

Rumi: One Handed Basket Weaving Story Tr. Barks p. 29

A story is like the water you heat for your bath.

It takes messages between the fire and your skin. It lets them meet, and it cleans you!

Very few can sit down in the middle of the fire itself like a salamander or Abraham. We need intermediaries.

Beauty surrounds us, but usually we need to be walking in a garden to know it.

The body is a screen to partly shield and to partly reveal the light that is blazing inside your presence.

Water, stories, the body, all the things we do, are mediums that hide and show what's hidden.

Study them, and enjoy this being washed with a secret we sometimes know, and then not.