



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

December 15, 2024

Blessing the Way – Jan Richardson

There Is No Word for Goodbye – Mary TallMountain

I Stood Transfixed – Frederick Franck

From the Mountain – David Whyte

Would You Bow – Jalaluddin Rumi

Unity's Inclusive Span – Farid Attar

When the Monks Had Found Their Homes – Thomas Merton

This Rain – Thomas Merton



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>

Blessing the Way

With every step
you take,
this blessing rises up
to meet you.

It has been waiting
long ages for you.

Look close
and you can see
the layers of it,

how it has been fashioned
by those who walked
this road before you,

how it has been created
of nothing but
their determination
and their dreaming,

how it has taken
its form
from an ancient hope
that drew them forward
and made a way for them
when no way could be
seen.

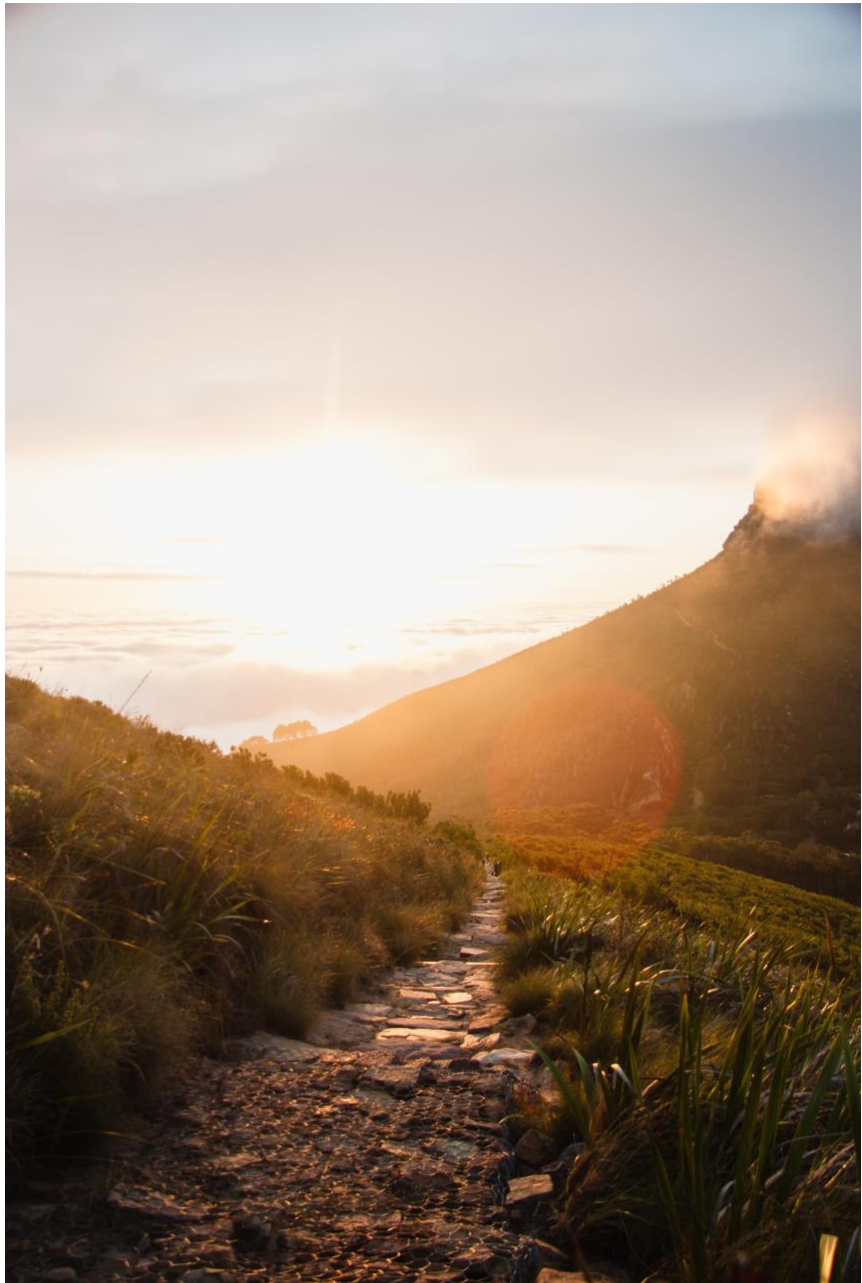
Look closer
and you will see
this blessing
is not finished,

that you are part
of the path
it is preparing,

that you are how
this blessing means
to be a voice
within the wilderness

and a welcome
for the way.

—Jan Richardson
From *Circle of Grace: A Book of Blessings for the Seasons*
[Photo by Tim Johnson on Unsplash](#)





THERE IS NO WORD FOR GOODBYE

Sokoya, I said, looking through
the net of wrinkles into
wise black pools
of her eyes.

What do you say in Athabaskan
when you leave each other?
What is the word
for goodbye?

A shade of feeling rippled
the wind-tanned skin.
Ah, nothing, she said,
watching the river flash.

