

Meditation Blues

Stephen Levine

Sometimes it breaks my heart
to watch my mind –
cold self-interest,
insistent fear and judgment,
whispered insults,
vengeful fantasies,
triumph and despair.

A conditioned unfolding
so impersonal
we take it personally.

Sometimes aghast
at the casual cruelty
of even minor fears
and celebrations.

Sometimes it breaks my heart
to watch my mind.
And sometimes it stays broken
long enough to touch
even this pain
with love.

Sometimes the mercy washes
even Mrs. Macbeth's hands,
turns tragedy to grace,
and makes it all worthwhile.

Sometimes it breaks my mind
to watch my heart.