan pocas,\ny as\u00ed debe ser el amor\nentrecerrado y general,\nparticular y pavoroso,\nembanderado y enlutado,\nflorido como las estrellas\ny sin medida como un beso."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pablo Neruda", "text": "So many days, oh so many days\nseeing you so tangible and so close,\nhow do I pay, with what do I pay?\n\nThe bloodthirsty spring\nhas awakened in the woods.\nThe foxes start from their earths,\nthe serpents drink the dew,\nand I go with you in the leaves\nbetween the pines and the silence,\nasking myself how and when\nI will have to pay for my luck.\n\nOf everything I have seen,\nit's you I want to go on seeing:\nof everything I've touched,\nit's your flesh I want to go on touching.\nI love your orange laughter.\nI am moved by the sight of you sleeping.\n\nWhat am I to do, love, loved one?\nI don't know how others love\nor how people loved in the past.\nI live, watching you, loving you.\nBeing in love is my nature.\n\nYou please me more each afternoon.\n\nWhere is she? I keep on asking\nif your eyes disappear.\nHow long she's taking! I think, and I'm hurt.\nI feel poor, foolish and sad,\nand you arrive and you are lightning\nglancing off the peach trees.\nThat\u2019s why I love you and yet not why.\nThere are so many reasons, and yet so few,\nfor love has to be so,\ninvolving and general,\nparticular and terrifying,\njoyful and grieving,\nflowering like the stars,\nand measureless as a kiss."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Wilcox", "text": "I love your lips when they\u2019re wet with wine\nAnd red with a wild desire;\nI love your eyes when the lovelight lies\nLit with a passionate fire.\nI love your arms when the warm white flesh\nTouches mine in a fond embrace;\nI love your hair when the strands enmesh\nYour kisses against my face.\n\nNot for me the cold, calm kiss\nOf a virgin\u2019s bloodless love;\nNot for me the saint\u2019s white bliss,\nNor the heart of a spotless dove.\nBut give me the love that so freely gives\nAnd laughs at the whole world\u2019s blame,\nWith your body so young and warm in my arms,\nIt sets my poor heart aflame.\n\nSo kiss me sweet with your warm wet mouth,\nStill fragrant with ruby wine,\nAnd say with a fervor born of the South\nThat your body and soul are mine.\nClasp me close in your warm young arms,\nWhile the pale stars shine above,\nAnd we\u2019ll live our whole young lives away\nIn the joys of a living love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "Most people don't know there are angels whose only job is to make sure you don't get too comfortable & fall asleep & miss your life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "Time stands still best in moments that look suspiciously like ordinary life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "Anyone can slay a dragon he told me, but try waking up every morning and loving the world all over again. That's what takes a real hero."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "If I love you with all my heart, she said, what will you give me? & then she stopped & said I didn't have to answer that because she was going to do it anyway."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "We sat on the edge of the world \n& you asked me to tell you why \n& though a thousand things came to mind, \nunderneath them all was a quiet voice saying, \nbecause you remind me of everything there is in this world to love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "Someday, the light will shine like a sun through my skin & they will say, What have you done with your life? & though there are many moments I think I will remember, in the end, I will be proud to say, I was one of us."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "I carry you with me into the world, into the smell of rain & the words that dance between people & for me, it will always be this way, walking in the light, remembering being alive together"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "I don\u2019t know who we\u2019ll become in the days ahead, she said. I only know the quiet voice in my heart that says we\u2019ll become it together."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "Hay un momento perfectamente quieto antes del amanecer, cuando el sol se prepara & despu\u00e9s entra en el mundo oscuro & todo se llena de tanta luz que las dudas de esa noche larga apenas son unas memorias. Es la manera de todas las cosas, as\u00ed que la noche termina & la luz regresa. La luz siempre regresa."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "Someone asked me about you the other day & I said something like she is not too tall & her hair is such & such a color. I said that, because how could I tell them you are like the play of sunlight on water, dancing to music we don\u2019t often hear. Or the song of doves, like the soft sounds a woman makes when she is truly kissed. Or the way people smile at each other when there is nothing to hide. How could I tell them you are the way love looks when it walks through this world of ours? How could I say that to them before I spent a lifetime saying that to you?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "It is not what you first think. There is no effort of will, no firm resolve in the face of this thing called living. There is only paying attention to the quiet each morning while you hold your cup in the cool air and then that moment you choose to spread your love like a cloth upon the table and invite the whole day in again."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "this is a story \nof how one plus one \nequals something bigger than you can imagine \nas long as you don\u2019t give up too soon \nbecause you didn\u2019t understand the math."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Brian Andreas", "text": "All the times I imagined the future, \nI never saw you in it, \nso now when someone asks me what I think will happen, \neven about the simplest things, \nI shake my head & say, \nI don\u2019t know for sure, \nbut leave room for something wonderful."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan", "text": "Indeed, the only truly serious questions are ones that even a child can formulate. Only the most naive of questions are truly serious. They are the questions with no answers. A question with no answer is a barrier that cannot be breached. In other words, it is questions with no answers that set the limit of human possibilities, describe the boundaries of human existence."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan", "text": "Human life occurs only once, and the reason we cannot determine which of our decisions are good and which bad is that in a given situation we can make only one decision; we are not granted a second, third, or fourth life in which to compare various decisions."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan", "text": "... characters are not born like people, of woman; they are born of a situation, a sentence, a metaphor containing in a nutshell a basic human possibility that the author thinks no one else has discovered or said something essential about."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan", "text": "The characters in my novels are my own unrealized possibilities. That is why I am equally fond of them all and equally horrified by them. Each one has crossed a border that I myself have circumvented. It is that crossed border (the border beyond which my own \"I\" ends) which attracts me most. For beyond that border begins the secret the novel asks about. This novel is not the author's confession; it is an investigation of human life in the trap the world has become."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan Kundera", "text": "People usually escape from their troubles into the future; they draw an imaginary line across the path of time, a line beyond which their current troubles will cease to exist."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan Kundera", "text": "loves are like empires: when the idea they are founded on crumbles, they, too, fade away."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan Kundera", "text": "In the sunset of dissolution, everything is illuminated by the aura of nostalgia, even the guillotine."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Milan Kundera", "text": "And suddenly Tomas grasped a strange fact: everyone was smiling at him, everyone wanted him to write the retraction; it would make everyone happy! The people with the first type of reaction would be happy because by inflating cowardice, he would make their actions seem commonplace and thereby give them back their lost honor. The people with the second type of reaction, who had come to consider their honor a special privilege never to be yielded, nurtured a secret love for the cowards, for without them their courage would soon erode into a trivial, monotonous grind admired by no one."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mary Oliver", "text": "Keep some room in your heart for the unimaginable"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran", "text": "Seven times have I despised my soul:\nThe first time when I saw her being meek that she might attain height.\nThe second time when I saw her limping before the crippled.\nThe third time when she was given to choose between the hard and the easy, and she chose the easy.\nThe fourth time when she committed a wrong, and comforted herself that others also commit wrong.\nThe fifth time when she forbore for weakness, and attributed her patience to strength.\nThe sixth time when she despised the ugliness of a face, and knew not that it was one of her own masks.\nAnd the seventh time when she sang a song of praise, and deemed it a virtue."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran", "text": "I have learned silence from the talkative, toleration from the intolerant, and kindness from the unkind; yet strange, I am ungrateful to these teachers"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran", "text": "You see but your shadow when you turn your back to the sun."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran", "text": "Anxiety is love\u2019s greatest killer\u2026 It makes others feel as you might when a drowning man holds on to you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "oscar wilde", "text": "she lives the poetry she cannot write"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "rumi", "text": "lovely days dont come to you , \nyou should walk to them"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "With chaste heart, and pure\neyes\nI celebrate you, my beauty,\nrestraining my blood\nso that the line\nsurges and follows\nyour contour,\nand you bed yourself in my verse,\nas in woodland, or wave-spume:\nearth's perfume,\nsea's music.\n\nNakedly beautiful,\nwhether it is your feet, arching\nat a primal touch\nof sound or breeze,\nor your ears,\ntiny spiral shells\nfrom the splendour of America's oceans.\nYour breasts also,\nof equal fullness, overflowing\nwith the living light\nand, yes,\nwinged\nyour eyelids of silken corn\nthat disclose\nor enclose\nthe deep twin landscapes of your eyes.\n\nThe line of your back\nseparating you\nfalls away into paler regions\nthen surges\nto the smooth hemispheres\nof an apple,\nand goes splitting\nyour loveliness\ninto two pillars\nof burnt , pure alabaster,\nto be lost in the twin clusters of your feet,\nfrom which, once more, lifts and takes fire\nthe double tree of your symmetry:\nflower of fire, open circle of candles,\nswollen fruit raised\nover the meeting of earth and ocean.\n\nYour body - from what substances\nagate, quartz, ears of wheat,\ndid it flow, was it gathered,\nrising like bread\nin the warmth,\nand signalling hills\nsilvered,\nvalleys of a single petal, sweetnesses\nof velvet depth,\nuntil the pure, fine, form of woman\nthickened\nand rested there?\n\nIt is not so much light that falls\nover the world\nextended by your body\nits suffocating snow,\nas brightness, pouring itself out of you,\nas if you were\nburning inside.\n\nUnder your skin the moon is alive."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Briana", "text": "The Last Rains of April\n\nWhen the silence of night descended\nAnd sleep fell upon all weary souls\nLonging to dream\nA noise unheard since last the skies were warm\ndawned in the distance\n\nFirst came the thunder\nThen the lightening\nAnd then the rains\nHow they fell through the window\nCool and wet to the touch\nRousing in me dreams of my own\n\nHow I wish that it were you that had awoken me\nLike thunder\nLike lightening\nAnd how I wish that it were I\nThat fell upon thee like rain"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "When I sink my eye into your eyes\n\u00a0I catch a glimpse of a deep dawn\n\u00a0And I see ancient yesterday\n\u00a0And I see what I do not know\n\u00a0And I feel the universe flowing\n\u00a0Between my eye and yours"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "I do not resemble your other lovers, my lady\nshould another give you a cloud\nI give you rain\nShould he give you a lantern, I\nwill give you the moon\nShould he give you a branch\nI will give you the trees\nAnd if another gives you a ship\nI shall give you the journey."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "When a man is in love\nhow can he use old words?\nShould a woman\ndesiring her lover\nlie down with\ngrammarians and linguists?\n\nI said nothing\nto the woman I loved\nbut gathered\nlove's adjectives into a suitcase\nand fled from all languages."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Portia Nelson", "text": "Autobiography In Five Short Chapters\nChapter I\nI walk down the street.\nThere is a deep hole in the sidewalk.\nI fall in.\nI am lost... I am hopeless.\nIt isn't my fault.\nIt takes forever to find a way out. \nChapter II\nI walk down the same street.\nThere is a deep hole in the sidewalk.\nI pretend I don't see it.\nI fall in again.\nI can't believe I am in this same place.\nBut it isn't my fault.\nIt still takes a long time to get out. \n\u00a0Chapter III\nI walk down the same street.\nThere is a deep hole in the sidewalk.\nI see it there.\nI still fall in... it's a habit... but,\nmy eyes are open.\nI know where I am.\nIt is my fault.\nI get out immediately. \n\u00a0Chapter IV\nI walk down the same street.\nThere is a deep hole in the sidewalk.\nI walk around it. \nChapter V\nI walk down another street."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Emerson", "text": "To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Calvin Coolidge", "text": "Nothing in the world can take the place of Persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent. The slogan 'Press On' has solved and always will solve the problems of the human race."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Yasmin Mogahed", "text": "Your life is nothing more than a love story \nbetween you and God. \nEvery person, \nevery gift, \nevery loss, \nevery pain\n is sent on your path, \nfor one reason and one reason only. \nTo bring you back to Him."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Robert Charles Wilson", "text": "There are so many kinds of time. The time by which we measure our lives. Months and years. Or the big time the time that raises mountains and makes stars. Or all the things that happen between one heartbeat and the next. It\u2019s hard to live in all those kinds of time. Easy to forget that you live in all of them."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "TS Elliot", "text": "We shall not cease from exploration\nAnd the end of all\u00a0 our exploring\nWill be to arrive where we started\nAnd know the place for the first time.\n\nThrough the unknown, unremembered gate\nWhen the last of earth left to discover\nIs that which was the beginning;\nAt the source of the longest river\nThe voice of the hidden waterfall\nAnd the children in the apple-tree\nNot known, because not looked for\nBut heard, half-heard, in the stillness\nBetween two waves of the sea.\nQuick now, here, now, always--\nA condition of complete simplicity\n(Costing not less than everything)\nAnd all shall be well and\nAll manner of thing shall be well\nWhen the tongues of flames are in-folded\nInto the crowned knot of fire\nAnd the fire and the rose are one."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The soul has been given its own ears to hear things the mind does not understand."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Saint Teresa of Avila", "text": "To have courage for whatever comes in life - everything lies in that."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "Spirituality is not to be learned by flight from the world, or by running away from things, or by turning solitary and going apart from the world. Rather, we must learn an inner solitude wherever or with whomsoever we may be. We must learn to penetrate things and find God there."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Emerson", "text": "Life consists of what man is thinking about all day."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "William Blake", "text": "The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing that stands in the way. Some see nature as all ridicule and deformity... and some scarcely see nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of imagination, nature is imagination itself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Saint Teresa of Avila", "text": "It is here, my daughters, that love is to be found - not hidden away in corners but in the midst of occasions of sin. And believe me, although we may more often fail and commit small lapses, our gain will be incomparably the greater."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Warsan Shire", "text": "With you, intimacy colours my voice.\neven \u2018hello\u2019 sounds like \u2018come here'."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabindranath Tagore", "text": "Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "The lust for comfort murders the passions of the soul."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Warsan Shire", "text": "The ego hurts you like this: you become obsessed with the one person who does not love you. blind to the rest who do."