

**Prayer before the prayer** by Desmond Tutu and Mpho Tutu

I want to be willing to let go, to forgive.  
But dare not ask for the will to forgive,  
in case you give it to me  
And I am not yet ready.  
I am not yet ready for my heart to soften.  
I am not yet ready to be vulnerable again.  
Not yet ready to see that there is humanity in my tormentor's eyes  
Or that the one who hurt me may also have cried  
I am not yet ready for the journey.  
I am not yet interested in the path  
I am at the prayer before the prayer of forgiveness  
Grant me the will to want to forgive.  
Grant it to me not yet but soon  
Can I even form the words?  
Forgive me? Dare I even look?  
Do I dare to see the hurt I have caused:  
I can glimpse all the shattered pieces of that fragile thing  
That soul trying to rise on the broken wings of hope  
But only out of the corner of my eye.  
I am afraid of it.  
And if I am afraid to see  
How can I not be afraid to say: Forgive me?  
Is there a place where we can meet?  
You and me  
The place in the middle where we straddle the lines  
Where you are right and I am right too.  
And both of us are wrong and wronged  
Can we meet there?  
And look for the place where the path begins  
The path that ends when we forgive.

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