

By Oriah Mountain Dreamer [More Oriah Mountain Dreamer](#)

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 center of your own sorrow  
if you have been opened by life's betrayals  
or have become shriveled 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 is 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.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom  
you have studied.  
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.

Source: <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/the-invitation-by-oriah-mountain-dreamer>