

STORAGE

When I moved from one house to another, there were many things I had no room for.

What does one do? I rented a storage space.

And filled it. Years passed.

Occasionally I went there and looked in, but nothing happened, not a single twinge of the heart.

As I grew older, the things I cared about grew fewer, but were more important.

So, one day I undid the lock and called the trash man.

He took everything.

I felt like a little donkey when his burden is finally lifted.

Things! Burn them, burn them! Make a beautiful fire!

More room in your heart for love, for the tree! For the birds who own nothing – the reason they can fly.

- By Mary Oliver