the terma collective

May our eyes remain open even in the face of tragedy.  
May we not become disheartened.  
May we find in the dissolution  
of our apathy and denial,  
the cup of the broken heart.  
May we discover the gift of the fire burning  
in the inner chamber of our being –  
burning great and bright enough  
to transform any poison.  
May we offer the power of our sorrow to the service  
of something greater than ourselves.  
May our guilt not rise up to form  
yet another defensive wall.  
May the suffering purify and not paralyze us.  
May we realize the greatness of our sorrow  
and not run from its touch or flame.  
May clarity be our ally and wisdom our support.  
May our wrath be cleansing, cutting through  
the confusion of denial and greed.  
May we not be afraid to see or speak our truth.  
May the bleakness of the wasteland be dispelled.  
May the soul’s journey be revealed  
and the true hunger fed.  
May we be forgiven for what we have forgotten  
and blessed with the remembrance  
of who we really are.

~ The Terma Collective