**The House of Belonging- by David Whyte**

I awoke this morning in the gold light turning this way and that

Thinking for a moment it was one day like any other.

But the veil had gone from my darkened heart and I thought

it must have been the quiet candlelight that filled my room,

it must have been the first easy rhythm with which I breathed myself to sleep,

it must have been the prayer I said speaking to the otherness of the night.

And I thought this is the good day you could meet your love,

this is the black day someone close to you could die.

This is the day you realize how easily the thread is broken between this world and the next

and I found myself sitting up in the quiet pathway of light,

the tawny close grained cedar burning round me like fire and all the angels of this housely heaven ascending through the first roof of light the sun has made.

This is the bright home in which I live, this is where I ask my friends to come,

this is where I want to love all the things it has taken me so long to learn to love.

This is the temple of my adult aloneness and I belong to that aloneness as I belong to my life.

There is no house like the house of belonging.

– David Whyte - See more at: http://thepoetsway.com/house-of-belonging/#sthash.jtfkjbrt.dpuf