



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

August 20, 2023

#45 from When Angels Speak of Love – bell hooks

Each of Us Limitless – Walt Whitman

Listen - Kabir

Blessing the Body – Jan Richardson

Three Quotes from Gangaji

Oh Sweet Irrational Worship – Thomas Merton

Listen, O Brothers and Sisters – Yeshe Tsogyal



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>



#45

from *When Angels Speak of Love*
Poems by bell hooks

i gave my heart
and in return
a heart is given
no lasting body
no definite trace
strangers kneel
in the same temple of love
i thought my heart
alone belonged
connect the unfamiliar
claim mystery
in deep history
heaven's new frontier
my own and
not my own



**Each of us limitless —
Each of us with his or her
right upon the earth,
Each of us allow'd
the eternal purports
of the earth,
Each of us here
as divinely as any is here.**

~ Walt Whitman ~

(Leaves of Grass)

Art by Do Ho Suh: *Myselves*, 2014
<https://theartling.com/en/artzine/interview-do-ho-suh/>

listen



listen

hiding in this cage
of visible matter

is the invisible
lifebird

pay attention
to her

she is singing
your song

~ Kabir
Sushil Rao translation

Art: *The Great Family*, René Magritte

Blessing the Body
by Jan Richardson



This blessing takes
one look at you
and all it can say is
holy.

Holy hands.
Holy face.
Holy feet.
Holy everything
in between.

Holy even in pain.
Holy even when weary.
In brokenness, holy.
In shame, holy still.

Holy in delight.
Holy in distress.
Holy when being born.
Holy when we lay it down
at the hour of our death.

So, friend,
open your eyes
(holy eyes).
For one moment
see what this blessing sees,
this blessing that knows
how you have been formed
and knit together
in wonder and
in love.

Welcome this blessing
that folds its hands
in prayer
when it meets you;
receive this blessing
that wants to kneel
in reverence
before you:
you who are
temple,
sanctuary,
home for God
in this world.



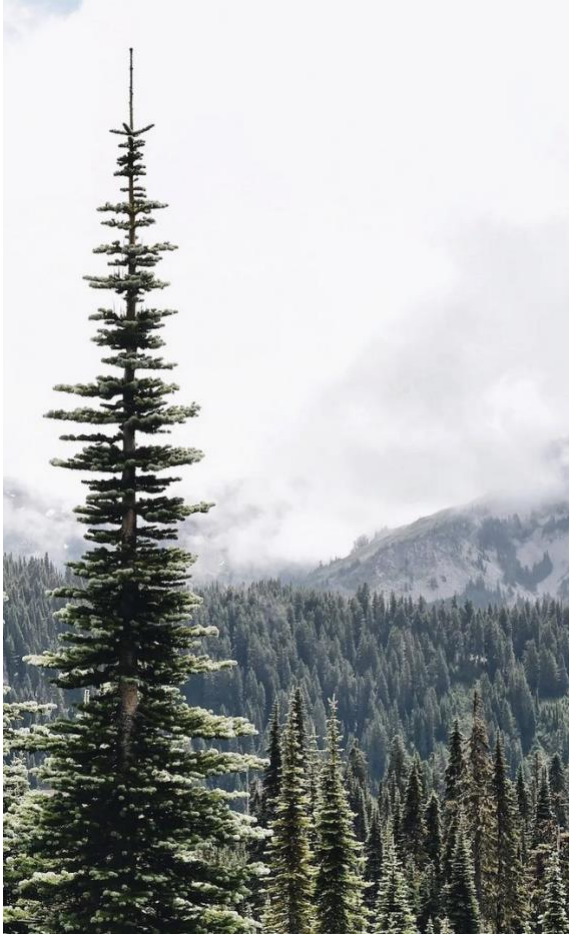
Three Quotes from Gangaji

Even if you disagree with certain aspects of yourself, even if you absolutely know there are parts of yourself that need correcting, still you can honor the truth of yourself. That honoring is love, and love is the truth of who you are.

The truth of who you are needs no hope because it simply is. The truth of who you are is not separate from your flesh or your emotions, your intellect or your experiences, yet it remains present when all of that is finished.

Whatever definitions you have of yourself - high or low- they are the only thing in the way of directly experiencing who you truly are.

Oasis Video Library



O Sweet Irrational Worship

by Thomas Merton

Wind and a bobwhite
And the afternoon sun.

By ceasing to question the sun
I have become light,

Bird and wind.

My leaves sing.

I am earth, earth

All these lighted things
Grow from my heart.

A tall, spare pine
Stands like the initial of my first
Name when I had one.

When I had a spirit,
When I was on fire
When this valley was
Made out of fresh air
You spoke my name
In naming Your silence:
O sweet, irrational worship!

I am earth, earth

My heart's love
Bursts with hay and flowers.
I am a lake of blue air
In which my own appointed place
Field and valley
Stand reflected.

I am earth, earth

Out of my grass heart
Rises the bobwhite.

Out of my nameless weeds
His foolish worship.

Listen, O Brothers and Sisters – Yeshe Tsogyal



*Listen,
O brothers and sisters,
If you recognize me,
Queen of the Lake of Awareness,
who encompasses both emptiness and form,
know that I live in the minds
of all beings who live.
Know that I live in the body of mind
and the field of the senses,
that matter is only my bones and skin.
We are not two,
yet you look for me outside;
when you find me within yourself,
your own naked mind,
that Single Awareness will fill all worlds.
Then the joy of the One
will hold you like a lake –
its fish with gold-seeing eyes
will grow many and fat.
Hold to that knowledge and pleasure,
and the Creative will be your wings.
You will leap through the green meadows
of earthly appearance,
enter the sky-fields, and vanish.*

by Yeshe Tsogyal, edited by Jane Hirshfield