



## Spiritual Poetry Meetup

*Poems to take home with you*

*January 15, 2022*

*Deep Listening – Jalaluddin Rumi*

*A Milkweed Speaks – Richard Wilbur*

*The Tree in Winter – Master Lam Kam Chuen*

*Intimate Associations – Charles Baudelaire*

*let it go – e. e. cummings*

*Eagle Poem – Joy Harjo*



The next Spiritual Poetry Meetup is Saturday, February 19, 2022

To join the Spiritual Poetry Meetup Group, go to

<https://www.meetup.com/Spiritual-Poetry-Meetup-International/>

For more Take-Home Poetry Packs, assorted poems, and the Intrinsic Heart blog, go to

<https://intrinsicheart.com>



## **Deep Listening**

**What is the deep listening? Sama is a greeting from the secret ones inside**

**the heart, a letter. The branches of your intelligence grow new leaves in**

**the wind of this listening. The body reaches a peace. Rooster sound comes,**

**reminding you of your love for dawn. The reed flute and the singer's lips:**

**the knack of how spirit breathes into us becomes as simple and ordinary as**

**eating and drinking. The dead rise with the pleasure of listening. If someone**

**can't hear a trumpet melody, sprinkle dirt on his head and declare him dead.**

**Listen, and feel the beauty of your separation, the unsayable absence.**

**There's a moon inside every human being. Learn to be companions with it. Give**

**more of your life to this listening. As brightness is to time, so you are to**

**the one who talks to the deep ear in your chest. I should sell my tongue**

**and buy a thousand ears when that one steps near and begins to speak.**

- from *The Glance*  
Coleman Barks version  
Photo by [Kumiko SHIMIZU](#) on [Unsplash](#)



## **A Milkweed Speaks**

by  
Richard Wilbur

Anonymous as cherubs  
Over the crib of God,  
White seeds are floating  
Out of my burst pod.  
What power had I  
Before I learned to yield?  
Shatter me, great wind:  
I shall possess the field.

(Excerpt from “Two Voices in a Meadow” by Richard Wilbur)

Photo from [Orillia Matters News](#)

## The Tree in Winter



This is the time of hidden regeneration.  
Mist hangs above the ground.  
Frost forms on open fields.

The tree is still.  
It stands alone and quiet.  
In the darkness of the early morning, nature is asleep.  
There is no movement in the air,  
no hint of trembling in the branches.  
The tree is silent in the darkness like a stone -  
a pillar in the courtyard of an empty temple.

A distant sound breaks through the stillness.  
The day's first light advances on the earth.  
The shadow of the tree moves with the dawn,  
but the tree is motionless.

The ground beneath the tree is frozen hard.  
Above the ground, the bark is cold, the limbs are stiff.  
A passer-by might wonder if the tree will live in spring.

But underneath the ground the earth is warm.  
The weight of all the tree sinks to its roots.  
They are indifferent to the frozen soil,  
they grow toward the centre of the earth.

The tree is not afraid.  
It was a seed: it knows the earth is holding it.  
Within its core, a vital ring is being formed.  
Around its spine, a new life is rising from the earth,  
while flakes of snow are settling on the silent and unmoving tree.





## INTIMATE ASSOCIATIONS

The natural world is a spiritual house, where the pillars,  
that are alive,  
let slip at times some strangely garbled words;  
Man walks there through forests of physical things that are  
also spiritual things,  
that watch him with affectionate looks.

As the echoes of great bells coming from a long way off  
become entangled in a deep and profound association,  
a merging as huge as night, or as huge as clear light,  
odors and colors and sounds all mean—each other.

Perfumes exist that are cool as the flesh of infants,  
fragile as oboes, green as open fields,  
and others exist also, corrupt, dense, and triumphant,

having the suggestions of infinite things,  
such as musk and amber, myrrh and incense,  
that describe the voyages of the body and soul.

Charles Baudelaire

Translated by Robert Bly

From *News of the Universe: Poems of Twofold Consciousness*

Photo: [Nandhu Kumar](#) on [Unsplash](#); Bells at Kattil Mekkathil Temple



let it go - the  
smashed word broken  
open vow or  
the oath cracked length  
wise - let it go it  
was sworn to  
go

let them go - the  
truthful liars and  
the false fair friends  
and the boths and  
neithers - you must let them go they  
were born  
to go

let all go - the  
big small middling  
tall bigger really  
the biggest and all  
things - let all go  
dear

so comes love

~ e. e. cummings ~

*(Complete Poems 1904-1962)*



## Eagle Poem

By Joy Harjo

To pray you open your whole self  
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon  
To one whole voice that is you.  
And know there is more  
That you can't see, can't hear;  
Can't know except in moments  
Steadily growing, and in languages  
That aren't always sound but other  
Circles of motion.  
Like eagle that Sunday morning  
Over Salt River. Circled in blue sky  
In wind, swept our hearts clean  
With sacred wings.  
We see you, see ourselves and know  
That we must take the utmost care  
And kindness in all things.  
Breathe in, knowing we are made of  
All this, and breathe, knowing  
We are truly blessed because we  
Were born, and die soon within a  
True circle of motion,  
Like eagle rounding out the morning  
Inside us.  
We pray that it will be done  
In beauty.  
In beauty.