

“It doesn't interest me  
how old you are  
I want to know if you will risk  
looking for a fool for love,  
for your dreams,  
for the adventure of being alive

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.  
I want to know if you have touched the center of  
your own sorrow if you been opened by life's betrayals  
or have become shrivelled and closed for fear of further pain

I want to know if you can sit with pain,  
mine or your own  
without moving to hide it  
or fade it or fix it

I want to know if you can be with joy,  
mine or your own,  
if you can dance with wildness  
and let the ecstasy fill you  
to the tips of your fingers  
and toes without cautioning us  
to be careful, be realistic,  
or to remember the limitation of being human

It doesn't interest me  
if the story you're telling me is true  
I want to know if you can true yourself,  
if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and  
not betray your own soul.

I want to know if you can see beauty,  
even when it is not pretty every day,  
and if you can source your life from god's presence.  
I want to know if you can live with failure and still  
stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the  
silver or the 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 sort what

needs to be done.

It doesn't interest me who you are,  
how you came to be here  
I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire  
with me and not shrink back.

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.  
and if you truly like the company you  
keep in the empty moments.”

Oriah Mountain Dreamer