

**LIVE THE LIFE YOU WANT!**by **Carla de Cervantes****The Invitation**

Nearly a decade ago, a friend of mine gave me a copy of this poem, by Oriah Mountain Dreamer. Ever since, it has been a source of inspiration, a reminder of how I want to live my life, and a touchstone for me to come back to, time and again.

I ache to live my life fully, without caution, without hiding or apologizing for who I am. Life is such a precious, fleeting gift. I want to look back at the end of my life, and know that I lived with my heart on my sleeve, taking risks for love, letting myself be open, even if sometimes it means I wind up being hurt.

**THE INVITATION**

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.  
I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are.  
I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dream, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.  
I want to know if you have touched the centre of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shrivelled and closed from fear of further pain.

I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it, or fade it, or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own, if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, to be realistic, to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true.

I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul; if you can be faithless

and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty, even when it's not pretty, every day, and if you can source your own life from its presence.

I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand at the edge of the lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, "Yes!"

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.

I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done to feed the children.

It doesn't interest me who you know or how you came to be here.

I want to know if you will stand in the centre of the fire with me and not shrink back.

I want to know what sustains you, from the inside, when all else falls away.

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

**PLEASE FEEL FREE TO REPRODUCE & CIRCULATE THIS ARTICLE. I REQUEST THAT YOU CREDIT:**

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