

Sometimes

Sometimes

by [David Whyte](#)

*Sometimes
if you move carefully
through the forest,

breathing
like the ones
in the old stories,

who could cross
a shimmering bed of leaves
without a sound,

you come to a place
whose only task

is to trouble you
with tiny
but frightening requests,

conceived out of nowhere
but in this place
beginning to lead everywhere.*

*Requests to stop what
you are doing right now,
and*

*to stop what you
are becoming
while you do it,*

questions

*that can make
or unmake
a life,*

*questions
that have patiently
waited for you,*

*questions
that have no right
to go away.*

from David Whyte's [Everything is Waiting for You](#)