She looked at me close.
We just say, *Tlaa*. That means
See you.
We never leave each other.
When does your mouth
Say goodbye to your heart?

She touched me light
as a bluebell.
You forget when you leave us;
you're so small then.
We don't use that word.

We always think you're coming back,
but if you don't,
we'll see you someplace else.
You understand.
There is no word for goodbye.

--- Mary TallMountain

I stood transfixed



I stood transfixed listening...
and knew what can never be expressed;
that the natural is supernatural, and that I am the eye
that hears and the ear that sees, that what is
outside happens in me, that outside and inside
are unseparated.

Frederick Franck
The Zen of Seeing
Photo: Peter Bowers

<https://www.beingsilentlydrawn.com/2012/01/i-stood-transfixed.html>



FROM THE MOUNTAIN

From the mountain, the earth stood revealed,
not only by its beckoning and endless forms,
not only in the way my body stood at last
at the center of that endless, radiating, horizon,
but for this: that I had understood something
beneath all understanding, that I had touched
the untouchable and unspoken freedom
where every sense of liberty begins, that every path
descending from that high and rocky eminence now
led where every previous fear refused to go,
not out from me, to every far horizon, but inward
from each and every single edge of the world I saw,
returning, like a living light, into the very center
of my body. Something that had once been mine,
now broken open at its center like a sky, opened
and generous to everything that could live
beneath it. My new sense of self suspended
like passing, light-filled clouds, my voice as patient
as the rain, giving life to every fallow ear,
and every fallow field, my inward sense of deep affection
for every blessed living creature, like the sunlight
of an earned forgiveness, forgiveness for the difficult
way that each of us must come, and for all the ways
it is always so hard for us to love, or speak that love,
or be that flowing sense of giving
and happy receiving, like a river or a lake or the music
of falling water, going home merely by following
the beautiful gravitational invitation to keep falling,
so hard for us to hear the rain that way, just
now descending on the mountain, or in our city streets,
gathering to itself, secretly and patiently,
and moment by moment, the source of every stream,
and always, always, just beyond our understanding,
from every single mountain and river and the tiniest
almost hidden, onward stream, the ocean beyond,
growing daily, with every single generous drop.

- David Whyte -

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<https://davidwhyte.com/pages/poem>

Photo Credit: Rohit Nandon, Amadablam Expedition, Nepal, on Unsplash

Would You Bow?

If the Friend rose inside you,
would you bow ?

Would you wonder where that one
came from and how?

If you say,
"I will bow," that's important.

If you answer,
"But can I be sure?"
it will keep the meeting from happening,

As busy people rush there and back here murmuring,
Now I know; no, I don't know now.

Have you seen a camel with its eyes covered turn
and walk one way, then turn another?

Be silent and revolve with no will.
Don't raise your hand to ask anything.

Holy one, sitting in the body's well
like Joseph, a rope is there in front of you.

Lift your hand to that!
A blind man has bought you
for eighteen counterfeit coins.

Empty metal cups bang together,
and the full moon slides out of hiding.

Make one sound, please!
You are the precious hyacinth
that the sickle will spare,
not the wheat plant Adam ate.

I remind you with these poems
to dress in the flower of Beloved's qualities,
not your torn robe of self-accusation.

~ Rumi

Ghazal 2938

Version by Coleman Barks, with Nevit Ergin, from *The Glance: Songs of Soul-Meeting*





The pilgrim sees no form but His and knows
That He subsists beneath all passing shows --
The pilgrim comes from Him whom he can see,
Lives in Him, with Him, and beyond all three.
 Be lost in Unity's inclusive span,
 Or you are human but not yet a man.
Whoever lives, the wicked and the blessed,
 Contains a hidden sun within his breast --
Its light must dawn though dogged by long delay;
 The clouds that veil it must be torn away --
 Whoever reaches to his hidden sun
Surpasses good and bad and knows the One.
The good and bad are here while you are here;
 Surpass yourself and they will disappear.

~ Farid Attar

English version by Afkham Darbandi and Dick Davis

Art by Andrew Wyeth

Source: <http://beautywelove.blogspot.com/2017/06/be-lost-in-unitys-inclusive-span.html>



When the monks had found their homes,
they not only settled there,
for better or for worse,
but they sank their roots into the ground
and fell in love with their woods...

Forest and field, sun wind and sky,
earth and water,
all speak the same silent language,
reminding the monk that he is here
to develop like the things that
grow all around him...

~ Thomas Merton
from the introduction to
When the Trees say Nothing
edited by Kathleen Deignan
[Photo by Jasmin Junger on Unsplash](#)
Inside the Black Forest, Baden-Württemberg

this rain



What a thing it is to sit absolutely alone,
in the forest, at night, cherished by this
wonderful, unintelligible,
perfectly innocent speech,
the most comforting speech in the world,
the talk that rain makes by itself all over the ridges,
and the talk of the watercourses everywhere in the hollows!
Nobody started it, nobody is going to stop it.
It will talk as long as it wants, this rain.
As long as it talks I am going to listen.

~ Thomas Merton

From: <https://beautywelove.blogspot.com/2011/09/this-rain.html>