

Winter

My worst habit is I get so tired of winter

I become a torture to those I'm with.

If you are not here, nothing grows.

I lack clarity. My words

tangle and knot up.

How to cure bad water? Send it back to the river.

How to cure bad habits? Send me back to you.

When water gets caught in habitual whirlpools,

dig a way out through the bottom

to the ocean.

There is a secret medicine

given only to those who hurt so hard

they can't hope.

The hoppers would feel slighted if they knew.

*Look as long as you can at the friend you love,
no matter whether that friend is moving away from you
or coming back toward you.*

*What you seek
is seeking you.*

from [A Year with Rumi](#), readings of the 13th Century Persian poet as translated by Coleman Barks

video narrated by [Patrick Willis](#)