

ABUNDANT

Take beauty for your shattered mind
kindness for your soul.
If they seem in short supply
then make them.
Dig deep into the tender places of yourself
and find them.
They are still there, I promise.
Unmined gems waiting for the light.
Find them. Excavate them.
Then send them out into the world
with the same reckless abandon
that sends the cherry blossom, soft and
fragile
from branch to breeze;
That sends conker wood, deep, dark and
perfect
from tree to forest floor.
We were sold a lie, you and I:
*There is not enough. We must be careful,
frugal, mean.*
That is only true for the things that don't
matter.

The nonsensical toys of our own making
that trap us, and twist us
and whisper their age old incantation:
You must have more.
But beauty, love, kindness,
the things our unbroken hearts would sing
for,
If we could only hear them above the noise.
These things have always been abundant.
They are salt that brings out the flavours of
the world,
sunlight that catches the edges of ordinary
things and sets them ablaze.
They were here before us,
they will endure long after we are gone.
They are the only riches worth having,
the only legacy worth passing on.
They are free and they are close to you;
so very, very close.

- JOHN BIGLANDS