



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

January 22, 2023

For When People Ask – Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Adrift – Mark Nepo

Some Say You're Lucky – Gregory Orr

Trough – Judy Sorum Brown

And I Think Over Again – Kitlinuharmiut Song

Roses Underfoot – Jalaluddin Rumi



The next Spiritual Poetry Meetup is Sunday, February 19, 2023

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>



For When People Ask

by Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

I want a word that means

okay and not okay,

more than that: a word that means

devastated and stunned with joy.

I want the word that says

I feel it all all at once.

The heart is not like a songbird

singing only one note at a time,

more like a Tuvan throat singer

able to sing both a drone

and simultaneously

two or three harmonics high above it—

a sound, the Tuvans say,

that gives the impression

of wind swirling among rocks.

The heart understands swirl,

how the churning of opposite feelings

weaves through us like an insistent breeze

leads us wordlessly deeper into ourselves,

blesses us with paradox

so we might walk more openly

into this world so rife with devastation,

this world so ripe with joy.

<https://ahundredfallingveils.com/2022/03/13/for-when-people-ask/>
(Carina Nebula Stellar Nursery Photo from NASA on Unsplash)



ADRIFT

Everything is beautiful and I am so sad.
This is how the heart makes a duet of
wonder and grief. The light spraying
through the lace of the fern is as delicate
as the fibers of memory forming their web
around the knot in my throat. The breeze
makes the birds move from branch to branch
as this ache makes me look for those I've lost
in the next room, in the next song, in the laugh
of the next stranger. In the very center, under
it all, what we have that no one can take
away and all that we've lost face each other.
It is there that I'm adrift, feeling punctured
by a holiness that exists inside everything.
I am so sad and everything is beautiful.

- Mark Nepo

<https://grateful.org/resource/adrift/>

From: *Inside the Miracle: Enduring Suffering, Approaching Wholeness*, (Sounds True, 2016)

Photo from [Rawpixel](#)



Some say you're lucky
If nothing shatters it.

But then you wouldn't
Understand poems or songs.
You'd never know
Beauty comes from loss.

It's deep inside every person:
A tear tinier
Than a pearl or thorn.

It's one of the places
Where the beloved is born.

~ Gregory Orr ~

(Concerning The Book That Is the Body of The Beloved)



Trough

There is a trough in waves,
A low spot
Where horizon disappears
And only sky
And water
Are our company.

And there we lose our way
Unless
We rest, knowing the wave will bring us
To its crest again.

There we may drown
If we let fear
Hold us within its grip and shake us
Side to side,
And leave us flailing, torn, disoriented.

But if we rest there
In the trough,
Are silent,
Being with
The low part of the wave,
Keeping
Our energy and
Noticing the shape of things,
The flow,
Then time alone
Will bring us to another
Place
Where we can see
Horizon, see the land again,
Regain our sense
Of where
We are,
And where we need to swim.

**Kitlinuharmiut Song:
["And I Think Over Again"]**



And I think over again
My small adventures
When from a shore wind I drifted out
In my kayak
And I thought I was in danger.

My fears,
Those small ones
That I thought so big,
For all the vital things
I had to get and to reach.

And yet, there is only
One great thing,
The only thing.
To live and see in huts and on journeys
The great day that dawns,
And the light that fills the world.

["And I Think Over Again"], a Kitlinuharmiut (Copper Eskimo) song,
attributed to *The Report of the Fifth Thule Expedition, 1921-1924*.

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<https://www.ayearofbeinghere.com/2013/10/kitlinuharmiut-song-and-i-think-over.html>



ROSES UNDERFOOT

If anyone asks you to say who you are,
say without hesitation, *soul*
within soul within soul.

There's a pearl diver who does not know
how to swim! No matter.
Pearls are handed him on the beach.

We lovers laugh to hear, "This should be
more that and that more this,"
coming from people sitting in a wagon
tilted in a ditch.

Going in search of the heart, I found
a huge rose, and roses under all our feet!

How to say this to someone who denies it?
The robe we wear is the sky's cloth.

Everything is soul and flowering.

- Rumi

Translation by Coleman Barks

