



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

September 15, 2024

Buddha in Glory – Rainer Maria Rilke

Millennium Blessing – Stephen Levine

*Don't Allow the Lucid Moment to Dissolve –
Adam Zagajewski*

Eternity – Jason Shinder

In the Garden, Again – Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Under the Clear Sky – Ryokan

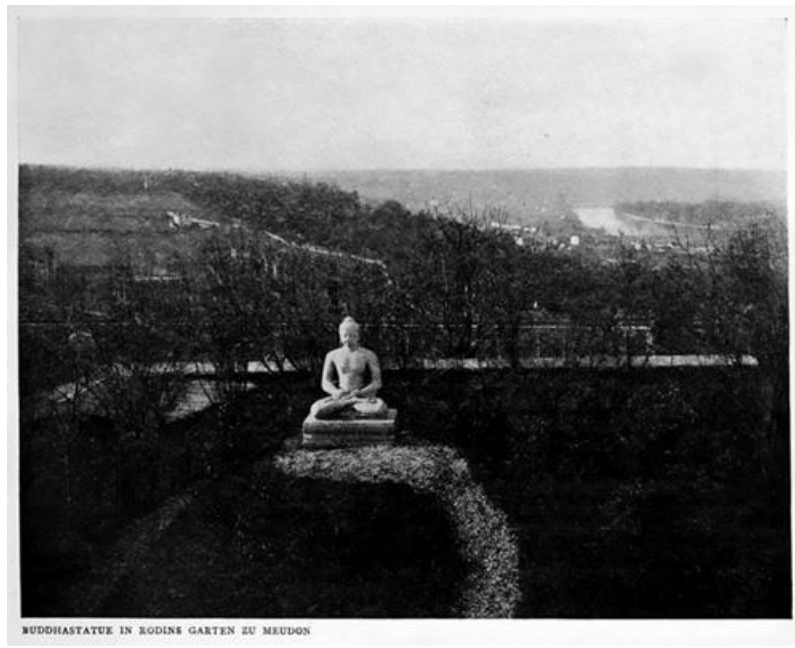


To join the Spiritual Poetry Meetup Group, go to

<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>



Buddha in Glory
by Rainer Maria Rilke

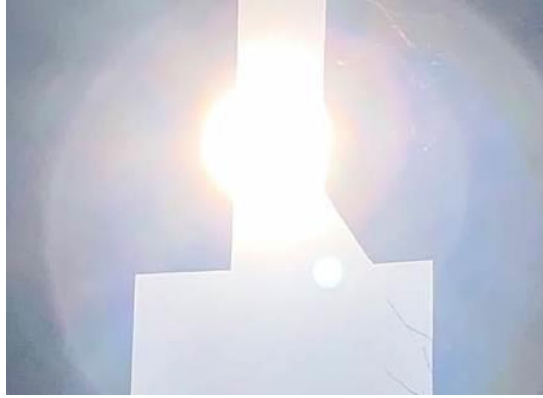
Center of all centers, core of cores,
almond self-enclosed, and growing sweet—
all this universe, to the furthest stars
all beyond them, is your flesh, your fruit.

Now you feel how nothing clings to you;
your vast shell reaches into endless space,
and there the rich, thick fluids rise and flow.
Illuminated in your infinite peace,

a billion stars go spinning through the night,
blazing high above your head.
But in you is the presence that
will be, when all the stars are dead.

(translated by Stephen Mitchell)

*Photo: Buddha Statue in Rodin's Garden, Meudon, France
Photograph from Georg Treu, 'Bei Rodin', in Kunst und Künstler 3 (1905)*



Millennium Blessing

by Stephen Levine

There is a grace approaching
that we shun as much as death,
it is the completion of our birth.

It does not come in time,
but in timelessness
when the mind sinks into the heart
and we remember.

It is an insistent grace that draws us
to the edge and beckons us to surrender
safe territory and enter our enormity.

We know we must pass
beyond knowing
and fear the shedding.

But we are pulled upward
none-the-less
through forgotten ghosts
and unexpected angels,
luminous.

And there is nothing left to say
but we are That.

And that is what we sing about.



Don't Allow The Lucid Moment to Dissolve

Don't allow the lucid moment to dissolve
Let the radiant thought last in stillness
though the page is almost filled and the flame
flickers

We haven't risen yet to the level of ourselves
Knowledge grows slowly like a wisdom tooth
The stature of a man is still notched
high up on a white door

From far off, the joyful voice of a trumpet
and of a song rolled up like a cat

What passes doesn't fall into a void

A stoker is still feeding coal into the fire

Don't allow the lucid moment to dissolve

On a hard dry substance

you have to engrave the truth

Adam Zagajewski

translated from the Polish by Renata Gorczyński

Art: Detail from promotional card for Chocolat Poulain depicting the Jewish new year, Rosh Hashanah, in the Jewish Museum of Switzerland's collection, public domain, [Wikimedia Commons](#)



Eternity

A poem written three thousand years ago

about a man who walks among horses
grazing on a hill under the small stars

comes to life on a page in a book

and the woman reading the poem
in her kitchen filled with a gold metallic light

finds the experience of living in that moment

so vividly described as to make her feel known
to another, until the woman and the poet share

not only their souls but the exact silence

between each word. And every time the poem is read,
no matter her situation or her age,

this is more or less what happens.

Jason Shinder

From: *Stupid Hope: Poems*

Published posthumously, Graywolf Press, 2009

[Photo: Peter Bowers](#)



In the Garden, Again

After breaking, after kneeling,
after raising my ripe fist, after
opening my palm, after
clenching it again, after running,
after hiding, after taking off
my masks, after stilling,
after shouting, after bargaining
with God, after crumpling
and cursing, after losing,
after song, after seeking,
after breath, after breath,
after breath,
I stand in the sunflowers
of early September
and watch as the bees weave
from one giant bloom to another,
and I, too, am sunflower,
tall-stemmed and face lifted,
shaped by the love of light
and the need for rain.
I stand here until some part of me
is again more woman than sunflower,
and she notices how,
for a few moments,
it was enough just to be alive.
Just to be alive, it was enough.

~~~~~

~ Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer ~

<https://ahundredfallingveils.com/2022/09/06/in-the-garden-again/>



Under the clear sky around midnight,  
I take a cane and go out the gate.  
Under the entangled vines,  
how winding this pebble road is!  
Birds nesting in trees chirp on branches;  
black monkeys howl beside me.  
Viewing the Amitabha Hall from afar,  
in broad spirit I climb up.  
Old pine trees are ten thousand feet high;  
fresh water spouts from the spring.  
Wind above blows ceaselessly;  
a solitary moon floats in the dark blue.  
Leaning on the balcony railing,  
I am a crane flying over the clouds.

- Ryokan

From *Sky Above, Great Wind:*  
*The Life and Poetry of Zen Master Ryokan*

Translations by Kazuaki Tanahashi  
[Photo by Don Sniegowski on Flickr](#)