



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

December 21, 2025

Be Melting Snow – Jalaluddin Rumi

Each of Us Inevitable – Walt Whitman

Poem – Thomas McGrath

Common Ground – Laura Grace Weldon

The Old Wisdom – Jane Goodall

Love Flows – Mechtild of Magdeburg

Another Unity – Jalaluddin Rumi



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>



BE MELTING SNOW

Totally conscious, and apropos of nothing, you come to me.
Is someone here? I ask.
The moon. The full moon is inside your house.

My friends and I go running out into the street.
I'm in here, comes a voice from the house,
but we aren't listening.

We're looking up at the sky.
My pet nightingale sobs like a drunk in the garden.
Ringdoves scatter with small cries, *Where, Where.*

It's midnight. The whole neighborhood
is up and out in the street
thinking, *The cat burglar has come back.*
The actual thief is there too, saying out loud,
Yes, the cat burglar is somewhere in this crowd.
No one pays attention.

Lo, I am with you always means when you look for God,
God is in the look of your eyes,
in the thought of looking, nearer to you than your self,
or things that have happened to you
There's no need to go outside.
Be melting snow.
Wash yourself of yourself.

A white flower grows in the quietness.
Let your tongue become that flower.

- Jalaluddin Rumi
Ghazal 2172 from Rumi's *Diwan-eShams*
translated by Coleman Barks



**Each of us inevitable,
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: *Myselfs*, 2014
<https://theartling.com/en/artzine/interview-do-ho-suh/>



Poem

- Thomas McGrath -

How could I have come so far
(And always on such dark trails)
I must have traveled by the light
shining from the faces
of all those I have loved.

Common Ground

- Laura Grace Weldon -

What's incomplete in me seeks refuge
in blackberry bramble and beech trees,
where creatures live without dogma
and water moves in patterns
more ancient than philosophy.
I stand still, child eavesdropping on her elders.
I don't speak the language
but my body translates as best it can,
wakening skin and gut, summoning
the long kinship we share with everything.

The Old Wisdom

When the night wind makes the pine trees creak
And the pale clouds glide across the dark sky,
Go out my child, go out and seek
Your soul: The Eternal I.

For all the grasses rustling at your feet
And every flaming star that glitters high
Above you, close up and meet
In you: The Eternal I.

Yes, my child, go out into the world; walk slow
And silent, comprehending all, and by and by
Your soul, the Universe, will know
Itself: the Eternal I.

Jane Goodall, 1934-2025



“The Old Wisdom” by Jane Goodall
© Jane Goodall

Photo: *Jane Goodall with her dog* (circa. late 1930s)

<https://sevendgoodthings.com/the-old-wisdom-jane-goodall/>



**Effortlessly,
Love flows from God to man,
Like a bird
Who rivers the air
Without moving her wings.
Thus we move in His world
One in body and soul,
Though outwardly separate in form.
As the Source strikes the note,
Humanity sings -
The Holy Spirit is our harpist,
And all the strings
Which are touched in Love
Must sound.**

~ Mechtild of Magdeburg
(1210-1282)



**Spring overall. But inside us
there's another unity.**

**Behind each eye here,
one glowing water.**

**Every forest branch moves differently
in the breeze, but as they sway
they connect at the roots.**

**~ Jalaluddin Rumi ~
art by Christi Belcourt**