



### **THE GUEST HOUSE**

**This being human is a guest house.  
Every morning a new arrival.  
A joy, a depression, a meanness,  
some momentary awareness comes  
as an unexpected visitor.**

**Welcome and entertain them all!  
Even if they are a crowd of sorrows,  
who violently sweep your house  
empty of its furniture,  
still, treat each guest honorably.  
He may be clearing you out  
for some new delight.**

**The dark thought, the shame, the malice.  
meet them at the door laughing and invite them in.  
Be grateful for whatever comes.  
because each has been sent  
as a guide from beyond.**

**-- Jelaluddin Rumi,  
translation by Coleman Barks**

1. What is your initial response to this poem?
2. Where does the image of a human being as guesthouse land in you?
3. What is hard to welcome in your life?
4. What supports do you have to welcome everything?