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Run from what's comfortable.\nForget safety.\nLive where you fear to live.\nDestroy your reputation.\nBe notorious.\nI have tried prudent planning long enough.\nFrom now on I'll be mad."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Azra T.", "text": "I will only let you touch me\nIf your hands are so full of intention\nthat every brush of your palms feels\nlike you're writing a novel on my skin."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "It is wrong to think that love comes from long companionship and persevering courtship. Love is the offspring of spiritual affinity and unless that affinity is created in a moment, it will not be created for years or even generations."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "James Baldwin", "text": "Love takes off the masks we fear we cannot live without and know we cannot live within."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Sufi Saying", "text": "The happiness of the drop is to die in the river."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "With every breath\nI plant the seeds of devotion -\nI am a farmer of the heart."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "if you want to win hearts, sow the seeds of Love. If you want heaven, stop scattering thorns on the road."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "You are what you seek."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "When I say the word you, I mean a hundred universes"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "I want to sing like the birds sing, not worrying about who hears or what they think."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Sufi Saying", "text": "What is forgiveness?\nIt's the fragrance that flowers give when they are crushed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "Doubt is a pain too lonely to know that faith is his twin brother."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "Your hearts know in silence the secrets of the days and the nights."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "Ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "We are all like the bright moon, we still have our darker side."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Give your weakness to one who helps."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Warsan Shire", "text": "...you can't make homes out of human beings, someone should have already told you that..."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Warsan Shire", "text": "Two people who were once very close can without blame or grand betrayal\nbecome strangers. Perhaps this is the saddest thing in the world."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Warsan Shire", "text": "We took such care of tomorrow and died on the way there."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Anyone who knows me, should learn to know me again;\nFor I am like the Moon, you will see me with new face everyday."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "What you seek is seeking you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ana\u00efs Nin", "text": "If you do not breathe through writing, if you do not cry out in writing, or sing in writing, then don't write, because our culture has no use for it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabindranath Tagore", "text": "Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "In the sweetness of friendship let there be laughter,\n\u00a0and sharing of pleasures. \nFor in the dew of little things \nthe heart finds its morning and is refreshed."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "From the beginning of my life I have been looking for your face, \nbut today I have seen it. \nToday I have seen the charm, the beauty, \nthe unfathomable grace of the face that I was looking for. \n\nToday I have found you, and those who laughed and scorned me yesterday\n\u00a0are sorry that they were not looking as I did. \nI am bewildered by the magnificence of your beauty, \nand wish to see you with a hundred eyes. \n\nMy heart has burned with passion \nand has searched forever for this wondrous beauty that I now behold. \nI am ashamed to call this love human, \nand afraid of God to call it divine. \nYour fragrant breath, like the morning breeze, \nhas come to the stillness of the garden. \n\nYou have breathed new life into me. \nI have become your sunshine, and also your shadow. \nMy soul is screaming in ecstasy. \nEvery fiber of my being is in love with you. \nYour effulgence has lit a fire in my heart, \nand you have made radiant for me the earth and sky. \n\nMy arrow of love has arrived at the target. \nI am in the house of mercy, and my heart is a place of prayer."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I wish I could show you when you are lonely or in darkness the astonishing light of your own being."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Young lovers wisely say,\n\n\"Let's try it from this angle,\nMaybe something marvelous will happen,\n\nMaybe three suns and two moons\nWill roll out\nFrom a hiding place in the body\nOur passion has yet to ignite.\"\n\nOld lovers say,\n\"We can do it one more time,\nHow about from this longitude\nAnd latitude -\n\nSwinging from a rope tied to the ceiling,\n\nMaybe a part of God\nIs still hiding in a corner of your heart\nOur devotion has yet to reveal.\"\n\nBottom line:\n\nDo not stop playing\nThese beautiful\nLove\nGames."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Let us be like\nTwo falling stars in the day sky.\n\nLet no one know of our sublime beauty\nAs we hold hands with God\nAnd burn\n\nInto a sacred existence that defies -\nThat surpasses\n\nEvery description of ecstasy\nAnd love."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "A Barroom View of Love\n\nI would not want all my words\nTo parade around this world\nIn pretty costumes,\n\nSo I will tell you something\nOf the Barroom view of Love.\n\nLove is grabbing hold of the Great Lion's mane\nAnd wrestling and rolling deep into Existence\n\nWhile the Beloved gets rough\nAnd begins to maul you alive.\n\nTrue Love, my dear,\nIs putting an ironclad grip upon\n\nThe soft, swollen balls\nOf a Divine Rogue Elephant\n\nAnd\nNot having the good fortune to Die!"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I saw you dancing last night\non the roof of your house\nall alone.\nI felt your heart longing for the Friend.\nI saw you whirling\nbeneath the soft bright rose\nthat hung from an invisible stem in the sky.\nSo I began to change into my best clothes in hopes of joining you,\neven though I live a thousand miles away.\nAnd if you had spun like an immaculate sphere\njust two more times, then bowed again so sweetly to the east,\nyou would have found God and me\nstanding so near\nand lifting you into our arms.\nI saw you dancing last night\nnear the roof of this world"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Everything is clapping today.\nLight,\nSound,\nMotion,\nAll movement.\nA rabbit I pass pulls a cymbal\nFrom a hidden pocket\nThen winks.\nThis causes a few planets and I\nTo go nuts\nAnd start grabbing each other.\nSomeone sees this,\nCalls a\nShrink,\nTries to get me\nCommitted\nFor\nBeing too\nHappy.\nListen: this world is the lunatic\u2019s sphere,\nDon\u2019t always agree it\u2019s real,\nEven with my feet upon it\nAnd the postman knowing my door\nMy address is somewhere else"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Running\nThrough the streets\nScreaming,\n\nThrowing rocks through windows,\nUsing my own head to ring\nGreat bells,\n\nPulling out my hair,\nTearing off my clothes,\n\nTying everything I own\nTo a stick,\nAnd setting it on\nFire.\n\nWhat else can Hafiz do tonight\nTo celebrate the madness,\nThe joy,\n\nOf seeing God\nEverywhere!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Christopher Poindexter", "text": "For a brief moment, \nI swore, \nthe moon fell asleep in your eyes, \nand dreams became the way the light leaked from your eyelids."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "f scott fitzgerald", "text": "They slipped\nbriskly\ninto an intimacy\nfrom which they\nnever recovered."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Birds fly with wings\nI fly without\nI break my cup against a stone \nI tear my shirt and dig for roots\nI rain.\n\nA black tulip mocks my strangeness\nThe one who teaches me is spring\nThat show will open soon. \nOutside, i grieve \nInside, pure laughter"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "alternate names for black boys\n1. smoke above the burning bush\n2. archnemesis of summer night\n3. first son of soil\n4. coal awaiting spark & wind\n5. guilty until proven dead\n6. oil heavy starlight\n7. monster until proven ghost\n8. gone\n9. phoenix who forgets to un-ash\n10. going, going, gone\n11. gods of shovels & black veils\n12. what once passed for kindling\n13. fireworks at dawn\n14. brilliant, shadow hued coral\n15. (I thought to leave this blank\nbut who am I to name us nothing?)\n16. prayer who learned to bite & sprint\n17. a mother\u2019s joy & clutched breath"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Lisa Citore", "text": "If you want to change the world\u2026 love a woman-really love her.\nFind the one who calls to your soul, who doesn\u2019t make sense.\nThrow away your check list and put your ear to her heart and listen.\nHear the names, the prayers, the songs of every living thing-\nevery winged one, every furry and scaled one,\nevery underground and underwater one, every green and flowering one,\nevery not yet born and dying one\u2026\nHear their melancholy praises back to the One who gave them life.\nIf you haven\u2019t heard your own name yet, you haven\u2019t listened long enough.\nIf your eyes aren\u2019t filled with tears, if you aren\u2019t bowing at her feet,\nyou haven\u2019t ever grieved having almost lost her.\n\nIf you want to change the world\u2026 love a woman-one woman\nbeyond yourself, beyond desire and reason,\nbeyond your male preferences for youth, beauty and variety\nand all your superficial concepts of freedom.\nWe have given ourselves so many choices\nwe have forgotten that true liberation\ncomes from standing in the middle of the soul\u2019s fire\nand burning through our resistance to Love.\nThere is only one Goddess.\nLook into Her eyes and see-really see\nif she is the one to bring the axe to your head.\nIf not, walk away. Right now.\nDon\u2019t waste time \u201ctrying.\u201d\nKnow that your decision has nothing to do with her\nbecause ultimately it\u2019s not with who,\nbut when we choose to surrender.\n\nIf you want to change the world\u2026 love a woman.\nLove her for life-beyond your fear of death,\nbeyond your fear of being manipulated\nby the Mother inside your head.\nDon\u2019t tell her you\u2019re willing to die for her.\nSay you\u2019re willing to LIVE with her,\nplant trees with her and watch them grow.\nBe her hero by telling her how beautiful she is in her vulnerable majesty,\nby helping her to remember every day that she IS Goddess\nthrough your adoration and devotion.\n\nIf you want to change the world\u2026 love a woman\nin all her faces, through all her seasons\nand she will heal you of your schizophrenia-\nyour double-mindedness and half-heartedness\nwhich keeps your Spirit and body separate-\nwhich keeps you alone and always looking outside yourself\nfor something to make your life worth living.\nThere will always be another woman.\nSoon the new shiny one will become the old dull one\nand you\u2019ll grow restless again, trading in women like cars,\ntrading in the Goddess for the latest object of your desire.\n\nMan doesn\u2019t need any more choices.\nWhat man needs is Woman, the Way of the Feminine,\nof Patience and Compassion, non-seeking, non-doing,\nof breathing in one place and sinking deep intertwining roots\nstrong enough to hold the Earth together\nwhile she shakes off the cement and steel from her skin.\n\nIf you want to change the world\u2026 love a woman, just one woman .\nLove and protect her as if she is the last holy vessel.\nLove her through her fear of abandonment\nwhich she has been holding for all of humanity.\nNo, the wound is not hers to heal alone.\nNo, she is not weak in her codependence.\n\nIf you want to change the world\u2026 love a woman\nall the way through\nuntil she believes you,\nuntil her instincts, her visions, her voice, her art, her passion,\nher wildness have returned to her-\nuntil she is a force of love more powerful\nthan all the political media demons who seek to devalue and destroy her.\n\nIf you want to change the world,\nlay down your causes, your guns and protest signs.\nLay down your inner war, your righteous anger\nand love a woman\u2026\nbeyond all of your striving for greatness,\nbeyond your tenacious quest for enlightenment.\nThe holy grail stands before you\nif you would only take her in your arms\nand let go of searching for something beyond this intimacy.\n\nWhat if peace is a dream which can only be remembered\nthrough the heart of Woman?\nWhat if a man\u2019s love for Woman, the Way of the Feminine\nis the key to opening Her heart?\n\nIf you want to change the world\u2026love a woman\nto the depths of your shadow,\nto the highest reaches of your Being,\nback to the Garden where you first met her,\nto the gateway of the rainbow realm\nwhere you walk through together as Light as One,\nto the point of no return,\nto the ends and the beginning of a new Earth."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "I want to see you.\n\nKnow your voice.\n\nRecognize you when you\nfirst come 'round the corner.\n\nSense your scent when I come\ninto a room you've just left.\n\nKnow the lift of your heel,\nthe glide of your foot.\n\nBecome familiar with the way\nyou purse your lips\nthen let them part,\njust the slightest bit,\nwhen I lean in to your space\nand kiss you.\n\nI want to know the joy\n\u00a0of how you whisper\n\"more\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "There are lovers content with longing.\nI\u2019m not one of them."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Chinese proverb", "text": "If I keep a green bough in my heart the singing bird will come."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rudyard kipling", "text": "If you can keep your head when all about you\nAre losing theirs and blaming it on you;\nIf you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,\nBut make allowance for their doubting too:\nIf you can wait and not be tired by waiting,\nOr, being lied about, don't deal in lies,\nOr being hated don't give way to hating,\nAnd yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;\n\nIf you can dream - and not make dreams your master;\nIf you can think - and not make thoughts your aim,\nIf you can meet with Triumph and Disaster\nAnd treat those two impostors just the same:.\nIf you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken\nTwisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,\nOr watch the things you gave your life to, broken,\nAnd stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;\n\nIf you can make one heap of all your winnings\nAnd risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,\nAnd lose, and start again at your beginnings,\nAnd never breathe a word about your loss:\nIf you can force your heart and nerve and sinew\nTo serve your turn long after they are gone,\nAnd so hold on when there is nothing in you\nExcept the Will which says to them: \"Hold on!\"\n\nIf you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,\nOr walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,\nIf neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,\nIf all men count with you, but none too much:\nIf you can fill the unforgiving minute\nWith sixty seconds' worth of distance run,\nYours is the Earth and everything that's in it,\nAnd - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rilke", "text": "The great secret of death, and perhaps its deepest connection with us, is this: that, in taking from us a being we have loved and venerated, death does not wound us without, at the same time, lifting us toward a more perfect understanding of this being and of ourselves."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rainer Maria Rilke", "text": "So don't be frightened, dear friend, if a sadness confronts you larger than any you have ever known, casting its shadow over all you do. You must think that something is happening within you, and remember that life has not forgotten you; it holds you in its hand and will not let you fall. Why would you want to exclude from your life any uneasiness, any pain, any depression, since you don't know what work they are accomplishing within you?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "My heart tells me it is distressed with Him,\nbut I can only laugh at such pretended injuries.\n\nBe fair, You who are the Glory of the just.\nYou, Soul, free of \"we\" and \"I,\"\nsubtle spirit within each man and woman.\n\nWhen a man and a woman become one,\nthat \"one\" is You.\nAnd when that one is obliterated, there You are.\n\nWhere is this \"we\" and this \"I\"?\nBy the side of the Beloved.\nYou made this \"we\" and this \"I\"\nin order that you might play\nthis game of courtship with Yourself,\nthat all \"you's\" and \"I's\" might become one soul\nand finally drown in the Beloved.\n\nAll this is true. Come!\nYou who are the Creative Word: Be\nYou, so far beyond description.\n\nIs it possible for the bodily eyes to see You?\nCan thought comprehend Your laughter or grief?\nTell me now, can it possibly see You at all?\nSuch a heart has only borrowed things to live with.\n\nThe garden of love is green without limit\nand yields many fruits other than sorrow or joy.\nLove is beyond either condition:\nwithout spring, without autumn, it is always fresh."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Inside this new love, die.\nYour way begins on the other side.\nBecome the sky.\nTake an axe to the prison wall.\nEscape.\nWalk out like someone suddenly born into color.\nDo it now.\nYou're covered with a thick cloud.\nSlide out the side. Die,\nand be quiet.\nQuietness is the surest sign that you've died.\nYour old life was a frantic running\nfrom silence.\n\nThe speechless full moon\ncomes out now."