

The House of Belonging

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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.*

from David Whyte's [House of Belonging](#)