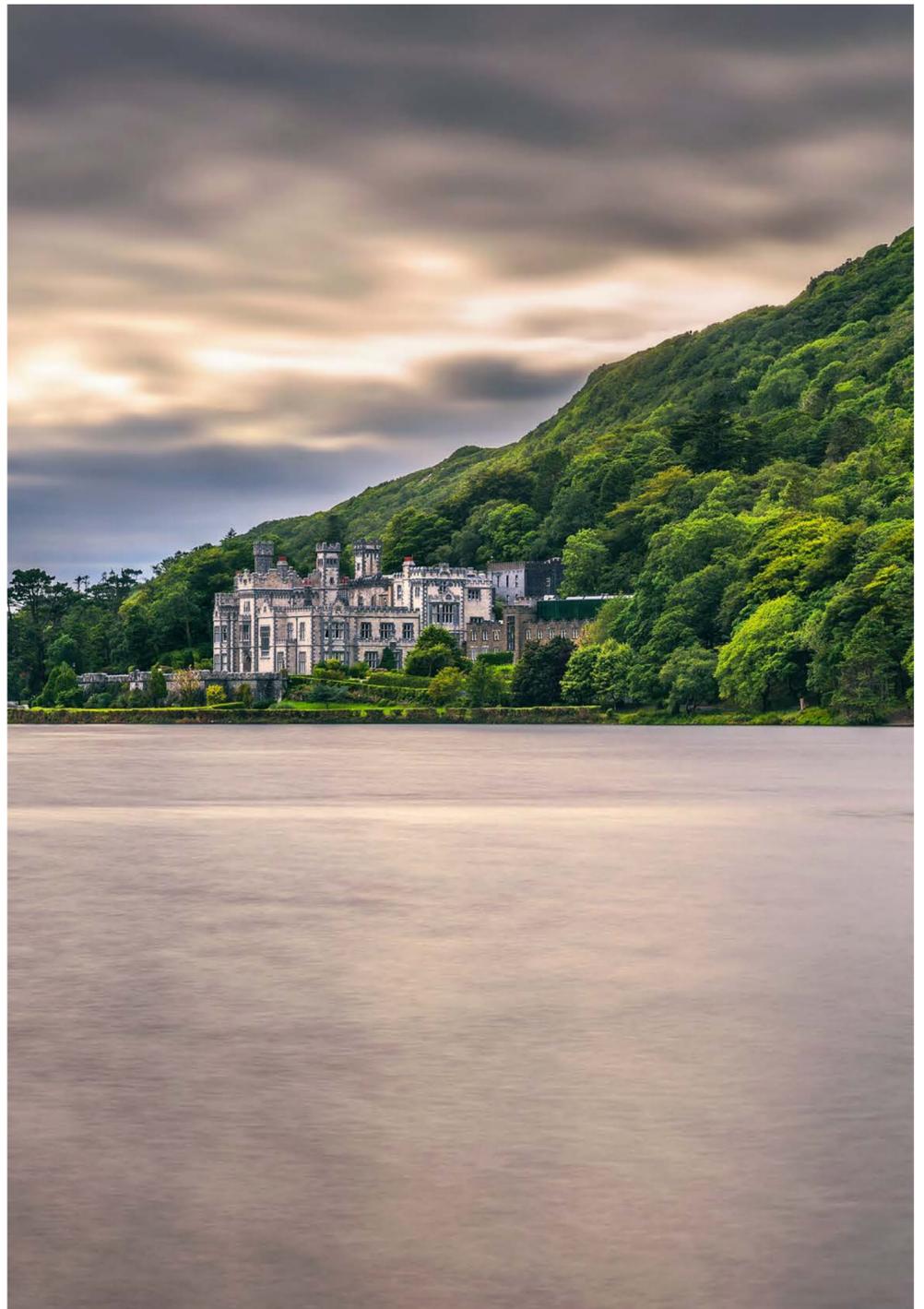


Love After Love

The time will come
when, with elation
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror
and each will smile at the other's welcome,
and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you
all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,
the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.

- Derek Walcott



“The time will come” says Walcott, and this means it is never too late to listen to the inner self, the very essence of who we are, what some call soul, an inner witness to the truth of who we are. On the one hand there are the difficulties or down right troubles of our life forming a pattern of how we show up, our best and our worst efforts. On the other hand, there is this witness, as Walcott puts it, “a stranger...who has loved you all your life...who knows you by heart.” The conscious-self constantly reviews, judges, and relives our best and worst efforts at life. The witness-self observes the pattern unfolding, the layers of our essential goodness evolving with every effort, the best and the worst. We are becoming our true self each and every time we confront life’s difficulties. The witness-self celebrates this evolving, who we are uncovering ourselves to be.

We may be tempted to reimagine our life without all the difficulties. But then the witness-self reminds us that we needed those troubles, and still do; as some say, the sand that is formed into the pearl. When the time comes to celebrate our life, we realize we are not the image reflected in our self-conscious mirror. We are more. We are enough. We are worthy of this life. Try it! Try sitting and feasting on your life! Celebrate what is truly wonderful about you.