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Saba Mirza", "text": "I would love\nto hold you close,\nto push away the curls.\nI'd look within your eyes\nand feel how perfect \nis this face.\nBut I will write this letter\n\ninstead \nas love harbors \nin words.\nAnd if, in reading them, \nyou should come to know,\nyour ilk compared\nmy love is plain, \nand stark, \nI would say in return\nthese embers seer me deep \nnot all poets' pages burn."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Listen for the stream\nthat tells you one thing.\n\nDie on this bank.\nBegin in me\nthe way of rivers with the sea."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Longing is the core of mystery.\nLonging itself brings the cure.\nThe only rule is, Suffer the pain.\n\nYour desire must be disciplined,\nand what you want to happen\nin time, sacrificed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Through love\nBitter things become sweet.\nThrough love\nBits of copper turn into .\nThrough love\nDrinks taste like pure wine.\nThrough love\nPains are healed.\nLove is the cure, for your pain will keep giving birth to more pain until your eyes constantly exhale love as effortlessly as your body yields its scent."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "This is love: to fly toward a secret sky, to cause a hundred veils to fall each moment. First to let go of life. Finally, to take a step without feet."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Two there are who are never satisfied \u2013 the lover of the world and the lover of knowledge."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Remember. The way you make love is the way God will be with you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "If in thirst you drink water from a cup, you see God in it. Those who are not in love with God will see only their own faces in it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Is it really so that the one I love is everywhere?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Great lions can find peace in a cage.\nBut we should only do that\nAs a last\nresort.\n\nSo those bars I see that restrain your wings,\nI guess you won\u2019t mind\nif I pry them open."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "EMILY DICKINSON", "text": "I dwell in Possibility \u2013\nA fairer House than Prose \u2013\nMore numerous of Windows \u2013\nSuperior \u2013 for Doors \u2013\n\nOf Chambers as the Cedars \u2013\nImpregnable of eye \u2013\nAnd for an everlasting Roof\nThe Gambrels of the Sky \u2013\n\nOf Visitors \u2013 the fairest \u2013\nFor Occupation \u2013 This \u2013\nThe spreading wide my narrow Hands\nTo gather Pariadise \u2013"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Jeanann Verlee", "text": "One.\nYou know how this ends. There\u2019s nothing you can do to change it, so make peace with it now. Ready your hands for the callus, shred the cloth for bandages, prepare the rosaries.\nTwo.\nWhen you meet him, outside the grocery, along the boardwalk, beneath the overpass, you will not know what he is. He will be neither be too charming nor too handsome, not thunder, not polish\nThree. \nThe day you fall in love, his mouth will spill your name. He will repeat and repeat. He will not touch you. He will watch your hips, study whatever ample you have, will ask to watch you dance. When you turn to leave, he will use your name like a choke chain.\nFour. \nHe will call you miracle. Your face will unravel. This is his magic. When he begs you promise, say yes.\nFive.\nWhen he offers his lips, take them. Take his arms, his throat, take his toes when he offers. Gorge. Swallow everything whole. Gag. Vomit. Swallow more. Do not hesitate. No time for polite, or coy. Take. \nSix.\nWhen the minions call you whore, nod.\nSeven.\nHe will tell you of the others. How they went crazy in their sleep awaiting his return. Do not flinch. Do not doubt your thickened fingertips. Stand upright. You promised.\nEight. \nWhen you find him in his room, thrashing the sheets, pressing his palms into the walls, howling, his face a river\u2026 close the door. This is how he makes wine. Leave him in his sorcery.\nNine. \nWhen he explains that he cannot love. That he will never be yours alone. When he tells how the meek, the gluttons, the tempted, the proud are his angels, do not mourn. Smile, feed him, wash his hair.\nTen. \nHe is a king among thieves. The leeches will hollow his skin, the crows reduce him to bones. His own heart will empty him. Allow for the bleed. Be ready with tourniquet and prayer.\nEleven.\nIn the dry burn of dawn, after the last of the lashes, the thorns and the spittle, when his limp body is laid at your feet, remember the night you loved him, the ember of his eyes and the way the words came like honey.\n\nTwelve.\nYou were made for this."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed....\nYou are the kingdom of heaven, you are like a mustard seed. Be ready to die, prepare for your death! Of course there will be trembling and fear and apprehension. The jump is going to be difficult. Many times you may come back, many times you will go to the very brink and turn back and escape, because there is an abyss. The seed can only know the abyss, the seed cannot know the tree. There is no way that the seed can witness the sprouting tree -- there is no way. The seed has to die and trust in the unknown -- that it will happen.\n\nIf you are ready to die, it happens. Go and sow seeds in the ground: when the tree has come, then dig the ground again and see where the seed is. It will have disappeared, it will not be there. Go and dig in a Buddha, in a Jesus -- you will not find the man, the seed. This is the meaning of Jesus being the son of God, no more the son of Joseph the carpenter -- because the seed came from Joseph the carpenter and Mary, but now the seed has disappeared, the shell has disappeared. This tree never came from the visible, it is from the invisible.\n\nLook at Jesus: the seed is no longer there, only God is there. Be ready to die so that you can be reborn. Drop the mind, the body, the ego, the identity. Suddenly you will find that something new is growing within you: you have become a womb, you are pregnant. And to be spiritually pregnant is the peak of creation, because you are creating yourself through it. Nothing is comparable to it. You may create a great painting or a great sculpture, but nothing is to be compared with when you create yourself, when you \"self-create\" yourself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "When a disciple asks, there is no answer in his mind. He does not know, he simply does not know and that is why he is asking. Remember this: when you ask something, remember well, are you asking because you already have an answer? Are you asking through your knowledge? Then there can be no meeting. Then even if I answer, the answer will never reach you. You are not empty enough to receive the answer. The answer is already there: you are prejudiced, poisoned already.\nThere are two types of questioning: one is out of knowledge, and then it is useless because then only a debate is possible, not a dialogue. But when you ask out of ignorance, knowing well that you don't know, when you know that you don't know, and ask, you have become a disciple. Now it is not going to be an argument. You are just thirsty and you ask for water; you are hungry and you ask for food. You don't know and you ask; you are ready to receive. A disciple asks knowing well that he doesn't know. When you don't know you are humble"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "There are things which are known only in their wholeness; you cannot dissect them.\nThey are greater than their parts, this is the problem -- a basic problem for those who are in search of truth. Truth is greater than all the parts joined together. It is not just the sum of the parts, it is greater than the parts. A melody is not just the sum of all the notes, of all the sounds. No, it is something greater. When all the notes meet, a harmony is created, a harmony becomes manifest which was not there in single notes. I am speaking to you: you can dissect my words, they will all be found in a dictionary, but you cannot find me in the dictionary"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Mahmud Shabistari", "text": "Go sweep out the chamber of your heart. \nMake it ready to be the dwelling place of the Beloved. \nWhen you depart out, He will enter it. \nIn you, void of yourself, will He display His beauties."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Attar", "text": "Strive to discover the mystery before life is taken from you.\nIf while living you fail to find yourself, to know yourself,\nhow will you be able to understand\nthe secret of your existence when you die?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Shaikh Abu-Saeed Abil-Kheir", "text": "Piousness and the path of love \nare two different roads.\nLove is the fire that burns both belief\nand non-belief.\nThose who practice Love have neither\nreligion nor caste."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Shaikh Abu-Saeed Abil-Kheir", "text": "Until you become an unbeliever in your own self,\nyou cannot become a believer in God."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabi\u00b4a al-Adawiyya", "text": "The source of my suffering and loneliness is deep in my heart.\nThis is a disease no doctor can cure.\nOnly Union with the Friend can cure it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "K. Addonizio", "text": "I'd like to taste,\none more time, the rain that arrived\none afternoon and fell just short\n\nof where I stood, so I leaned my face in,\nalive in both worlds at once,\nnot knowing if it would end and not caring."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Your eyelash will write on my cheek\nThe poem that has not been thought of."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Walt Whitman", "text": "I believe in you, my Soul, the other I am must not abase itself to you;\nAnd you must not be abased to the other.\n\nLoafe with me on the grass, loose the stop from your throat;\nNot words, not music or rhyme I want, not custom or lecture, not even the best;\nOnly the lull I like, the hum of your valved voice.\n\nI mind how once we lay, such a transparent summer morning;\nHow you settled your head athwart my hips, and gently turn\u2019d over upon me,\nAnd parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue to my bare-stript heart,\nAnd reach\u2019d till you felt my beard, and reach\u2019d till you held my feet.\n\nSwiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge that pass all the argument of the earth;\nAnd I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,\nAnd I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own;\nAnd that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers;\nAnd that a kelson of the creation is love;\nAnd limitless are leaves, stiff or drooping in the fields;\nAnd brown ants in the little wells beneath them;\nAnd mossy scabs of the worm fence, and heap\u2019d stones, elder, mullen and poke-weed."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "The sun once glimpsed God\u2019s true nature\nAnd has never been the same.\nThus that radiant sphere\nConstantly pours its energy\nUpon this earth\nAs does He from behind\nThe veil.\nWith a wonderful God like that\nWhy isn\u2019t everyone a screaming drunk?\nHafiz\u2019s guess is this:\nAny thought that you are better or less\nThan another man\nQuickly\nBreaks the wine\nGlass."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Once a group of thieves stole a rare diamond\nLarger than a goose egg.\n\nIts value could have easily bought\nOne thousand horses\n\nAnd two thousand acres\nOf the most fertile land in Shiraz.\n\nThe thieves got drunk that night\nTo celebrate their great haul,\n\nBut during the course of the evening\nThe effects of the liquor\nAnd their mistrust of each other grew to such\nAn extent\n\nThey decided to divide the stone into pieces.\nOf course then the Priceless became lost.\n\nMost everyone is lousy at math\nAnd does that to God -\n\nDissects the Indivisible One,\n\nBy thinking, saying,\n\u201cThis is my Beloved, he looks like this\nAnd acts like that,\nHow could that moron over there\nReally\nBe\nGod.\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Leonard Cohen", "text": "1. You came to me this morning\nAnd you handled me like meat.\nYou\u00b4d have to live alone to know\nHow good that feels, how sweet.\nMy mirror twin, my next of kin,\nI\u00b4d know you in my sleep.\nAnd who but you would take me in\nA thousand kisses deep?\n\n2. I loved you when you opened\nLike a lily to the heat.\nI\u00b4m just another snowman\nStanding in the rain and sleet,\nWho loved you with his frozen love\nHis second-hand physique -\nWith all he is, and all he was\nA thousand kisses deep.\n\n3. All soaked in sex, and pressed against\nThe limits of the sea:\nI saw there were no oceans left\nFor scavengers like me.\nWe made it to the forward deck\nI blessed our remnant fleet -\nAnd then consented to be wrecked\nA thousand kisses deep.\n\n4. I know you had to lie to me,\nI know you had to cheat.\nBut the Means no longer guarantee\nThe Virtue in Deceit.\nThat truth is bent, that beauty spent,\nThat style is obsolete -\nEver since the Holy Spirit went\nA thousand kisses deep.\n\n5. (So what about this Inner Light\nThat\u00b4s boundless and unique?\nI\u00b4m slouching through another night\nA thousand kisses deep.)\n\n6. I\u00b4m turning tricks; I\u00b4m getting fixed,\nI\u00b4m back on Boogie Street.\nI tried to quit the business -\nHey, I\u00b4m lazy and I\u00b4m weak.\nBut sometimes when the night is slow,\nThe wretched and the meek,\nWe gather up our hearts and go\nA thousand kisses deep.\n\n7. (And fragrant is the thought of you,\nThe file on you complete -\nExcept what we forgot to do\nA thousand kisses deep.)\n\n8. The ponies run, the girls are young,\nThe odds are there to beat.\nYou win a while, and then it\u00b4s done -\nYour little winning streak.\nAnd summoned now to deal\nWith your invincible defeat,\nYou live your life as if it\u00b4s real\nA thousand kisses deep.\n\n9. (I jammed with Diz and Dante -\nI did not have their sweep -\nBut once or twice, they let me play\nA thousand kisses deep.)\n\n10. And I\u00b4m still working with the wine,\nStill dancing cheek to cheek.\nThe band is playing \"Auld Lang Syne\" -\nThe heart will not retreat.\nAnd maybe I had miles to drive,\nAnd promises to keep -\nYou ditch it all to stay alive\nA thousand kisses deep.\n\n11. And now you are the Angel Death\nAnd now the Paraclete;\nAnd now you are the Savior's Breath\nAnd now the Belsen heap.\nNo turning from the threat of love,\nNo transcendental leap -\nAs witnessed here in time and blood\nA thousand kisses deep."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "Tonight I can write the saddest lines.\n\nWrite, for example,'The night is shattered\nand the blue stars shiver in the distance.'\n\nThe night wind revolves in the sky and sings.\n\nTonight I can write the saddest lines.\nI loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.\n\nThrough nights like this one I held her in my arms\nI kissed her again and again under the endless sky.\n\nShe loved me sometimes, and I loved her too.\nHow could one not have loved her great still eyes.\n\nTonight I can write the saddest lines.\nTo think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.\n\nTo hear the immense night, still more immense without her.\nAnd the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.\n\nWhat does it matter that my love could not keep her.\nThe night is shattered and she is not with me.\n\nThis is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.\nMy soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.\n\nMy sight searches for her as though to go to her.\nMy heart looks for her, and she is not with me.\n\nThe same night whitening the same trees.\nWe, of that time, are no longer the same.\n\nI no longer love her, that's certain, but how I loved her.\nMy voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.\n\nAnother's. She will be another's. Like my kisses before.\nHer voice. Her bright body. Her inifinite eyes.\n\nI no longer love her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.\nLove is so short, and forgeting is so long.\n\nBecause through nights like this one I held her in my arms\nmy soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.\n\nThough this be the last pain that she makes me suffer\nand these the last verses that I write for her."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "I crave your mouth, your voice, your hair.\nSilent and starving, I prowl through the streets.\nBread does not nourish me, dawn disrupts me, all day\nI hunt for the liquid measure of your steps.\n\nI hunger for your sleek laugh,\nyour hands the color of a savage harvest,\nhunger for the pale stones of your fingernails,\nI want to eat your skin like a whole almond.\n\nI want to eat the sunbeam flaring in your lovely body,\nthe sovereign nose of your arrogant face,\nI want to eat the fleeting shade of your lashes,\n\nand I pace around hungry, sniffing the twilight,\nhunting for you, for your hot heart,\nlike a puma in the barrens of Quitratue."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "Between what is said \nand not meant\nAnd meant but not said\nMost love is lost"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "My body and my mind are in depression because\nYou are not with me. \n\nHow much I love you and want you in my house! \nWhen I hear people describe me as your bride I look sideways ashamed, \nbecause I know that far inside us we have never met. \n\nThen what is this love of mine? \n\nI don\u2019t really care about food, I don\u2019t really care about sleep, \nI am restless indoors and outdoors. \nThe bride wants her lover as much as a thirsty man wants water. \n\nAnd how will I find someone who will take a message\nto the Guest from me? \nHow restless Kabir is all the time! \nHow much he wants to see the Guest!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Lift the veil\nthat obscures\nthe heart\n\nand there\nyou will find\nwhat you are\nlooking for."