

## The Invitation

It doesn't interest me, what you do for a living  
I want to know what you ache for,  
And if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.  
It doesn't interest me how old you are  
I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love,  
For your dream, for the adventure of being alive.  
It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true.  
I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself;  
If you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul;  
If you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy.  
I want to know if you can see beauty,  
even when it's  
not pretty, every day, and if you can source  
your own life from its presence.  
I want to know if you can live with failure, and  
still stand on the edge of the lake and shout to  
the silver of the full moon "Yes!"  
It doesn't interest me to know where you live or  
how much money you have.  
I want to know if you can get up, after the night  
of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the  
bone and do what needs to be done to feed  
your children.  
It doesn't interest me where or what or with  
whom you have studied. I want to know what  
sustains you, from the inside, when all else falls  
away.  
I want to know, if you can be alone with yourself  
and if you truly like the company you keep in  
the empty moments.

Oriah Mountain Dreamer