



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

July 20, 2025

The Second Music – Annie Lighthart

Getting Out – Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

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Don't Worry About Saving These Songs - Jalaluddin Rumi

What Mr. MacDonald Heard – George D. MacDonald



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 Second Music

by Annie Lighthart

Now I understand that there are two melodies playing,
one below the other, one easier to hear, the other

lower, steady, perhaps more faithful for being less heard
yet always present.

When all other things seem lively and real,
this one fades. Yet the notes of it

touch as gently as fingertips, as the sound
of the names laid over each child at birth.

I want to stay in that music without striving or cover.
If the truth of our lives is what it is playing,

the telling is so soft
that this mortal time, this irrevocable change,

becomes beautiful. I stop and stop again
to hear the second music.

I hear the children in the yard, a train, then birds.
All this is in it and will be gone. I set my ear to it as I would to a heart.

“The Second Music” by Annie Lighthart from *Iron String* © Airlie Press, 2015.
<https://www.writersalmanac.org/index.html%3Fp=6173.html>

Getting Out

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Sometimes there is inside me
a space so great
my body takes itself outside—
as if the house is too restricting,
as if this inner space
must be met by something vast as field,
boundless as sky, immeasurable as interstellar space.
If it is storming, so much the better.
If rain races down the face
and saturates the clothes, this is right.
If wind rips at my hair
or snow stings my cheeks
or lightning makes my hairs stand on end,
it only serves the aliveness.
If it is warm and still,
the inner space expands
into the warm and still.
There are feelings too immense for four walls,
too intense to be trapped in the skin,
sensations that rhyme with the cosmos,
moments when we start to grasp
what we are made of—
more energy than matter,
more nothing than something,
more everything than we ever dreamed.



Boundaries

The universe does not
revolve around you.
The stars and planets spinning
through the ballroom of space
dance with one another
quite outside of your small life.
You cannot hold gravity
or seasons; even air and water
inevitably evade your grasp.
Why not, then, let go?

You could move through time
like a shark through water,
neither restless nor ceasing,
absorbed in and absorbing
the native element.
Why pretend you can do otherwise?
The world comes in at every pore,
mixes in your blood before
breath releases you into
the world again. Did you think
the fragile boundary of your skin
could build a wall?

Listen. Every molecule is humming
its particular pitch.
Of course you are a symphony.
Whose tune do you think
the planets are singing
as they dance?

- Lynn Ungar

Photo by [Jeremy Thomas](#) on [Unsplash](#)



How the Light Comes

I cannot tell you
how the light comes.

What I know
is that it is more ancient
than imagining.

That it travels
across an astounding expanse
to reach us.

That it loves
searching out
what is hidden,
what is lost,
what is forgotten
or in peril
or in pain.

That it has a fondness
for the body,
for finding its way
toward flesh,
for tracing the edges
of form,
for shining forth
through the eye,
the hand,
the heart.

I cannot tell you
how the light comes,
but that it does.

That it will.
That it works its way
into the deepest dark
that enfolds you,
though it may seem
long ages in coming
or arrive in a shape
you did not foresee.

And so
may we this day
turn ourselves toward it.
May we lift our faces
to let it find us.
May we bend our bodies
to follow the arc it makes.
May we open
and open more
and open still

to the blessed light
that comes.

—Jan Richardson

From *Circle of Grace: A Book of Blessings for the Seasons*, by Jan Richardson

Photo: <https://www.mindfulnessassociation.net/words-of-wonder/how-the-light-comes-jan-richardson/>



A SUMMER'S SINGING

Where does that singing start, you know,
that thin sound—almost pure light?
Not the birds at false dawn or their song
when morning comes, feathered throats
warm with meaning. A different kind of music.

Listen, it is somewhere near you.
In the heart, emptied of fear,
stubbornly in love
with itself at last, the old
desires a ruined chorus,
a radiant, blood choir.

Where does the singing start?
Here, where you are, there's room
between your heartbeats,
as if everything you have ever been
begins, inside, to sing.

- Lorna Crozier -

From:
Everything Arrives at the Light



*Don't worry about saving these songs!
And if one of our instruments breaks,
it doesn't matter.*

*We have fallen into the place
where everything is music.*

*The strumming and the flute notes
rise into the atmosphere,
and even if the whole world's harp
should burn up, there will still be
hidden instruments playing.*

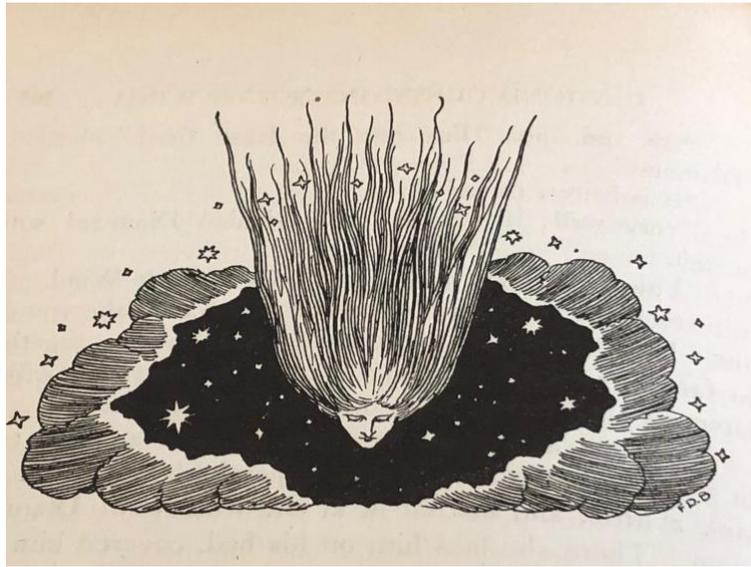
*So the candle flickers and goes out.
We have a piece of flint, and a spark.*

*This singing art is sea foam.
The graceful movements come from a pearl
somewhere on the ocean floor.*

*Poems reach up like spindrift and the edge
of driftwood along the beach, wanting!*

*They derive
from a slow and powerful root
that we can't see.*

*Stop the words now.
Open the window in the center of your chest,
and let the spirit fly in and out.*



**What Mr. MacDonald Heard
Under Diamond's Tree**

**The lightning and thunder,
They go and they come;
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at home.**

from: At the Back of the North Wind,
by George D. MacDonald
Illustration by D. Bedford