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Hiding in this cage\nof visible matter\n\nis the invisible\nlifebird\n\npay attention\nto her\n\nshe is singing\nyour song"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Friend, hope for the Guest while you are alive.\nJump into experience while you are alive!\nThink . . . and think . . . while you are alive.\nWhat you call \u201csalvation\u201d belongs to the time\nbefore death.\nIf you don\u2019t break your ropes while you\u2019re alive,\ndo you think\nghosts will do it after?\nThe idea that the should will rejoin the ecstatic\njust because the body is rotten\u2014\nthat is all fantasy.\nWhat is found now is found then.\nIf you find nothing now,\nyou will simply end up with an apartment in the\nCity of the Death.\nIf you make love with the divine now, in the next\nlife you will have the face of satisfied desire\nSo plunge into the truth, find out who the Teacher is,\nBelieve in the Great Sound!\nKabir says this: When the Guest is being searched for\nit is the intensity of the longing for the Guest that\ndoes all the work.\nLook at me, and you will see a slave of that intensity."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "kabir", "text": "What is seen is not the Truth \nWhat is cannot be said \nTrust comes not without seeing \nNor understanding without words \nThe wise comprehends with knowledge \nTo the ignorant it is but a wonder \nSome worship the formless God \nSome worship His various forms \nIn what way He is beyond these attributes \nOnly the Knower knows \nThat music cannot be written \nHow can then be the notes \nSays Kabir, \nawareness alone will overcome illusion"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Shel Silverstein", "text": "She had blue skin \nAnd so did he \nHe kept it hid \nAnd so did she \nThey searched for blue \nTheir whole life through \nThen passed right by \nAnd never knew"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Are you looking for me? I am in the next seat. \nMy shoulder is against yours. \nyou will not find me in the stupas, not in Indian shrine\nrooms, nor in synagogues, nor in cathedrals: \nnot in masses, nor kirtans, not in legs winding\naround your own neck, nor in eating nothing but\nvegetables. \n\nWhen you really look for me, you will see me\ninstantly --\nyou will find me in the tiniest house of time. \n\nKabir says: Student, tell me, what is God? \nHe is the breath inside the breath."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pema Ch\u00f6dr\u00f6n", "text": "Only to the extent that we expose ourselves over and over to annihilation can that which is indestructible in us be found."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ino Moxo", "text": "That is why the light of the oni xuma is black. It doesn't explain. It doesn't reveal. Instead of uncovering mysteries, it respects them. It makes them more and more mysterious, more fertile and prodigal. Oni xuma irrigates the unknown territory: that is its way of shedding light. \n\nSouls are nourished by offerings. They are nourished by offering themselves, and they become more themselves the more they give of themselves. And ashes turn to water when the thirsty kiss them."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Percy Bysshe Shelley", "text": "I met a traveller from an antique land\nWho said: two vast and trunkless legs of stone\nStand in the desert. Near them on the sand,\nHalf sunk, a shattered visage appears, whose frown\nAnd wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,\nTell that its sculptor well those passions read\nWhich yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things\nThe hand that mocked them and the heart that fed\nand on the pedestal these words appear:\n\u201cMy name is Ozymandius, king of kings:\nlook on my works, ye mighty, and despair!\u201d\nNothing beside remains. Round the decay\nof that colossal wreck, boundless and bare\nthe lone and level sands stretch far away."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Good poetry makes the universe reveal a secret"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "You Were Brave in that Holy Way\n\nI have so much love in my heart\nI can only dance. I cannot think. I cannot think. \nIt is all becoming a beautiful fire. \n\nYou have done well\nIn the contest of madness.\n\nYou were brave in that holy war.\n\nYou have all the honorable wounds\nOf one who has tried to find love\nWhere the Beautiful Bird\nDoes not drink.\n\nMay I speak to you\nLike we are close\nAnd locked away together?\n\nOnce I found a stray kitten\nAnd I used to soak my fingers\nIn warm milk;\n\nIt came to think I was five mothers\nOn one hand.\n\nWayfarer,\nWhy not rest your tired body?\nLean back and close your eyes.\n\nCome morning\nI will kneel by your side and feed you.\nI will so gently\nSpread open your mouth\nAnd let you taste something of my\nSacred mind and life.\n\nSurely\nThere is something wrong\nWith your ideas of\nGod\n\nO, surely there is something wrong\nWith your ideas of\nGod\n\nIf you think\nOur Beloved would not be so\nTender."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Raise your words, not voice. It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "There\u2019s courage involved\nif you want to become truth. \n\nThere is a broken-open place in a lover. \nWhere are those qualities of bravery \nand sharp compassion in this group? \nWhat\u2019s the use of old and frozen thought? \n\nI want a howling hurt.\nThis is not a treasury where gold is stored; \nthis is for copper.\n\nWe alchemists look for talent\nthat can heat up and change. \nLukewarm won\u2019t do. \nHalfhearted holding back,\nwell-enough getting by? \nNot here."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Antonio Machado", "text": "Last night as I was sleeping,\nI dreamt\nthat I had a beehive\nhere inside my heart.\nAnd the en bees\nwere making white combs\nand sweet honey\nfrom my old failures."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "You have no idea how hard I've looked\nfor a gift to bring You.\nNothing seemed right.\nWhat's the point of bringing gold to\nthe gold mine, or water to the ocean.\nEverything I came up with was like\ntaking spices to the Orient.\nIt's no good giving my heart and my\nsoul because you already have these.\nSo I've brought you a mirror.\nLook at yourself and remember me."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "What would make a lover value you\nover all lovers they have known?\n\nTell me about your favorite place to eat,\nor the finest meal you ever had.\n\nThere is something in caring touch that\nyour memory has recorded..... \nand holds dear, \nbecause it nourishes as few things can.\n\nA sincere wanting and need to artfully \ngive is inherent in love. And love will get its way;\nfor it knows patience, and what a strength that is.\n\nThe closest thing to amorous play \nwith God in form\nshould be the goal of any intimacy between us.\n\nUs, those who seek sacred friendship, \nand can gaze at each other in appreciation,\nin places we allow few to ever see."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gautama Buddha", "text": "In the end these things matter most: How well did you love? How fully did you live? How deeply did you let go?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sri Chinmoy", "text": "Far, very far\nNear, very near\nI hear your ankle bells.\nWhy do I lose my self-form in shyness?\n\nHow long have I to wait for You\nto tie my hands\nwith your love-cord?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Sri Chinmoy", "text": "Barren of events,\nRich in pretensions\nMy earthly life.\n\nObscurity\nMy real name.\n\nWholly unto myself\nI exist.\n\nI wrap no soul\nIn my embrace.\n\nNo mentor worthy\nOf my calibre\nHave I.\n\nI am all alone\nBetween failure\nAnd frustration.\n\nI am the red thread\nBetween\nNothingness\nAnd Eternity."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Even though you're not equipped,\nkeep searching:\nequipment isn't necessary on the way to the Lord.\nWhoever you see engaged in search,\nbecome her friend and cast your head in front of her,\nfor choosing to be a neighbor of seekers,\nyou become one yourself;\nprotected by conquerors,\nyou will yourself learn to conquer.\nIf an ant seeks the rank of Solomon,\ndon't smile contemptuously upon its quest.\nEverything you possess of skill, and wealth and handicraft,\nwasn't it first merely a thought and a quest?"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Ghazal 838\n\n\n\nif you pass your night\nand merge it with dawn\nfor the sake of heart\nwhat do you think will happen\n\nif the entire world\nis covered with the blossoms\nyou have labored to plant\nwhat do you think will happen\n\nif the elixir of life\nthat has been hidden in the dark\nfills the desert and towns\nwhat do you think will happen\n\nif because of\nyour generosity and love\na few humans find their lives\nwhat do you think will happen\n\nif you pour an entire jar\nfilled with joyous wine\non the head of those already drunk\nwhat do you think will happen\n\ngo my friend\nbestow your love\neven on your enemies\nif you touch their hearts\nwhat do you think will happen"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "Take bread away from me, if you wish,\ntake air away, but\ndo not take from me your laughter.\n\nDo not take away the rose,\nthe lance flower that you pluck,\nthe water that suddenly\nbursts forth in joy,\nthe sudden wave\nof silver born in you.\n\nMy struggle is harsh and I come back\nwith eyes tired\nat times from having seen\nthe unchanging earth,\nbut when your laughter enters\nit rises to the sky seeking me\nand it opens for me all\nthe doors of life.\n\nMy love, in the darkest\nhour your laughter\nopens, and if suddenly\nyou see my blood staining\nthe stones of the street,\nlaugh, because your laughter\nwill be for my hands\nlike a fresh sword.\n\nNext to the sea in the autumn,\nyour laughter must raise\nits foamy cascade,\nand in the spring, love,\nI want your laughter like\nthe flower I was waiting for,\nthe blue flower, the rose\nof my echoing country.\n\nLaugh at the night,\nat the day, at the moon,\nlaugh at the twisted\nstreets of the island,\nlaugh at this clumsy\nboy who loves you,\nbut when I open\nmy eyes and close them,\nwhen my steps go,\nwhen my steps return,\ndeny me bread, air,\nlight, spring,\nbut never your laughter\nfor I would die."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "By finding you first and then polishing.\nLet me enhance your personality.\nI don\u2019t want to change you\nI just want to sharpen \nwhat is already there."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "Had I told the sea\nWhat I felt for you,\nIt would have left its shores,\nIts shells,\nIts fish,\nAnd followed me."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "I hadn\u2019t told them about you, \nbut they saw you bathing in my eyes. \nI hadn\u2019t told them about you,\n but they saw you in my written words. \nThe perfume of love cannot be concealed."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "I closed my mouth and spoke to you in a hundred silent ways."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Be with those who help your being. \nDon't sit with indifferent people, whose breath \ncomes cold out of their mouths. \nNot these visible forms, your work is deeper. \n\nA chunk of dirt thrown into the air breaks to pieces. \nIf you don't try to fly, \nand so break yourself apart, \nyou will be broken open by death, \nwhen it's too late for all you could become. \n\nLeaves get yellow. The tree puts out fresh roots \nand makes them green. \nWhy are you so content with a love that turns you yellow?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The intelligent want self control, children want candy."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "DJ Paul", "text": "I will not rise\nTo Praise the sun\nNor revel between\nHer slippery lips\n\nI prefer the quiet solace\nOf my anonymity\nTo the sickly sweet\nWhite coming of day."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Muriel Rukeyser", "text": "Speak to me. Take my hand. What are you now?\nI will tell you all. I will conceal nothing.\nWhen I was three, a little child read a story about a rabbit\nwho died, in the story, and I crawled under a chair:\na pink rabbit: it was my birthday, and a candle\nburnt a sore spot on my finger, and I was told to be happy.\n\nOh, grow to know me. I am not happy. I will be open:\nNow I am thinking of white sails against a sky like music,\nlike glad horns blowing, and birds tilting, and an arm about me.\nThere was one I loved, who wanted to live, sailing.\n\nSpeak to me. Take my hand. What are you now?\nWhen I was nine, I was fruitily sentimental,\nfluid: and my widowed aunt played Chopin,\nand I bent my head on the painted woodwork, and wept.\nI want now to be close to you. I would\nlink the minutes of my days close, somehow, to your days.\n\nI am not happy. I will be open.\nI have liked lamps in evening corners, and quiet poems.\nThere has been fear in my life. Sometimes I speculate\nOn what a tragedy his life was, really.\n\nTake my hand. Fist my mind in your hand. What are you now?\nWhen I was fourteen, I had dreams of suicide,\nand I stood at a steep window, at sunset, hoping toward death:\nif the light had not melted clouds and plains to beauty,\nif light had not transformed that day, I would have leapt.\nI am unhappy. I am lonely. Speak to me.\nI will be open. I think he never loved me:\nhe loved the bright beaches, the little lips of foam\nthat ride small waves, he loved the veer of gulls:\nhe said with a gay mouth: I love you. Grow to know me.\n\nWhat are you now? If we could touch one another,\nif these our separate entities could come to grips,\nclenched like a chinese puzzle\u2026 yesterday\nI stood in a crowded street that was live with people,\nand no one spoke a word, and the morning shone.\nEveryone silent, moving\u2026 Take my hand. Speak to me."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Robert Pinsky", "text": "When I had no roof I made\nAudacity my roof. When I had\nNo supper my eyes dined.\n\nWhen I had no eyes I listened.\nWhen I had no ears I thought.\nWhen I had no thought I waited.\n\nWhen I had no father I made\nCare my father. When I had \nNo mother I embraced order.\n\nWhen I had no friend I made\nQuiet my friend. When I had no \nEnemy I opposed my body.\n\nWhen I had no temple I made \nMy voice my temple. I have\nNo priest, my tongue is my choir.\n\nWhen I have no means fortune\nIs my means. When I have \nNothing, death will be my fortune.\n\nNeed is my tactic, detachment \nIs my strategy. When I had \nNo lover I courted my sleep."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Erich Fromm", "text": "Love means to commit oneself without guarantee, to give oneself completely in the hope that our love will produce love in the loved person. Love is an act of faith, and whoever is of little faith is also of little love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Erich Fromm", "text": "Love is a decision, it is a judgment, it is a promise. If love were only a feeling, there would be no basis for the promise to love each other forever. A feeling comes and it may go. How can I judge that it will stay forever, when my act does not involve judgment and decision."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Erich Fromm", "text": "Immature love says: 'I love you because I need you.' Mature love says 'I need you because I love you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Erich Fromm", "text": "Love isn't something natural. Rather it requires discipline, concentration, patience, faith, and the overcoming of narcissism. It isn't a feeling, it is a practice."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Luz Emma Canas Madrigal", "text": "\u201cTHE KISS\nWITH THE TASTE OF GOD ON YOUR LIPS\nI LOSE MY BREATH\nTHEIR GENTLE TOUCH\nBREATHES SPIRIT IN ME\nAS I RECEIVE ALL THAT YOU ARE\nMY LIFE IS RESTORED\nSYNCHRONIZING OUR HEARTS AND THE BREATH\nWE ALTERNATE\nBETWEEN LOVER AND BELOVED\nLIPS ENTWINED\nWE SIGH IN RELEASE\nAS OUR LOVE BECOMES ETHEREAL\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Luz Emma Canas Madrigal", "text": "The Dowry\nAs a token of my love\nI offer you my heart \nMy riches are not of this world \nThey lie in the hereafter\n\nIf it is His will \nThat we part ways \nThrough indifference or death \nKeep it as a reminder \nOf His Love For you\nIn His generosity \nHe has replaced my heart \nWith His own\n\nI am grateful for the Love that this is \nAnd the love that it is not\nIt is through your humanity \nThat I have come to love myself more \nand your divinity \nThat I have come to Love God more."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Luz Emma Canas Madrigal", "text": "\u201cA FOOL AM I TO THINK\nI CAN EXERCISE WILL\nOVER MY HEART\n\nA SLAVE TO LOVE\nIS A VICTIM OF LOGIC\nA SLAVE TO GOD\nFINDS FREEDOM IN SERVITUDE\n\nEXCUSE MY VANITY\nFOR ATTEMPTING TO CONTROL\nMATTERS OF THE HEART\n\nEXHAUSTED BY MY IGNORANCE\nI SUBMIT TO YOUR WILL\nMY LOVE\nIS AT YOUR SERVICE\n\nIT IS YOU WHO DECIDES\nIF MY HEART BEATS\n\u201cIT IS YOU WHO DECIDES\nWHO IT BEATS FOR\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Luz Emma Canas Madrigal", "text": "HOVERING ON THE EDGE OF BLISS OR OBLIVION\nI FEAR NOT\nFOR GOD WILL CATCH ME\nTHE PURSUIT OF LOVES ECSTASY\nKEEPS ME IN BALANCE\nOF WHAT IS\nAND WHAT WILL BE\nI HAVE FAITH IN WHAT WILL COME TO PASS\nIT IS ALREADY WRITTEN\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "It\nIs all\nJust a love contest\nAnd I never\nLose.\nNow you have another good reason\nTo spend more time\nWith\nMe."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "This\nSky\nWhere we live\nIs no place to lose your wings\nSo love, love,\nLove."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Once\nIn a while\nGod cuts loose His purse strings,\nGives a big wink to my orchestra,\nHafiz\nDoes not require\nAny more prompting than that\nTo let\nEvery instrument inside\nGo\nBerserk"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "1\nWhen I was the stream, when I was the\nforest, when I was still the field,\nwhen I was every hoof, foot,\nfin and wing, when I\nwas the sky\nitself,\nno one ever asked me did I have a purpose, no one ever\nwondered was there anything I might need,\nfor there was nothing\nI could not\nlove.