



## *Spiritual Poetry Meetup*

*Poems to take home with you*

*August 17, 2025*

*The World Which No One Owns – Li Po and W.S. Merwin*

*This Only – Czeslaw Milosz*

*Awakened – Czeslaw Milosz*

*Daybreak – Gabriela Mistral*

*This Day – Jimmy Santiago Baca*

*Drink Eternity - Jalaluddin Rumi*

*A Walk – Rainer Maria Rilke*



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>



You ask why I make my home  
in the mountain forest  
and I smile, and am silent,  
and even my soul remains quiet:  
It lives in the other world  
which no one owns.  
The peach trees blossom.  
The water flows.

- Li Po -

[Painting: Peach Blossoms Flower](#)

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### **High Fronds**

After sundown the crowns  
of the tallest palms  
stand out against  
the clear glass of the eastern sky  
they have no shadows  
and no memory  
the wind has gone its own way  
nothing is missing

- W.S. Merwin -



[Photo by Tiraya Adam on Unsplash](#)

## This Only



A valley and above it forests in autumn colors.  
A voyager arrives, a map leads him there.  
Or perhaps memory. Once long ago in the sun,  
When snow first fell, riding this way  
He felt joy, strong, without reason,  
Joy of the eyes. Everything was the rhythm  
Of shifting trees, of a bird in flight,  
Of a train on the viaduct, a feast in motion.

He returns years later, has no demands.  
He wants only one, most precious thing:  
To see, purely and simply, without name,  
Without expectations, fears, or hopes,  
At the edge where there is no I or not-I.

**- Czeslaw Milosz -**  
Robert Hass translation

# Awakened

In advanced age, my health worsening, I woke up in the middle of the night, and experienced a feeling of happiness so intense and perfect that in all my life I had only felt its premonition. And there was no reason for it. It didn't obliterate consciousness; the past which I carried was there, together with my grief. And it was suddenly included, was a necessary part of the whole. As if a voice were repeating: "You can stop worrying now; everything happened just as it had to. You did what was assigned to you, and you are not required anymore to think of what happened long ago." The peace I felt was a closing of accounts and was connected with the thought of death. The happiness on this side was like an announcement of the other side. I realized that this was an undeserved gift and I could not grasp by what grace it was bestowed on me.

Czeslaw Milosz

From Czeslaw Milosz' collection of poetry titled (in English) *This*, published in 2000.  
(Original title in Polish: *To*, which could be translated in English as "*It*.")



## Daybreak

by Gabriela Mistral

My heart swells that the Universe  
Like a fiery cascade may enter.  
The new day comes. Its coming  
Leaves me breathless.  
I sing. Like a cavern brimming  
I sing my new day.

For grace lost and recovered  
I stand humble. Not giving. Receiving.  
Until the Gorgon night,  
Vanquished, flees.

## Amanecer

Hincho mi corazón para que entre  
como cascada ardiente el Universo.  
El nuevo día llega y su llegada  
me deja sin aliento.  
Canto como la gruta que es colmada  
canto mi día nuevo.

Por la gracia perdida y recobrada  
humilde soy sin dar y recibiendo  
hasta que la Gorgona de la noche  
va, derrotada, huyendo.



## This Day

By Jimmy Santiago Baca

I feel foolish,  
like those silly robins jumping on the ditch boughs  
when I run by them.  
Those robins do not have the grand style of the red tailed hawk,  
no design, no dream, just robins acting stupid.  
They've never smoked cigarettes, drank whiskey, consumed drugs  
as I have.  
In their mindless  
fluttering about  
filled with nonsense,  
they tell me how they  
love the Great Spirit,  
scold me not to be self-pitying,  
to open my life  
and make this day a bough on a tree  
leaning over infinity, where eternity flows forward  
and with day the river runs  
carrying all that falls in it.  
Be happy Jimmy, they chirp,  
Jimmy, be silly, make this day a tree  
leaning over the river eternity  
and fuss about in its branches.

From *Spring Poems Along the Rio Grande* by Jimmy Santiago Baca.



Love floods the eyes of the devoted  
with tears of remorse,  
washing the heart clear of grudges and denial.

Love dashes your face with the water of life,  
urging you to leap from your slumber.

Rise up, take my cup, Love says,  
drink eternity.

- Jalaluddin Rumi –

Translated by Haleh Liza Gafari

[Photo by John Brueske](#)



## A Walk

My eyes already touch the sunny hill.  
going far beyond the road I have begun,  
So we are grasped by what we cannot grasp;  
it has an inner light, even from a distance -

and changes us, even if we do not reach it,  
into something else, which, hardly sensing it, we already are;  
a gesture waves us on, answering our own wave...  
but what we feel is the wind in our faces.

Rainer Maria Rilke



*Muzot, March 1924*

*Translated by Robert Bly*

*Painting: "Silence" by Ildikó Mecseri (MEIL)*

<https://www.mecseriart.com/paintings-of-meil>