

The Curse

May the feathers of your pillow
Tickle your nose until you die laughing.

And if you should like laughing,
Then may you start crying
Until you see life as the ironic comedy it is.

At which time may you howl at the tragedy
As the great hurt penetrates your soul
And turns you into a misanthrope.

Then in your moment of sorrow and pity,
May you turn toward God,
But think that He does not exist.

May love be your nemesis,
Making you despondent and sorrowful
When you realize that you cannot possess it.

May the depredation of the world
Toss, shove and kick you around,
Kneading your soul,
Purifying your heart,
Opening your mind,
And eventually
Making you understand that
This ungentle world is to be loved.

For the meaning and essence of each action
Is never the action itself;
But, it is the spiritual
And symbolic why behind the action.

Hence, this curse of life
Is not a curse at all:
Rather, it is our biggest and
Most beautiful spiritual blessing.