\n\nIt was when I left all we once were that\nthe agony began, the fear and questions came,\nand I wept, I wept. And tears\nI had never known\nbefore.\n\nSo I returned to the river, I returned to\nthe mountains. I asked for their hand in marriage again,\nI begged \u2013 I begged to wed every object\nand creature,\nand when they accepted,\nGod was ever present in my arms.\nAnd He did not say,\n\u201cWhere have you\nbeen?\u201d\nFor then I knew my soul \u2013 every soul\nhas always held\nHim."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "LOVE DOES THAT\nAll day long a little burro labors, sometimes\nwith heavy loads on her back and sometimes just with worries\nabout things that bother only\nburros.\nAnd worries, as we know, can be more exhausting\nthan physical labor.\nOnce in a while a kind monk comes\nto her stable and brings\na pear, but more\nthan that,\nhe looks into the burro's eyes and touches her ears\nand for a few seconds the burro is free\nand even seems to laugh,\nbecause love does\nthat.\nLove Frees."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "Spirituality is not to be learned by flight from the world, or by running away from things, or by turning solitary and going apart from the world. Rather, we must learn an inner solitude wherever or with whomsoever we may be. We must learn to penetrate things and find God there."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "Some people want to see God with their eyes as they see a cow, and to love Him as they love a cow \u2013 for the milk and cheese and profit it brings them. This is how it is with people who love God for the sake of outward wealth or inward comfort. They do not rightly love God, when they love Him for their own advantage."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "Some people prefer solitude. They say their peace of mind depends on this. Others say they would be better off in church. If you do well, you do well wherever you are. If you fail, you fail wherever you are. Your surroundings don\u2019t matter. God is with you everywhere \u2014 in the market place as well as in seclusion or in the church. If you look for nothing but God, nothing or no one can disturb you. God is not distracted by a multitude of things. Nor can we be."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "If He\nlet go of my hand, I would\nweep so loudly,\nI would petition with all my might, I would cause\nso much trouble\nthat I bet God would come to His senses\nand never do that\nagain."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "All beings \nare words of God, \nHis music, His\nart.\nSacred books we are, for the infinite camps in our souls.\nEvery act reveals God and expands His being.\nI know that may be hard\nto comprehend.\nAll creatures are doing their best\nto help God in His birth\nof Himself.\nEnough talk for the night.\nHe is laboring in me;\nI need to be silent \nfor a while,\nworlds are forming\nin my heart."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Meister Eckhart", "text": "The Hope of Loving\nWhat keeps us alive, what allows us to endure?\nI think it is the hope of loving,\nor being loved.\nI heard a fable once about the sun going on a journey\nto find its source, and how the moon wept\nwithout her lover\u2019s\nwarm gaze.\nWe weep when light does not reach our hearts. We wither\nlike fields if someone close\ndoes not rain their\nkindness\nupon\nus."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "St John Of the Cross", "text": "What is grace\u2019 I asked God.\nAnd He said,\n\u2018All that happens.\u2019\nThen He added, when I looked perplexed,\n\u2018Could not lovers\nsay that every moment in their Beloved\u2019s arms\nwas grace?\nExistence is my arms,\nthough I well understand how one can turn\naway from\nme\nuntil the heart has \nwisdom.\u2019"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "St John Of the Cross", "text": "My soul is a candle that burned away the veil;\nonly the glorious duties of light I now have.\nThe sufferings I knew initiated me into God.\nI am a holy confessor for men.\nWhen I see their tears running across their cheeks\nand falling into\nHis hands,\nwhat can I say to their great sorrow\nthat I too have \nknown.\nThe soul is a candle that will burn away the darkness,\nonly the glorious duties of love we will have.\nThe sufferings I knew initiated me into God.\nOnly His glorious cares\nI now have."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "What kind of God would He be\nif He did not hear the\nbangles ring on\nan ant\u2019s\nwrist\nas they move the earth\nin their sweet\ndance?\n\nAnd what kind of God would He be\nif a leaf\u2019s prayer was not as precious to creation\nas the prayer His own son sang\nfrom the glorious depth\nof his soul -\nfor us.\n\nAnd what kind of God would He be\nif the vote of millions in this world could sway Him\nto change the divine\nlaw of\nlove\nthat speaks so clearly with compassion\u2019s elegant tongue,\nsaying, eternally saying:\nall are forgiven \u2013 moreover, dears,\nno one has ever been\nguilty.\n\nWhat\nkind of God would He be\nif He did not count the blinks\nof your\neyes\nand is in absolute awe of their movements?\nWhat a God \u2013 what a God we\nhave."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Hey brother, why do you want me to talk?\nTalk and talk and the real things get lost.\n\nTalk and talk and things get out of hand.\nWhy not stop talking and think?\n\nIf you meet someone good, listen a little, speak;\nIf you meet someone bad, clench up like a fist.\n\nTalking with a wise man is a great reward.\nTalking with a fool? A waste.\n\nKabir says: A pot makes noise if it's half full,\nBut fill it to the brim -- no sound."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "I've burned my own house down,\nthe torch is in my hand.\nNow I'll burn down the house of anyone\nwho wants to follow me."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "still the body\nstill the mind\nstill the voice inside\n\nin silence\nfeel the stillness move\n\nfriends\nthis feeling\ncannot be imagined"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Thomas Merton", "text": "There is a pervasive form of contemporary violence ....\n(and that is) activism and overwork. The rush and pressure\nof modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form,\nof its innate violence.\n\nTo allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of\nconflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands,\nto commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone\nin everything, is to succumb to violence.\n\nThe frenzy of our activism neutralizes our work for peace.\nIt destroys our own inner capacity for peace. It destroys the \nfruitfulness of our own work, because it kills the root of\ninner wisdom which makes work fruitful."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Come,\n\u00a0let's scatter roses \nand pour wine in the glass;\nwe'll shatter heaven's roof \nand lay a new foundation.\nIf sorrow raises armies to shed the blood of lovers,\nI'll join with the wine bearer \nso we can overthrow them.\nWith a sweet string at hand, \nplay a sweet song, \nmy friend,\nso we can clap and sing a song \nand lose our heads in dancing\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Gigi", "text": "Hello.\nThere didn't need to be more than that.\nLets Play?\nYes, Lets Play!\nThere didn't need to be more than that.\nSkip stones with me?\nSkipping happened.\nThere didn't need to be more than that.\nHere, take my shirt to stay warm.\nShirt taken, nothing more than that.\nHuddled in the last warmth of sunset\nThere didn't need to be more than that.\nPeer and hold your gaze\nSee nothing but myself\nThere couldn't be more than that."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "SHIBLI WAS ASKED: \u2018WHO GUIDED YOU IN THE PATH?\u2019\n\nSHIBLI SAID: \u2018A DOG. ONE DAY I SAW HIM, ALMOST DEAD WITH THIRST, STANDING BY THE WATER\u2019S EDGE. EVERY TIME HE LOOKED AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE WATER HE WAS FRIGHTENED AND WITHDREW, BECAUSE HE THOUGHT IT WAS ANOTHER DOG.\u2018FINALLY, SUCH WAS HIS NECESSITY, HE CAST AWAY FEAR AND LEAPT INTO THE WATER;AT WHICH THE REFLECTION DISAPPEARED.\n\n\u2018THE DOG FOUND THAT THE OBSTACLE, WHICH WAS HIMSELF, THE BARRIER BETWEEN HIM AND WHAT HE SOUGHT, MELTED AWAY.\u2018IN THIS SAME WAY, MY OWN OBSTACLE VANISHED WHEN I KNEW THAT IT WAS WHAT I TOOK TO BE MY OWN SELF. AND MY WAY WAS FIRST SHOWN TO ME BY THE BEHAVIOUR\nOF \u2013 A DOG.\u2019\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Noise \nis a cruel ruler\n\nwho is always imposing \ncurfews,\n\nwhile \nstillness and silence\nbreak open the vintage \nbottles\n\nand awake the real\nband."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "Mis manos \nabren las cortinas de tu ser \nte visten con otra desnudez \ndescubren los cuerpos de tu cuerpo \nMis manos \ninventan otro cuerpo a tu cuerpo."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "Ni\u00f1a morena y \u00e1gil, el sol que hace las frutas,\nel que cuaja los trigos, el que tuerce las algas,\nhizo tu cuerpo alegre, tus luminosos ojos\ny tu boca que tiene la sonrisa del agua.\n\nUn sol negro y ansioso se te arrolla en las hebras\nde la negra melena, cuando estiras los brazos.\nT\u00fa juegas con el sol como con un estero\ny \u00e9l te deja en los ojos dos oscuros remansos.\n\nNi\u00f1a morena y \u00e1gil, nada hacia ti me acerca.\nTodo de ti me aleja, como del mediod\u00eda.\nEres la delirante juventud de la abeja,\nla embriaguez de la ola, la fuerza de la espiga.\n\nMi coraz\u00f3n sombr\u00edo te busca, sin embargo,\ny amo tu cuerpo alegre, tu voz suelta y delgada.\nMariposa morena dulce y definitiva\ncomo el trigal y el sol, la amapola y el agua."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Octavio Paz", "text": "After chopping off all the arms that reached out to me;\nafter boarding up all the windows and doors;\n\nafter filling all the pits with poisoned water;\nafter building my house on the rock of no,\ninaccessible to flattery and fear;\n\nafter cutting off my tongue and eating it;\nafter hurling handfuls of silence\nand monosyllable of scorn at my loves;\n\nafter forgetting my name;\nand the name of my birthplace;\nand the name of my race;\n\nafter judging and sentencing myself\nto perpetual waiting,\nand perpetual loneliness, I heard\nagainst the stones of my dungeon of syllogisms,\n\nthe humid, tender, insistent\nonset of spring."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Octavio paz", "text": "A trav\u00e9s\nDoblo la p\u00e1gina del d\u00eda,\nescribo lo que me dicta\nel movimiento de tus pesta\u00f1as.\nMis manos\nabren las cortinas de tu ser\nte visten con otra desnudez\ndescubren los cuerpos de tu cuerpo\nMis manos\ninventan otro cuerpo a tu cuerpo.\nEntro en ti,\nveracidad de la tiniebla.\nQuiero las evidencias de lo oscuro,\nbeber el vino negro:\ntoma mis ojos y revi\u00e9ntalos.\nUna gota de noche\nsobre la punta de tus senos:\nenigmas del clavel.\nAl cerrar los ojos\nlos abro dentro de tus ojos.\nEn su lecho granate\nsiempre est\u00e1 despierta\ny h\u00fameda tu lengua.\nHay fuentes\nen el jard\u00edn de tus arterias.\nCon una m\u00e1scara de sangre\natravieso tu pensamiento en blanco:\ndesmemoria me gu\u00eda\nhacia el reverso de la vida."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Octavio paz", "text": "I turn the page of the day,\nwriting what I'm told\nby the motion of your eyelashes.\n\nMy hands\ndraw open the curtains of your being\nThey clothe you in another nudity\nThey uncover the bodies of your body\nMy hands\ninvent another body for your body\n\nI enter you,\nthe truthfulness of the dark.\nI want proofs of darkness, want\nto drink the black wine:\ntake my eyes and crush them.\n\nA drop of night\non your breast's tip:\nmysteries of the carnation.\n\nClosing my eyes\nI open them inside your eyes.\n\nAlways awake\non its garnet bed:\nyour wet tongue.\n\nThere are fountains\nin the garden of your veins.\n\nWith a mask of blood\nI cross your thoughts blankly:\namnesia guides me\nto the other side of life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Suddenly the drunken sweetheart appeared out of my door.\nShe drank a cup of ruby wine and sat by my side.\nSeeing and holding the lockets of her hair\nMy face became all eyes, and my eyes all hands."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anais Nin", "text": "We don't see things as they are. We see them as we are."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anais Nin", "text": "Each friend represents a world in us, a world not born until they arrive, and it is only by this meeting that a new world is born."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lao Tzu", "text": "In the pursuit of knowledge: \neveryday something is adders \nin the pursuit of enlightenment:\neveryday something is dropped."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Today, like every other day, we wake up empty\nand frightened. Don't open the door to the study\nand begin reading. Take down the dulcimer."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Keep on knocking\n'til the joy inside\nopens a window,\nlook to see who's there."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "This place is a dream\nonly a sleeper considers it real\nthen death comes like dawn\nand you wake up laughing\nat what you thought\nwas your grief"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "A man goes to sleep in the town\nwhere he has always lived\nand he dreams\nhe's living in another town\nin the dream he doesn't remember\nthe town he's sleeping in his bed in\nhe believes the reality\nof the dream town\nthe world is that kind of sleep\n\nHumankind is being led\nalong an evolving course,\nthrough this migration\nof intelligences\nand though we seem\nto be sleeping\nthere is an inner wakefulness,\nthat directs the dream\nand that will eventually\nstartle us back\nto the truth of\nwho we are"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Let the beauty we love be what we do.\nThere are hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "At night we fall into each other with such grace.\nWhen it's light, you throw me back\nlike you do your hair."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Your eyes now drunk with God,\nmine with looking at you,\none drunkard takes care of another."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Your eyes now drunk with God,\nmine with looking at you,\none drunkard takes care of another."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "I lost my world, my fame, my mind --\nThe Sun appeared, and all the shadows ran.\nI ran after them, but vanished as I ran --\nLight ran after me and hunted me down."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "We are the mirror as well as the face in it."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Today I'm out wandering, turning my skull\ninto a cup for others to drink wine from.\nIn this town somewhere there sits a calm, intelligent man,\nwho doesn't know what he's about to do!\n\nYou only need smell the wine\nFor vision to flame from each void--\nSuch flames from wine's aroma!\nImagine if you were the wine."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The grapes of my body can only become wine\nAfter the winemaker tramples me.\nI surrender my spirit like grapes to his trampling\nSo my inmost heart can blaze and dance with joy.\nAlthough the grapes go on weeping blood and sobbing\n\"I cannot bear any more anguish, any more cruelty\"\nThe trampler stuffs cotton in his ears: \"I am not working in ignorance\nYou can deny me if you want, you have every excuse,\nBut it is I who am the Master of this Work.\nAnd when through my Passion you reach Perfection,\nYou will never be done praising my name.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gibran", "text": "And to the open-handed the search for one who shall receive is joy greater than giving"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "OSHO", "text": "To be with someone who has known is contagious -- and truth is not taught, it is caught."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "OSHO", "text": "If you are really committed to truth you are bound to become a sannyasin. If your commitment to truth is an inquiry then you will have to learn the ways of learning. And the first thing to learn is to surrender, to trust, to love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "OSHO", "text": "The sannyasin is one who has fallen in love with a person, or a no-person, where he feels a gut feeling: \"Yes, it has happened here!\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Sometimes a mule does not know\nWhat is best for itself.\n\nWhen the mind is confused like that\nIt secretly desires a master\nWith a skilled whip\nTo guide it to those playgrounds\nOn the earth\u2019s table\nWhere the Sweet One\u2019s light has\nMade life more tasty.\n\nHafiz always carries such a whip\nBut I rarely need to use it.\nI prefer just turning myself into\nThe prettiest mule\nIn town\nAnd making my tail sing\nknowing your heart will then\nFollow"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "You must bet and lose\neverything you\u2019ve ever owned\nif you truly desire\nto become one with your beloved."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "Sadness is but a wall between two gardens."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "My friend, you and I shall remain strangers unto life,\nAnd unto one another, and each unto himself,\nUntil the day when you shall speak and I shall listen\nDeeming your voice my own voice;\nAnd when I shall stand before you\nThinking myself standing before a mirror."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "If you love somebody,\nlet them go, for if they return,\nthey were always yours. And if they don\u2019t,\nthey never were."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "Beauty is not in the face;\nBeauty is a light in the heart."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kahlil Gibran", "text": "If I accept the sunshine and warmth,\nthen I must also accept the thunder and lightning."