This is the time to be slow,

Lie low to the wall

Until the bitter weather passes.

Try as best you can, not to let

The wire brush of doubt

Scrape from your heart

All sense of yourself

And your hesitant light.

If you remain generous

Time will come good,

And you will find your feet

Again on fresh pastures of promise

Where the air will be kind

And blushed with beginning.

John O’Donohue To Bless the Space Between Us