

Spiritual Poetry Meetup Poems to take home with you November 21, 2020

Bow Down in Silence – Osho

Listen – Federico García Lorca / Listen – Jack Kerouac

Undress Our Names (Quote) – Octavio Paz

Septuagesima – John Burnside

Thanksgiving Eve, 1984 – Albert Huffstickler

Turning People into Trees – Ram Dass

I Dreamed I Lived in Austin – Albert Huffstickler

Two Poems by Mary Oliver (Talking with Percy)

Thanksgiving Poem – Marge Ackley

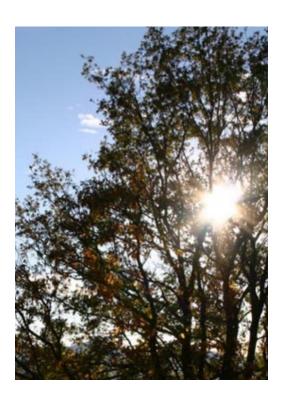




You Are Part of This Place (Quote) - Craig Foster



The next Spiritual Poetry Meetup will be Saturday December 19, 2020



Bow Down in Silence

there is a temple.

Bow down in silence to the earth, to the trees, to the moon, to the sun. It does not matter what the object is, what matters is bowing down – surrender, that feeling of gratitude.

Wherever one is full of gratitude,

-Osho

Listen

Listen, my child, to the silence.
An undulating silence,
a silence
that turns valleys and echoes slippery,
that bends foreheads
toward the ground.

-Federico García Lorca

Listen to the silence inside the illusion of the world.

-Jack Kerouac

To love is to undress our names. -Octavio Paz

Septuagesima

Nombres.
Estan sobre la patina de las cosas.
-- Jorge Guillen

I dream of the silence the day before Adam came to name the animals,

The gold skins newly dropped from God's bright fingers, still implicit with the light.

A day like this, perhaps: a winter whiteness haunting the creation,

as we are sometimes haunted by the space we fill, or by the forms

we might have known before the names, beyond the gloss of things.

-John Burnside

from Feast Days

Excerpt from a commentary at ReadySteadyBook.com: "Septuagesima is the name given to the third from last Sunday before Lent in the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches. Known among the Greeks as *Sunday of the Prodigal*, the title is taken from the *Gospel of Luke*'s famous *The Parable of the Prodigal Son*, (chapter 15, verses 11-32), which customarily is read on the day."

Alfred Huffstickler Thanksgiving Eve, 1984

THANKSGIVING EVE

That stranger bearing your name is following you.

He is walking in your shadow down the street,
listening to your silences,
tuning in on your prayers.

He is waiting for you
to sense him and turn.

Then he will turn
and you will follow him
back to the place where you come from,
back to the place that was home
before home was anyplace.



When you go out into the woods, and you look at trees, you see all these different trees. And some of them are bent, and some of them are straight, and some of them are evergreens, and some of them are whatever.

And you look at the tree and you allow it. You see why it is the way it is. You sort of understand that it didn't get enough light, and so it turned that way. And you don't get all emotional about it. You just allow it. You appreciate the tree.

The minute you get near humans, you lose all that. And you are constantly saying 'You are too this, or I'm too this.' That judgment mind comes in.

And so I practice turning people into trees.

Which means appreciating them just the way they are.

-Ram Dass

http://peacefullpresence.blogspot.com/

I Dreamed I Lived in Austin

I dreamed I lived in Austin.
I was fifty-four
with legs like a sparrow
and a hungry heart.
I was looking for God
but kept finding people—
strange little people
with pieces of their bodies missing:
an arm, a leg, a nose, a belly button.
They kept offering me ham sandwiches
and telling me I was going to die.
I'd already died, I told them,
chewing mightily and wishing I
had some water.

That was just a preview, they said. Next time, you'll *really* die. And they marched ahead of me, flip-flop, as I combed the streets

searching for God.

Suddenly it was night and I was standing on the edge of town alone.

A cold moon shone over me and the lights of a little café gleamed down the road.

An old man wobbled up to me and said,

"Well, here I am."

"God?" I asked.

"Who else? Got a quarter?"

"Yes." I gave it to him.

"Let's make it to that diner," he said.

"Refills are free.

I'll tell you anything you want."

"For just a quarter?" I asked God chuckled. "Got a cigarette?" I gave him one.

We made it to the Café and ordered coffee, hunched in a booth in the warm room, the lights soft and comforting. "Anything special you want?" God asked, taking another cigarette from the pack

and lighting it with my Bic.

"Love," I said. I started to cry.

"O.K.," he said, patting my arm with a boney hand.

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The room vanished and once more I was in Austin. I was fifty-four with legs like a sparrow and a hungry heart.

She stood before me, eyes misty and tender. "God sent me," she said. "I know."

She offered me a ham sandwich and told me I was going to die.
"But not for a while," she said and took my arm.
"Good enough," I said.
"I'm not going to die for a while, I have you,

And God owes me a quarter
And two cigarettes and"—

I felt in my pockets—
"a Bic lighter.

Would you like to hear what I dreamed last night? "Yes."

"Well, I dreamed I lived in Austin. I was fifty-four
I was looking for God
but kept finding people."
"And love," she added.
"Yes, love," I agreed.

"I think it's a set," she said.

Two Poems by Mary Oliver

I Ask Percy How I Should Live My Life

Love, love, love, says Percy.

And hurry as fast as you can along the shining beach, or the rubble, or the dust.

Then, go to sleep.

Give up your body heat, your beating heart.

Then, trust.



Emerson, I am trying to live, as you said we must, the examined life.

But there are days I wish there was less in my head to examine, not to speak of the busy heart. How would it be to be Percy, I wonder, not thinking, not weighing anything, just jumping forward.

from Percy, Waiting for Ricky

Thanksgiving Poem





We offer gratitude to and for all friends

Who create, remake and refine one another;

Who point to stars and keep us from the dark;

Who help us hear the music in the silent places ...

Who hold us and will not let us go.

-Marge Ackley



You are part of this place, not a visitor.
- Craig Foster

from the film, My Octopus Teacher

