



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

February 16, 2025

The Flute of Interior Time – Kabir

Of Love – Mary Oliver

In Your Light / Open the Love Window – Rumi

Accepting This – Mark Nepo

Listen to the Stones – Joy Harjo and Louise Erdrich

I Love You – Nâzım Hikmet



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>



THE FLUTE OF INTERIOR TIME

- Kabir -

The flute of interior time is played whether we hear it or not,

What we mean by “love” is its sound coming in.

When love hits the furthest edge of excess, it reaches a wisdom.

And the fragrance of that knowledge!

It penetrates our thick bodies,

it goes through walls –

Its network of notes has a structure as if a million suns were arranged inside.

This tune has truth in it.

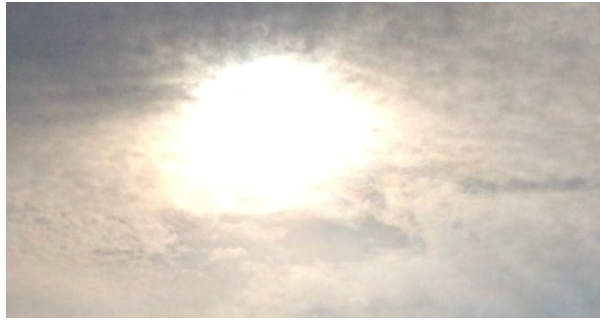
Where else have you heard a sound like this?

Translated by Robert Bly
Photo by [Saubhagya Gandharv on Unsplash](#)

“Of Love”

by Mary Oliver

I have been in love more times than one,
thank the Lord. Sometimes it was lasting
whether active or not. Sometimes
it was all but ephemeral, maybe only
an afternoon, but not less real for that.
They stay in my mind, these beautiful people,
or anyway beautiful people to me, of which
there are so many. You, and you, and you,
whom I had the fortune to meet, or maybe
missed. Love, love, love, it was the
core of my life, from which, of course, comes
the word for the heart. And, oh, have I mentioned
that some of them were men and some were women
and some—now carry my revelation with you—
were trees. Or places. Or music flying above
the names of their makers. Or clouds, or the sun
which was the first, and the best, the most
loyal for certain, who looked so faithfully into
my eyes, every morning. So I imagine
such love of the world—its fervency, its shining, its
innocence and hunger to give of itself—I imagine
this is how it began.



In Your Light

In your light I learn how to love.
In your beauty, how to make poems.
You dance inside my chest
where no one sees you,
but sometimes I do,
and that sight becomes this art.

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## **Open the Love Window**

There is some kiss we want  
with our whole lives,  
the touch of spirit on the body.

Seawater begs the pearl  
to break its shell.

And the lily, how passionately  
it needs some wild darling!

At night, I open the window  
and ask the moon to come  
and press its face against mine.

Breathe into me.  
Close the language-door and  
open the love window.

The moon won't use the door,  
only the window.

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- Rumi -

Translated by Coleman Barks

Accepting This

by Mark Nepo

Yes, it is true. I confess,
I have thought great thoughts,
and sung great songs—all of it
rehearsal for the majesty
of being held.

The dream is awakened
when thinking I love you
and life begins
when saying I love you
and joy moves like blood
when embracing others with love.

My efforts now turn
from trying to outrun suffering
to accepting love wherever
I can find it.

Stripped of causes and plans
and things to strive for,
I have discovered everything
I could need or ask for
is right here—
in flawed abundance.

We cannot eliminate hunger,
but we can feed each other.
We cannot eliminate loneliness,
but we can hold each other.
We cannot eliminate pain,
but we can live a life
of compassion.

Ultimately,
we are small living things
awakened in the stream,
not gods who carve out rivers.

Like human fish,
we are asked to experience
meaning in the life that moves
through the gill of our heart.

There is nothing to do
and nowhere to go.
Accepting this,
we can do everything
and go anywhere.



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## Listen to the Stones

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When I began to listen to poetry,
it's when I began to listen to the stones,
and I began to listen to what the clouds had to say,
and I began to listen to *other*.
And I think, most importantly for all of us,
then you begin to learn to listen to the soul,
the soul of yourself in here,
which is also the soul of everyone else.

—Joy Harjo—

From PBS interview with Jim Lehrer, August 23, 2007

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Nouns are mainly designated as alive or dead, animate or inanimate. The word stone, “akin,” is animate. Stones are called grandfathers and grandmothers and are extremely important in Ojibwe philosophy.

Once I began to think of stones as animate, I started to wonder whether I was picking up a stone or it was putting itself into my hand. Stones are not the same as they were to me in English.

I can't write about a stone without considering it in Ojibwe and acknowledging that the Anishinabe universe began with a conversation between stones.

—Louise Erdich—

*Two Languages in Mind, but Just One in the Heart*

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Photo: [A Guide to Pebble](#)



I Love You

by Nâzım Hikmet

I love you
like dipping bread into salt and eating
Like waking up at night with high fever
and drinking water, with the tap in my mouth
Like unwrapping the heavy box from the postman
with no clue what it is
fluttering, happy, doubtful
I love you
like flying over the sea in a plane for the first time
Like something moves inside me
when it gets dark softly in Istanbul
I love you
Like thanking God that we live.