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Khalil Gibran", "text": "It is wrong to think that love comes from long companionship and\npersevering courtship.\nLove is the offspring of spiritual affinity and unless that affinity is created in a moment,\nit will not be created for years or even generations."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "First\nThe fish needs to say,\n\"Something just ain't right about this\nCamel ride -\nAnd I'm\nFeeling so damn\nThirsty.\""}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "When the Day came,\nThe Day I had lived and died for,\nThe Day that is not in any calendar,\nClouds heavy with love\nShowered me with wild abundance.\nInside me, my soul was drenched.\nAround me, even the desert grew green."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Go Past the thoughts into silence.\nGo Past the silence into stillness.\nGo Past the stillness into the heart.\nLet love consume all that is left of you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "I laugh when I hear that\nthe fish in the water is thirsty.\nI laugh when I hear that\nmen go on pilgrimage to find God."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "How humble is God?\nGod is the tree in the forests that\nallows itself to die and will not defend itself in front of those\nwith the ax, not wanting to cause them\nshame.\nAnd God is the earth that will allow itself to\nbe deformed by man\u2019s tools, but He cries; yes, God cries,\nbut only in front of His closest ones.\nAnd a beautiful animal is being beaten to death,\nbut nothing can make God break His silence\nto the masses\nand say,\n\u201cStop, please stop, why are you doing this\nto Me?\u201d\nHow humble is God?\nKabir wept\nwhen I\nknew."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabindranath Tagore", "text": "From the solemn gloom of the temple\nchildren run out to sit in the dust,\nGod watches them play\nand forgets the priest."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Sri chinmoy", "text": "The Definition of Love\nKill and be happy.\nIndeed,\nThis is the definition\nOf animal love.\nPossess and be happy,\nIndeed,\nThis is the definition\nOf human love.\nBecome one and be happy.\nIndeed,\nThis is the definition\nOf divine love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Sri chinmoy", "text": "When God and I\nHave a private moment,\nThe first thing He asks me is this:\n\u201cMy child,\nWhy are you so slow\nIn your unconditional surrender\nTo My will?\u201d"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Pablo Neruda", "text": "No Est\u00e9s Lejos de M\u00ed \n\"No est\u00e9s lejos de m\u00ed un s\u00f3lo d\u00eda, porque c\u00f3mo,\nporque, no s\u00e9 dec\u00edrtelo, es largo el d\u00eda,\ny te estar\u00e9 esperando como en las estaciones\ncuando en alguna parte se durmieron los trenes.\nNo te vayas por una hora porque entonces\nen esa hora se juntan las gotas del desvelo\ny tal vez todo el humo que anda buscando casa\nvenga a matar a\u00fan mi coraz\u00f3n perdido.\nAy que no se quebrante tu silueta en la arena,\nay que no vuelen tus p\u00e1rpados en la ausencia:\nno te vayas por un minuto, bienamada,\nporque en ese minuto te habr\u00e1s ido tan lejos\nque yo cruzar\u00e9 toda la tierra preguntando\nsi volver\u00e1s o si me dejar\u00e1s muriendo.\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Absence\nI have scarcely left you \nWhen you go in me, crystalline,\nOr trembling,\nOr uneasy, wounded by me\nOr overwhelmed with love, as\nwhen your eyes \nClose upon the gift of life\nThat without cease I give you.\nMy love, \nWe have found each other\nThirsty and we have \nDrunk up all the water and the\nBlood, \nWe found each other\nHungry \nAnd we bit each other\nAs fire bites,\nLeaving wounds in us.\nBut wait for me, \nKeep for me your sweetness.\nI will give you too \nA rose."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Carnal apple, Woman filled, burning moon,\ndark smell of seaweed, crush of mud and light,\nwhat secret knowledge is clasped between your pillars?\nWhat primal night does Man touch with his senses?\nAy, Love is a journey through waters and stars,\nthrough suffocating air, sharp tempests of grain:\nLove is a war of lightning,\nand ruined by a single sweetness.\nKiss by kiss I cover your tiny infinity,\nyour margins, your rivers, your diminutive villages,\nand a genital fire, transformed by delight,\nslips through the narrow channels of blood\nto precipitate a nocturnal carnation,\nto be, and be nothing but light in the dark."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Octavio Paz", "text": "It is always difficult to give oneself up; few persons anywhere ever succeed in doing so, and even fewer transcend the possessive stage to know love for what it actually is: a perpetual discovery, and immersion in the waters of reality, an unending re-creation."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "I want you to know\none thing.\n\nYou know how this is:\nif I look\nat the crystal moon, at the red branch\nof the slow autumn at my window,\nif I touch\nnear the fire\nthe impalpable ash\nor the wrinkled body of the log,\neverything carries me to you,\nas if everything that exists,\naromas, light, metals,\nwere little boats\nthat sail\ntoward those isles of yours that wait for me.\n\nWell, now,\nif little by little you stop loving me\nI shall stop loving you little by little.\n\nIf suddenly\nyou forget me\ndo not look for me,\nfor I shall already have forgotten you.\n\nIf you think it long and mad,\nthe wind of banners\nthat passes through my life,\nand you decide\nto leave me at the shore\nof the heart where I have roots,\nremember\nthat on that day,\nat that hour,\nI shall lift my arms\nand my roots will set off\nto seek another land.\n\nBut\nif each day,\neach hour,\nyou feel that you are destined for me\nwith implacable sweetness,\nif each day a flower\nclimbs up to your lips to seek me,\nah my love, ah my own,\nin me all that fire is repeated,\nin me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,\nmy love feeds on your love, beloved,\nand as long as you live it will be in your arms\nwithout leaving mine"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "The difference between a good artist and a great one is\nThe novice will often lay down his tool\nOr brush\nThen pick up an invisible club\nOn the mind\u2019s table\nAnd helplessly smash the easels and\nJade.\nWhereas the vintage man\nNo longer hurts himself or anyone\nAnd keeps on\nSculpting\nLight."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabia al-Basri", "text": "If I adore You\nout of fear of Hell,\nBurn me in Hell!\nIf I adore you\nout of desire for Paradise,\nLock me out of Paradise.\nBut if I adore you\nfor yourself alone,\nDo not deny to me\nYour eternal beauty."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabia al-Basri", "text": "O Beloved,\nAnother Night is passing away,\nAnother Day is rising\nTell me that\nI have spent the Night well\nso I can be at peace,\nOr that I have wasted it,\nso I can mourn for what is lost.\nI swear that ever since the first day\nYou brought me back to life,\nThe day You became my Friend,\nI have not slept\nAnd even if You drive me from your door,\nI swear again that we will never be separated.\nBecause You are alive in my heart."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rabia al-Basri", "text": "In Love, nothing exists\nbetween heart and heart.\nSpeech is born out of longing,\nTrue description from the real taste.\nThe one who tastes, knows;\nthe one who explains, lies.\nHow can you describe\nthe true form of Something\nIn whose presence you are blotted out?\nAnd in whose being you still exist?\nAnd who lives as a sign for your journey?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Even\nAfter\nAll this time\nThe Sun never says to the Earth,\n\u201cYou owe me.\u201d\nLook\nWhat happens\nWith a love like that,\nIt lights the whole sky."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "What\nDo sad people have in\nCommon?\nIt seems\nThey have all built a shrine\nTo the past\nAnd often go there\nAnd do a strange wail and\nWorship.\nWhat is the beginning of\nHappiness?\nIt is to stop being\nSo religious\nLike That."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I caught the happy virus last night\nWhen\nI was out singing\nbeneath the stars.\nIt is remarkably\ncontagious -So kiss me."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I have a thousand brilliant lies\nFor the question:\nHow are you?\nI have a thousand brilliant lies\nFor the question:\nWhat is Beloved?\nIf you think that the Truth can be known\nFrom words,\nIf you think that the Sun and the Ocean\nCan pass through that tiny opening\nCalled the mouth,\nO someone should start laughing!\nSomeone should start wildly Laughing\nNow!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Throw away\nAll your begging bowls at God\u2019s door,\nFor I have heard the Beloved\nPrefers sweet threatening shouts,\nSomething on the order of:\n\u201cHey Beloved,\nMy heart is a raging volcano\nOf love for you!\nYou better start kissing me -\nOr Else!\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Out\nOf a great need\nWe are all holding hands\nAnd climbing.\nNot loving is a letting go.\nListen,\nThe terrain around here\nIs\nFar too\nDangerous\nFor\nThat."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "A still cup\u2026.\nFor\nGod\nTo make Love,\nFor the divine alchemy to work,\nThe Pitcher needs a still cup.\nWhy\nAsk Hafiz to say\nAnything more about\nYour most\nVital\nRequirement?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Once a man came to me and spoke for hours about\n\u201cHis great visions of God\u201d he felt he was having.\nHe asked me for confirmation, saying,\n\u201cAre these wondrous dreams true?\u201d\nI replied, \u201cHow many goats do you have?\u201d\nHe looked surprised and said,\n\u201cI am speaking of sublime visions\nAnd you ask\nAbout goats!\u201d\nAnd I spoke again saying,\n\u201cYes, brother \u2013 how many do you have?\u201d\n\u201cWell, Hafiz, I have sixty-two.\u201d\n\u201cAnd how many wives?\u201d\nAgain he looked surprised, then said,\n\u201cFour.\u201d\n\u201cHow many rose bushes in your garden,\nHow many children,\nAre your parents still alive,\nDo you feed the birds in winter?\u201d\nAnd to all he answered.\nThen I said,\n\u201cYou asked me if I thought your visions were true,\nI would say that they were if they make you become\nMore human,\nMore kind to every creature and plant\nThat you know.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "The\nReal love\nI always keep a secret.\nAll my words\nAre sung outside Her window,\nFor when She lets me in\nI take a thousand oaths of silence.\nBut,\nThen She says,\nO, then God says,\n\u201cWhat the hell, Hafiz,\nWhy not give the whole world\nMy\nAddress."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "This sky where we live is\nno place to lose your wings\nSo love, love, love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I am trying the best I can\nWith this crude brush,\nthe tongue,\nTo cover you with light."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Jami", "text": "Lucky is the one who realizes the secret of being nobody\nfor no one gets anywhere by being somebody.\nWhatever is not about desirelessness and detachment\nis a delusion and will lead but to disillusion.\nThere is a light on your face\nwhich whispers of the Divine Flame.\nWith God is my witness you were born from the same.\nFor the caged bird to reach the perfumed garden\nit has to pass through the realm of imagination.\nYou have to rise above that\nwhich you think human destiny\nto fulfill your destiny,\nfor your covenant is not with man\nbut with God.\nShould you not be allowed yet\nto join the Beloved\u2019s caravan\nbe content if you hear its bells from a distance\nin the realm of hearts none but our King rules\nthe One who by day is the Ruler\nand by night the Life bestowing Thief!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Lalla", "text": "Though you are wise, be as a fool;\nThough you can see, be as one blind;\nThough you can hear, be as one deaf;\nPatiently bear with all you meet,\nand politely talk to everyone.\nThis practice surely will lead you\nto the realisation of the Truth."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "At\nSome point\nYour relationship\nWith God\nWill\nBecome like this:\nNext time you meet Him in the forest\nOr on a crowded city street\nThere won\u2019t be anymore\n\u201cLeaving.\u201d\nThat is,\nGod will climb into\nYour pocket.\nYou will simply just take\nYourself\nAlong!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Your tastes have become refined.\nIt used to be\nIf someone stole all your coins\nOr locked your sexual pleasure in a room\nYou could not reach\nThis world would have no meaning\nAnd a thirst for a hemlock brew\nMight arise.\nBut that was many lives ago.\nNow look at yourself:\nYou are often still a mess\nThrough these days,\nAt times,\nYou weep because\nYou miss\nHim."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "The small man\nBuilds cages\nFor everyone\nHe\nKnows\nWhile the sage,\nWho has to duck his head\nWhen the moon is low,\nKeeps dropping keys all night long\nFor the\nBeautiful\nRowdy\nPrisoners."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I know the voice of depression\nStill calls to you.\nI know those habits that can ruin your life\nStill send their invitations.\nBut you are with the Friend now\nAnd look so much stronger.\nYou can stay that way\nAnd even bloom!\u2026\nLearn to recognize the counterfeit coins\nThat may buy you just a moment of pleasure,\nBut then drag you for days, \nLike a broken man\nBehind a farting camel\u2026\nO keep squeezing drops of the Sun\nFrom your prayers and work and music\nAnd from your companions\u2019 beautiful laughter\nAnd from the most insignificant movements\nOf your own holy body.\nNow, sweet one,\nBe wise.\nCast all your votes\nfor dancing\u2026!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Kabir", "text": "The path that leads to love\nis so Narrow that\nTwo cannot walk on it\nunless they become One."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Love is\nThe funeral pyre\nWhere I have laid my living body.\nAll the false notions of myself\nThat once caused fear and pain,\nTurned to ash\nAs I neared the Beloved.\n\nWhat has risen\nFrom the tangled web of thought and sinew\nNow shines with jubilation\nThrough the eyes of angels\nAnd screams from the guts of\nInfinite existence\nItself.\nLove is the funeral pyre\nWhere the heart must lay\nIts body."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "This being human is a guest house.\nEvery morning a new arrival.\nA joy, a depression, a meanness,\nsome momentary awareness comes as an unexpected visitor.\nWelcome and entertain them all!\nEven if they're a crowd of sorrows,\nwho violently sweep your house\nempty of it's furniture,\nstill, treat each guest honorably.\nHe may be clearing you out\nfor some new delight.\nThe dark thought the shame, the malice,\nmeet them at the door laughing,\nand invite them in.\nBe grateful for whoever comes,\nbecause each has been sent as a guide from beyond."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "I used to live in\nA cramped house with confusion\nAnd pain.\nBut then I met the Friend\nAnd started getting drunk\nAnd singing all\nNight.\nConfusion and Pain\nStarted acting nasty,\nMaking threats,\nWith talk like this,\n\u201cIf you don\u2019t stop \u2018that\u2019\nAll that fun\nWe\u2019re\nLeaving.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "The heart is\nThe thousand-stringed instrument.\nOur sadness and fear come from being\nOut of tune with love.\nAll day long Love coaxes my lips\nTo speak,\nSo that your tears will not stain\nHis green dress.\nIt is not that the Friend is vain,\nIt is just your life we care about.\nSometimes the Beloved\nTakes my pen in hand,\nFor Hafiz is just a simple man.\nThe other day the Old One\nWrote on the Tavern wall:\n\u201cThe heart is\nThe thousand-stringed instrument\nThat can only be tuned with\nLove.\u201d"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "There are different wells within your heart.\nSome fill with each good rain,\nOthers are far too deep for that.\n\nIn one well\nYou have just a few precious cups of water,\nThat \"love\" is literally something of yourself,\nIt can grow as slow as a diamond\nIf it is lost.\n\nYour love\nShould never be offered to the mouth of a\nStranger,\nOnly to someone\nWho has the valor and daring\nTo cut pieces of their soul off with a knife\nThen weave them into a blanket\nTo protect you.\n\nThere are different wells within us.\nSome fill with each good rain,\nOthers are far, far too deep\nFor that."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Noise\nIs a cruel ruler\nWho is always imposing\nCurfews,\nWhile\nStillness and quiet\nBreak open the vintage\nBottles,\nAwake the real\nBand."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "There is no home, unless we find it in ourselves."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "The life of love is a very insecure life, but tremendously beautiful. Dangerous, adventurous, but the only way to live is to live in danger, and to live in adventure."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Watch the waves in the ocean.\nThe higher the wave goes,\nthe deeper is the wake that follows it.\nOne moment you are the wave,\nanother moment you are the hollow wake that follows.\nEnjoy both\u2013don\u2019t get addicted to one.\nDon\u2019t say: I would always like to be on the peak.\nSimply see the fact: it is not possible.\nIt has never happened and it will never happen.\nIt is simply impossible\u2013not in the nature of things.\nThen what to do?\nEnjoy the peak while it lasts\nand then enjoy the valley when it comes.\nWhat is wrong with the valley?\nWhat is wrong with being low?\nIt is a relaxation.\nA peak is an excitement,\nbut nobody can exist continuously\nin an excitement."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "When somebody comes and gives, his or her love to you without asking, without demanding anything in return for it, it has a beauty, it is not of this world, it has an unearthly quality to it, it is sacred."