Each day the first day: each day a life.

Each morning we must hold out the chalice of our being to receive, to carry, and give back.

It must be held out empty – for the past must only be reflected in its polish, its shape, its capacity.

You are not the oil, you are not the air – merely the point of combustion the flash-point where the light is born.

You are merely the lens in the beam. You can only receive, give and possess the light as a lens does.

If you seek yourself, ‘your rights’, you prevent the oil and the air from meeting in the flame, you rob the lens of it’s transparency.

You will know Life and be acknowledged by it according to your degree of transparency, your capacity, that is, to vanish as an end, and remain purely a means.

Markings.

Dag Hammerskjöld.