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "One birth has been given to you\nby your parents\nThe other birth is waiting.\nIt has to be given\nby yourself."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "STORMS\n\u201cIt is good to be available to the wind,\nto the rain, to the sun,\n\u2026 because this is what life is.\nSo rather than becoming worried about it, dance!\u201d\nGrowth means that you are absorbing something new every day,\nand that absorption is possible only if you are open.\nNow your windows and doors are open.\nSometimes the rain comes in and the wind comes in,\nthe sun comes, and life moves within you.\nSo you will feel a few disturbances:\nYour newspaper will start moving in the wind,\nthe papers on the table will be disturbed,\nand if the rain starts coming in your clothes may become wet.\nIf you have always lived in a closed room,\nyou will ask, \u201cWhat is happening?\u201d\nSomething beautiful is happening.\nIt is good to be available to the wind,\nto the rain, to the sun,\nbecause this is what life is.\nSo rather than becoming worried about it, dance!\nDance when the storm comes,\nbecause silence will follow.\nDance when challenges come and disturb your life,\nbecause in responding to those challenges\nyou will be growing to new heights.\nRemember, even suffering is a grace.\nIf one can take it rightly it becomes a stepping stone.\nPeople who have never suffered and\nhave lived a convenient and comfortable,\nlife are almost dead.\nTheir lives will not be like a sharp sword.\nIt will not even cut vegetables.\nIntelligence becomes sharp when you face challenges.\nPray every day to God,\n\u201cSend me more challenges tomorrow,\nsend more storms,\u201d\nand then you will know life at the optimum."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Why Love Hurts ?\nLove is painful because it creates the way for bliss. Love is painful because it transforms. Love is mutation. Each transformation is going to be painful because the old has to be left for the new. The old is familiar, secure, safe, the new is absolutely unknown. You will be moving in an uncharted ocean. You cannot use your mind with the new\u2019 with the old, the mind is skillful. The mind can function only with the old\u2019 with the new, the mind is utterly useless.\nHence, fear arises, and leaving the old, comfortable, safe world, the world of convenience, pain arises. It is the same pain that the child feels when he comes out of the womb of the mother. It is the same pain that the bird feels when he comes out of the egg. It is the same pain that the bird will feel when he will try for the first time to be on the wing.\nIt is because of the pain of love, millions of people live a loveless life. They too suffer, and their suffering is futile. To suffer in love is not to suffer in vain. To suffer in love is creative\u2019 it takes you to higher levels of consciousness. To suffer without love is utterly a waste\u2019 it leads you nowhere, it keeps you moving in the same vicious circle."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Friendship is the purest love. It is the highest form of Love where nothing is asked for, no condition, where one simply enjoys giving."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "This pain is not to make you sad, remember. That\u2019s where people go on missing\u2026.\nThis pain is just to make you more alert\u2013because people become alert only when the arrow goes deep into their heart and wounds them. Otherwise they don\u2019t become alert. When life is easy, comfortable, convenient, who cares?\nWho bothers to become alert?\nWhen a friend dies, there is a possibility. When your woman leaves you alone\u2013those dark nights, you are lonely. You have loved that woman so much and you have staked all, and then suddenly one day she is gone. Crying in your loneliness, those are the occasions when, if you use them, you can become aware. The arrow is hurting:\nit can be used. The pain is not to make you miserable, the pain is to make you more aware! And when you are aware, misery disappears."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Love is not a relationship between two persons. It is a state of mind within yourself. If you are loving, you are loving to everybody \u2014 not only to persons, but to things as well.\nLove moves from you to objects also. Even when you are alone, when no one is there, you are loving.\nIt is just like breathing."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Fear is never love, and love is never afraid. There is nothing to lose for love. Why should love be afraid?\nLove only gives. It is not business, so there is no question of loss or profit. Love enjoys giving, just as flowers enjoy releasing their fragrance. Why should they be afraid ?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "God is not a person but only the experience that the whole existence is an alive, phenomenon; it is not matter alone, it is throbbing with life!\u2026that it has a heartbeat.\nThe moment you know that the universe has a heartbeat, you have discovered God\u2026"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "He is certainly a great poet, perhaps the greatest that has ever been born on the earth, but he is not a mystic; and there is a tremendous difference between a poet and a mystic. The poet, once in a while, suddenly finds himself in the same space as the mystic. In those rare moments, roses shower over him. On those rare occasions, he is almost a Gautam Buddha \u2013 but remember, I\u2019m saying almost.\nThese rare moments come and go. He\u2019s not the master of those rare moments. They come like the breeze and the fragrance and by the time you have become aware they are gone.\nA poet\u2019s genius is that he catches those moments in words. Those moments come into your life too. They are free gifts of existence \u2013 or in other words, glimpses to provoke in you a search, to come to a moment when this space will become your very life, your blood, your bones, your marrow. You will breathe it; your heart will beat it. You will never be able to lose it, even if you want to.\nThe poet is for moments a mystic, and the mystic is a poet forever."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Only those who are ready to become\nnobodies\nare able to love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "You will love because you have something to give,\nnot to get something."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "You can understand only as much as you have experienced."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Listen only to that which is significant.\nRead only that which is meaningful.\nAvoid the unnecessary , the irrelevant.\nSpeak only that which is to the point.\nMake your each word your heart.\nDon\u2019t just go on saying things\nas if your a gramophone record."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "When you are different,\nthe whole world is different.\nIt is not a question of creating a different world.\nIt is only a question of creating a different you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Love is a wine\nyou have to taste it,\nyou have to drink it,\nyou have to become drunk with it,\nonly then do you know\nwhat it is."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "I am not serious,\nI am just celebrating.\nWhen I talk to you,\nI am not giving you an idealogy, a philosophy, a religion.\nI simply want to share\nmy celebration."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Only in deep silence\nsomething of me enters in you and something of you enters in me\u2026"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Love, and yet don\u2019t be lost in it.\nRelate, and yet be alone,\nutterly alone."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "OshO", "text": "Never hope that the other should change. In every relationship start the change from your side."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "I teach you rebellion! Come out of the masses. Stand alone like a lion and live your life according to your own light."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Falling in love you remain a child;\nrising in love you mature.\nBy and by love becomes not a relationship, it becomes a state of your being.\nNot that you are in love \u2013 now you are love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "The real seeker of truth never seeks truth.\nOn the contrary,\nhe tries to clean himself of all that is untrue, inauthentic, insincere -\nand when his heart is ready, purified, the guest comes.\nYou cannot find the guest,\nyou cannot go after him.\nHe comes to you;\nyou just have to be prepared.\nYou have to be in a right attitude."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "What you see outside is only a projection,\njust as you see a projection of a film on the screen.\nThere is nothing outside,\nyou are projecting everything."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "The day there is no question and no answer within you, and you are just sitting here empty, you have come home."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "The innermost core is witnessing, awareness, watchfulness.\nYou can call it anything, but it will be another meaning of witnessing.\nTruth is pure awareness."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Don\u2019t seek, don\u2019t search, don\u2019t ask, don\u2019t knock, don\u2019t demand \u2013 relax.\nIf you relax, it comes.\nIf you relax, it is there.\nIf you relax, you start vibrating with it."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "There is a time to be in love and there is a time to move beyond it. There is a time to be related and enjoy the relationship, and there is a time to be alone. And everything is beautiful."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "You are master of your own love, and you can give as much as you want-but you cannot demand love from another person, because nobody is a slave."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "When two centers meet, a new thing is created. That new thing is love. And it is just like water; The thirst of many lives is satisfied. Suddenly you become contented. That is the visible sign of love."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "LOVE Real\nlove is something which has nothing to do with filling the inner space.\nJust the contrary,\nit has something to do with sharing the inner space.\nIf you are sharing then it is love.\nSharing is the bridge which joins the human to the divine.\nLove is the bridge which joins you to the divine."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Anais Nin", "text": "And the day came when the risk to remain tight in a bud was more painful than the risk it took to open."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Osho", "text": "Love makes no conditions, no ifs, no buts. Love never says, \u201cFulfill these requirements, then I will love you.\u201d\nLove is like breathing:\nwhen it happens you are."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "SI T\u00da ME OLVIDAS\nQUIERO que sepas\nuna cosa.\nT\u00fa sabes c\u00f3mo es esto:\nsi miro\nla luna de cristal, la rama roja \ndel lento oto\u00f1o en mi ventana, \nsi toco\njunto al fuego \nla impalpable ceniza\no el arrugado cuerpo de la le\u00f1a, \ntodo me lleva a ti, \ncomo si todo lo que existe, \naromas, luz, metales, \nfueran peque\u00f1os barcos que navegan \nhacia las islas tuyas que me aguardan.\nAhora bien, \nsi poco a poco dejas de quererme\ndejar\u00e9 de quererte poco a poco.\nSi de pronto\nme olvidas\nno me busques,\nque ya te habr\u00e9 olvidado.\nSi consideras largo y loco \nel viento de banderas \nque pasa por mi vida \ny te decides\na dejarme a la orilla\ndel coraz\u00f3n en que tengo ra\u00edces,\npiensa\nque en ese d\u00eda,\na esa hora\nlevantar\u00e9 los brazos\ny saldr\u00e1n mis ra\u00edces\na buscar otra tierra.\nPero\nsi cada d\u00eda, \ncada hora\nsientes que a m\u00ed est\u00e1s destinada \ncon dulzura implacable.\nSi cada d\u00eda sube \nuna flor a tus labios a buscarme, \nay amor m\u00edo, ay m\u00eda, \nen m\u00ed todo ese fuego se repite, \nen m\u00ed nada se apaga ni se olvida, \nmi amor se nutre de tu amor, amada, \ny mientras vivas estar\u00e1 en tus brazos \nsin salir de los m\u00edos."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The\nDifference\nBetween a good artist\nAnd a great one\nIs:\nThe novice\nWill often lay down his tool\nOr brush\nThen pick up an invisible club\nOn the mind\u2019s table\nAnd helplessly smash the easels and\nJade.\nWhereas the vintage man\nNo longer hurts himself or anyone\nAnd keeps on\nSculpting\nLight."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "IT HAS NOT RAINED LIGHT\"\nIt has not rained light for many days.\nThe wells in most eyes look drought-stricken.\nThus friends are not easy to find\nIn this barren place\nWhere most everyone has become ill\nFrom guarding nothing.\n\nOn this primal caravan\nCareers and cities can appear real in this\nIntense Desert heat,\nBut I say to my close ones,\n\"Don't get lost in them,\nit has not rained light there for days.\nLook, most everyone is diseased\nFrom 'making love' to nothing.\""}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "The Gift\nOur\nUnion is like this:\n\nYou feel cold\nSo I reach for a blanket to cover\nOur shivering feet.\n\nA hunger comes into your body\nSo I run to my garden\nAnd start digging potatoes.\n\nYou ask for a few words of comfort and guidance,\nI quickly kneel at your side offering you\nThis whole book -\nAs a gift.\n\nYou ache with loneliness one night\nSo much you weep\n\nAnd I say,\n\nHere's a rope,\nTie it around me,\n\nHafiz\nWill be your companion\nFor life."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.\nDon't go back to sleep.\n\nYou must ask for what you really want.\nDon't go back to sleep.\n\nPeople are going back and forth across the doorsill\nwhere the two worlds touch.\n\nThe door is round and open.\nDon't go back to sleep."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Someone Untied Your Camel\nI cannot sit still with my countrymen in chains.\nI cannot act mute\nHearing the world's loneliness\nCrying near the Beloved's Heart.\n\nMy love for God is such\nThat I could dance with Him tonight without you,\nBut I would rather have you there.\n\nIs your caravan lost?\n\nIt is,\nIf you no longer weep from gratitude or happiness,\nOr weep\nFrom being cut deep with the awareness\nOf the extraordinary beauty\nThat emanates from the most simple act\nAnd common object.\n\nMy dear, is your caravan lost?\n\nIt is if you can no longer be kind to yourself\nAnd loving to those who must live\nWith the sometimes difficult task of loving you.\n\nAt least come to know\nThat someone untied your camel last night\nFor I hear its gentle voice\nCalling for God in the desert.\n\nAt least come to know\nThat Hafiz will always hold a lantern\nWith galaxies blooming inside\n\nAnd that I will always guide your soul to\nThe divine warmth and exhilaration\nOf our Beloved's Tent."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Love comes with a knife, not some shy question, and not with fears for its reputation --Rumi"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "If you are irritated by every rub, how will your mirror be polished?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The sum of my life is no more than these three words:\nI was raw, I got cooked, I got burned."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing \nand rightdoing there is a field. \nI'll meet you there. \n\nWhen the soul lies down in that grass \nthe world is too full to talk about."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "THE SILENT ARTICULATION OF A FACE\nLove comes with a knife,\nnot some shy question, \nand not with fears\nfor its reputation!\n\nI say these things disinterestedly.\nAccept them in kind.\n\nLove is a madman, working his wild schemes, tearing off his clothes,\nrunning through the mountains, drinking poison \nand now quietly choosing annihilation.\n\nA tiny spider tries to wrap an enormous wasp.\nThink of the spiderweb woven across the cave\nwhere Muhammad slept! \n\nThere are love stories,\nand there is obliteration into love.\n\nYou've been walking the ocean's edge,\nholding up your robes to keep them dry.\nYou must dive naked under and deeper under,\na thousand times deeper! \nLove flows down!!\n\nThe ground submits to the sky and suffers\nwhat comes. \nTell me, is the earth worse\nfor giving in like that?\n\nDon't put blankets over the drum!\nOpen completely. \nLet your spirit-ear listen to the green dome's passionate murmur.\nLet the cords of your robe be untied.\nShiver in this new love beyond all above and below. \nThe sun rises, but which way\ndoes night go? \n\nI have no more words. Let soul speak with the silent\narticulation of a face."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Kabir", "text": "Lift the veil \nthat obscures the heart\nand there you will find \nwhat you are looking for\nOpen those curtains wide\nYour treasure awaits you\nHurt no one\nBe not vain\nWealth and beauty \nAre fleeting conditions \nIn the quiet place within\nFind a seat\nSit in a way\nThat nothing stirs\nFor Kabir it has\nBecome blissful\nThe silent drum \nKeeps playing."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Everything is clapping today.\n\nLight,\nSound,\nMotion,\nAll movement.\n\nA\u00a0rabbit\u00a0I pass pulls a cymbal\nFrom a hidden pocket\nThen winks.\n\nThis causes a few planets and I\nTo go nuts\nAnd start grabbing each other.\n\nSomeone sees this,\nCalls a\nShrink,\n\nTries to get me\nCommitted\nFor\nBeing too\nHappy.\n\nListen: this world is the lunatic's sphere, \nDon't always agree it's real,\n\nEven with my feet upon it\nAnd the\u00a0postman\u00a0knowing my door\n\nMy address is somewhere else."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "God\nand I have become\nlike two giant fat people living\nin a tiny\nboat.\nWe\nkeep bumping into\neach other\nand laughing!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "The \nGreat religions are the \nShips,\nPoets the life \nBoats.\nEvery sane person I know has jumped \nOverboard.\nThat is good for business \nIsn't it\nHafiz?"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "Tripping over Joy\nWhat is the difference\nBetween your experience of Existence\nAnd that of a saint?\nThe saint knows\nThat the spiritual path\nIs a sublime chess game with God\n\nAnd that the Beloved\nHas just made such a Fantastic Move\n\nthat the saint is now continually\nTripping over Joy\nAnd bursting out in Laughter\nAnd saying, \"I Surrender!\"\n\nWhereas, my dear,\nI'm afraid you still think \n\nYou have a thousand serious moves\nto make."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "WITH THAT MOON LANGUAGE\n\nAdmit something:\n\nEveryone you see, you say to them:\n\"love me.\"\n\nOf course you do not say this out loud;\nOtherwise,\nSomeone would call the cops.\n\nStill though, think about this,\nThis great pull in us\nTo connect.\n\nWhy not become the one \nWho lives with a full moon in each eye\nThat is always saying,\n\nWith that sweet moon\nLanguage,\n\nWhat every other eye in this world\nIs dying to hear.\nHear."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The way of love is not a subtle argument.\nThe door there is devastation.\nBirds make great sky-circles of their freedom.\nHow do they learn it?\nThey fall, and falling, they're given wings."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "The minute I heard my first love story,\nI started looking for you, not knowing\nhow blind that was.\n\nLovers don't finally meet somewhere,\nthey're in each other all along.\n\nLet the lover be disgraceful, crazy,\nabsentminded. Someone sober\nwill worry about things going badly.\nLet the lover be."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Look\n\nLook as long as you can\nat the friend you love\nNo matter whether that friend is moving away from you\nor coming back toward you."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Reason is powerless in the expression of Love. Love alone is capable of revealing the truth of Love and being a Lover. The way of our prophets is the way of Truth. If you want to live, die in Love; die in Love if you want to remain alive."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Hafiz", "text": "What Happens?\nWhat happens when your soul\nBegins to awaken\nYour eyes\nAnd your heart\nAnd the cells of your body\nTo the great Journey of Love?\n\nFirst there is wonderful laughter\nAnd probably precious tears\n\nAnd a hundred sweet promises\nAnd those heroic vows\nNo one can ever keep.\n\nBut still God is delighted and amused\nYou once tried to be a saint.\n\nWhat happens when your soul\nBegins to awake in this world\n\nTo our deep need to love\nAnd serve the Friend?\n\nO the Beloved\nWill send you\nOne of His wonderful, wild companions ~\nLike Hafiz."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Some Kiss We Want\n\nThere is some kiss we want with\nour whole lives, the touch of\nspirit on the body.\n\nSeawater\nbegs the pearl to break its shell.\n\nAnd the lily, how passionately\nit needs some wild darling!\n\nAt night, I open the window and ask\nthe moon to come and press its\nface against mine.\n\nBreathe into me.\n\nClose the language-door and\nopen the love window.\nThe moon\nwon't use the door, only the window."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Rumi", "text": "Dance when you're broken open.\nDance when you've torn the bandage off.\nDance in the middle of fighting.\nDance in your blood.\nDance when you're perfectly free.\nStruck, the dancer hears a tambourine inside her,\nlike a wave that crests into foam at the very top,\nBegins.\nMaybe you don't hear that tambourine,\nor the tree leaves clapping time.\nClose the ears on your head,\nthat listen mostly to lies and cynical jokes.\nThere are other things to see, and hear.\nMusic. Dance.\nA brilliant city inside your soul!"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pablo Neruda", "text": "En un beso, sabr\u00e1s todo lo que he callado."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "O. K. Bernhardt", "text": "No olvides nunca que el primer beso no se da con la boca, sino con los ojos."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Antoine de Saint-Exupery", "text": "Amar no es mirarse el uno al otro; es mirar juntos en la misma direcci\u00f3n."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Gabriel Garc\u00eda M\u00e1rquez", "text": "La peor forma de extra\u00f1ar a alguien es estar sentado a su lado y saber que nunca lo podr\u00e1s tener."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pablo Neruda", "text": "Para mi coraz\u00f3n basta tu pecho,\npara tu libertad bastan mis alas."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Pit\u00e1goras de Samos", "text": "Purifica tu coraz\u00f3n antes de permitir que el amor se asiente en \u00e9l, ya que la miel m\u00e1s dulce se agria en un vaso sucio."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Ovidio", "text": "En el amor no basta atacar, hay que tomar la plaza"}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Th\u00e9ophile Gautier", "text": "El verdadero para\u00edso no esta en el cielo, sino en la boca de la mujer amada."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Oriah", "text": "It doesn't interest me what you do for a living\nI want to know what you ache for\nand if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.\n\nIt doesn't interest me how old you are\nI want to know if you will risk looking like a fool\nfor love\nfor your dreams\nfor the adventure of being alive.\n\nIt doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon...\nI want to know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow\nif you have been opened by life's betrayals\nor have become shrivelled and closed\nfrom fear of further pain.\n\nI want to know if you can sit with pain\nmine or your own\nwithout moving to hide it\nor fade it\nor fix it.\n\nI want to know if you can be with joy\nmine or your own\nif you can dance with wildness\nand let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your\nfingers and toes\nwithout cautioning us to\nbe careful\nbe realistic\nto remember the limitations of being human.\n\nIt doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me\nis true.\nI want to know if you can\ndisappoint another\nto be true to yourself.\nIf you can bear the accusation of betrayal\nand not betray your own soul.\nIf you can be faithless\nand therefore trustworthy.\nI want to know if you can see Beauty\neven when it is not pretty\nevery day.\nAnd if you can source your own life\nfrom its presence.\n\nI want to know if you can live with failure\nyours and mine and still stand on the edge of the lake\nand shout to the silver of the full moon,\n\"Yes.\"\n\n\nIt doesn't interest me\nto know where you live or how much money you have.\nI want to know if you can get up\nafter a night of grief and despair\nweary and bruised to the bone\nand do what needs to be done\nto feed the children.\n\nIt doesn't interest me who you know\nor how you came to be here.\nI want to know if you will stand\nin the center of the fire\nwith me\nand not shrink back.\n\nIt doesn't interest me where or what or with whom\nyou have studied.\nI want to know what sustains you\nfrom the inside\nwhen all else falls away.\nI want to know if you can be alone\nwith yourself\nand if you truly like the company you keep\nin the empty moments."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "No Te Amo\n\nNo te amo como si fueras rosa de sal,\ntopacio o flecha de claveles \nque propagan e\u00f1 fuego: \nte amo como se aman ciertas cosas oscuras, \nsecretamente, entre la sombra y el alma.\n\nTe amo como la planta que no florece \ny lleva dentro de s\u00ed, escondida, \nla luz de aquellas flores, \ny gracias a tu amor vive oscuro en mi cuerpo \nel apretado aroma que ascendi\u00f3 de la tierra.\n\nTe amo sin saber c\u00f3mo, ni cu\u00e1ndo, ni de d\u00f3nde, \nte amo directamente sin problemas ni orgullo: \nas\u00ed te amo porque no s\u00e9 amar de otra manera,\n\nSino as\u00ed de este modo \nen que no soy ni eres, \ntan cerca que tu mano sobre mi pecho es m\u00eda, \ntan cerca que se cierran tus ojos con mi sue\u00f1o."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Neruda", "text": "I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,\nor the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.\nI love you as certain dark things are to be loved,\nSecretly, between the shadow and the soul.\n\nI love you as the plant that never blooms\nbut carries within itself the light of those hidden flowers;\nthanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,\nrisen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.\n\nI love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.\nI love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;\nso I love you because I know no other way\n\nthan this: where I does not exist, nor you,\nso close that your hand on my chest is my hand,\nso close that your eyes close as I fall asleep."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Octavio Paz", "text": "porque las desnudeces enlazadas\nsaltan el tiempo y son invulnerables,\nnada las toca, vuelven al principio,\nno hay t\u00fa ni yo, ma\u00f1ana, ayer ni nombres,\nverdad de dos en s\u00f3lo un cuerpo y alma,\noh ser total.."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Nizar Qabbani", "text": "A Lesson In Drawing\nMy son places his paint box in front of me\nand asks me to draw a bird for him.\nInto the color gray I dip the brush\nand draw a square with locks and bars.\nAstonishment fills his eyes:\n'\u2026 But this is a prison, Father,\nDon't you know, how to draw a bird?'\nAnd I tell him: 'Son, forgive me.\nI've forgotten the shapes of birds.'\n\nMy son puts the drawing book in front of me\nand asks me to draw a wheatstalk.\nI hold the pen\nand draw a gun.\nMy son mocks my ignorance,\ndemanding,\n'Don't you know, Father, the difference between a\nwheatstalk and a gun?'\nI tell him, 'Son,\nonce I used to know the shapes of wheatstalks\nthe shape of the loaf\nthe shape of the rose\nBut in this hardened time\nthe trees of the forest have joined\nthe militia men\nand the rose wears dull fatigues\nIn this time of armed wheatstalks\narmed birds\narmed culture\nand armed religion\nyou can't buy a loaf\nwithout finding a gun inside\nyou can't pluck a rose in the field\nwithout its raising its thorns in your face\nyou can't buy a book\nthat doesn't explode between your fingers.'\n\nMy son sits at the edge of my bed\nand asks me to recite a poem,\nA tear falls from my eyes onto the pillow.\nMy son licks it up, astonished, saying:\n'But this is a tear, father, not a poem!'\nAnd I tell him:\n'When you grow up, my son,\nand read the diwan of Arabic poetry\nyou'll discover that the word and the tear are twins\nand the Arabic poem\nis no more than a tear wept by writing fingers.'\n\nMy son lays down his pens, his crayon box in\nfront of me\nand asks me to draw a homeland for him.\nThe brush trembles in my hands\nand I sink, weeping."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "EJ Hammond", "text": "And when I wake in the morning I know I'll question why- because you\nmade me drink from the fount of you, and now my thirst for truth has\ngrown tenfold. However my eyes saw the world before, now I want them\nto be gouged from my face. I want to be blinded in the rays of the\nsetting sun; hazy and blushes red, hues of peach and .\n\nWhere did you go, what are you thinking, what do your eyes see, what\ndo your dreams tell you? Are you finding solace in your quest for\ntruth and meaning? Is your body rested in the night and alert in the\ndaylight? Where did the time go and how should I tolerate the utter\nand profound absence of you? Of all souls there in the world to touch\nand be touched, to place a warm hand on my breast, feel the soft\nthumping of my heart underneath, you call it by it's name and still I\ntremble."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "EJ Hammond", "text": "Would that my life were made bare as my soul does captured in the gaze. \n\nHow could one caress a body and not say goodbye, goodnight, good morning? Are not your needs that of any man, any heart, any spirit, yearning to be fed the draught from which the river of life flows freely?\n\nMy lips part but no words can escape, hands grasp but no matter can they hold, feet that walk but no distance can they truly carry; dreams that fly me to another world of pure freedom and ecstasy, but as all suns must needs rise, with the waning day in turn falls with the onset of nights black cold. Let me speak, grasp, and walk, and my dreams will rise from the cold like the arctic sun and never set again"}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Stuart Kestenbaum", "text": "Bless us with the first breath of morning. Bless the packet of seeds for the garden, shaking like a shaman\u2019s rattle in prayer. Bless us with spare change in our pockets to give to the homeless, bless us with a heart that has been serviced by the mechanic, bless us with good tires on the icy road. Bless us so that we\u2019re not just covering our own asses, but weeping for the rest of the world. Bless our tears so that they irrigate the land for the starving, that there be no more drought. Bless us with one idea after another that we might sort out the good from the bad, bless us with free lunches and subscriptions, bless us with a winter storm so big that it closes everything down for a week and we find ourselves at the beginning of time. Bless us with water, bless us with light, bless us with darkness, and bless us with language. Bless our tongues that we can speak. Bless our cars so they start. Bless our computers so that they may connect to the internet, and bring us the news of the universe. Bless Robert Bly and Gloria Steinem, bless all the worn-out athletes whose bodies are falling apart, bless the tides twice a day and the moon every month. Bless the sun, bless us as we are blessing you, for this is a two-way street, after all, and we\u2019re in this think together. Bless mass transit, and the first cup of coffee. Sing O ye frost heaves and icy patches, praise the spruce trees all crowded together, the crows in the trees flying heavenward and earthward, flying everywhere in between. Bless the night with its constellations that we have dreamed up. Bless our stories that they may somehow be true, for this is all we have. Bless all creatures great and small and the basket makers who weave together a framework to hold emptiness. Bless the empty spaces that are within our bodies, the vast distances inside each cell. Bless each cell, which is its own universe, ready to divide, split in two, and make more than enough."}

{"type": "quote", "author": "Unknown", "text": "Only now\ndo you realize\nhow quickly\neverything\npasses\nhow we\nare here for\na blink of God\u2019s eye\nhow the light passes\nby us and through us\nhow the world\nbegan with a breath\nand a cry\nearth and sky."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "You know the Beatles could have\nafforded another microphone,\nbut George would always stand\nin the middle and step up to\nPaul\u2019s when it was time to\njoin in. Because that\u2019s the way\nharmony is, you need to share the\nelectricity, the voice, the words.\nJust the way we do when we drive\nin our cars with the radio on,\nthe windows rolled down with fall in the\nair, dead leaves swirling in the wake,\nor in the spring, the earth damp and soft,\nthe air hazy with pollen. We hear\nthe song that moves us, crank the\nradio and sing along, at the top of\nour lungs, as if we just joined\nthe group. In tune out of tune,\ncountry western, rock and roll, we want\nto harmonize. A whole country of\nwould-be stars losing love, finding love\nwith the radio in different\ncars, on different paths, the dark\nroad rumbling beneath."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Unknown", "text": "What was it we wanted\nto say anyhow, like today\nwhen there were all the letters\nin my alphabet soup and suddenly\nthe \u2018j\u2019 rises to the surface.\nThe \u2018j\u2019, a letter that might be\ngreat for Scrabble, but not really\nused for much else, unless\nwe need to jump for joy,\nand then all of a sudden\nit\u2019s there and ready to\nhelp us soar and to open up\nour hearts at the same time,\nthis simple line with a curved bottom,\nan upside down cane that helps\nus walk in a new way into this\nforest of language, where all the letters\nare beginning to speak,\nfinding each other in just\nthe right combination\nto be understood."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Stuart Kestenbaum", "text": "The light snow started late last night and continued \nall night long while I slept and could hear it occasionally \nenter my sleep, where I dreamed my brother \nwas alive again and possessing the beauty of youth, aware \nthat he would be leaving again shortly and that is the lesson \nof the snow falling and of the seeds of death that are in everything \nthat is born: we are here for a moment \nof a story that is longer than all of us and few of us \nremember, the wind is blowing out of someplace \nwe don\u2019t know, and each moment contains rhythms \nwithin rhythms, and if you discover some old piece \nof your own writing, or an old photograph, \nyou may not remember that it was you and even if it was once you, \nit\u2019s not you now, not this moment that the synapses fire \nand your hands move to cover your face in a gesture \nof grief and remembrance."}

{"type": "poem", "author": "Octavio Paz", "text": "DESPU\u00c9S\nLuego de haber cortado todos\nlos brazos que se tend\u00edan hacia m\u00ed;\nluego de haber tapiado\ntodas las ventanas y puertas;\nluego de haber inundado\ncon agua envenenada los fosos;\nluego de haber edificado mi casa en la roca\nde un No inaccesible a los halagos y al miedo;\nluego de haberme cortado la lengua\ny luego de haberla devorado;\nluego de haber arrojado pu\u00f1ados de silencio\ny monos\u00edlabos de desprecio a mis amores;\nluego de haber olvidado mi nombre\ny el nombre de mi lugar natal\ny el nombre de mi estirpe;\nluego de haberme juzgado\ny haberme sentenciado\na perpetua espera y a soledad perpetua,\no\u00ed, contra las piedras de mi calabozo de silogismos,\nla embestida h\u00fameda, tierna, insistente,\nde la primavera."}