



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

*Poems to take home with you
(On the theme of Abundance & Delight)
June 15, 2025*

Table – Edip Cansever

A Little Girl Tugs at the Tablecloth – Wislawa Szymborska

Yes – Brian Doyle

And the Table Will Be Wide – Jan Richardson

I Live Now in a Sky-House – Mary Oliver

Spring Rain – Marchette Chute



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>



Table

by Edip Cansever

A man filled with the gladness of living
Put his keys on the table.
Put flowers in a copper bowl there.
He put his eggs and milk on the table.
He put there the light that came in through the window.
Sound of a bicycle, sound of a spinning wheel.
The softness of bread and weather he put there.
On the table the man put
Things that happened in his mind.
What he wanted to do in life.
He put that there.
Those he loved, those he didn't love.
The man put them on the table too.
Three times three make nine.
The man put nine on the table.
He was next to the window next to the sky;
He reached out and placed on the table endlessness.
So many days he had wanted to drink a beer!
He put on the table the pouring of that beer.
He placed there his sleep and his wakefulness;
His hunger and his fullness he placed there.
Now that's what I call a table!
It didn't complain at all about the load.
It wobbled once or twice, then stood firm.
The man kept piling things on.

-from the Turkish of Edip Cansever (1928-1986)
translated by Richard Tillinghast



A Little Girl Tugs at the Tablecloth

She's been in this world for over a year,
and in this world not everything's been examined
and taken in hand.

The subject of today's investigation
is things that don't move by themselves.

They need to be helped along,
shoved, shifted,
taken from their place and relocated.

They don't all want to go, e.g., the bookshelf,
the cupboard, the unyielding walls, the table.

But the tablecloth on the stubborn table
—when well-seized by its hems—
manifests a willingness to travel.

And the glasses, plates,
creamer, spoons, bowl,
are fairly shaking with desire.

It's fascinating,
what form of motion will they take,
once they're trembling on the brink:
will they roam across the ceiling?
fly around the lamp?
hop onto the windowsill and from there to a tree?

Mr. Newton still has no say in this.
Let him look down from the heavens and wave his hands.

This experiment must be completed.
And it will.

—Wisława Szymborska

Yes

by Brian Doyle

I was on a gleaming elevator in a vast hotel in a huge city
The other day when a man got on with his daughter about
Age four. I asked her what floor they wanted and she said
Seven million. I reached up as high as I could and pressed
An imaginary button and she laughed and some little door
Opened in all three of us, a wordless yes, and we started to
Talk about the elevator's voice, which sounded like a lady
From Ireland or Scotland, and how the buttons were twice
As big as any giant's fingers, and how older gents like me
Remembered buildings without thirteenth floors, isn't that
Funny, that an ancient superstition would still be reflected
In modern buildings? By now the girl was dancing and her
Dad and I were grinning at her ebullience but then the lady
Spoke their floor and the door opened. The girl leapt away,
But the dad hesitated a second and said quietly hey thanks,
And I knew just what he meant – something like thanks for
Being four years old for a minute. We have those moments
When we are all the same age, from the same country, with
The same language on our teeth, and it never lasts too long,
But it always feels weirdly familiar, doesn't it? Like we are
Home again for a moment, with family we hardly get to see.

And the Table Will Be Wide

by Jan Richardson

And the table
will be wide.
And the welcome
will be wide.
And the arms
will open wide
to gather us in.
And our hearts
will open wide
to receive.

And we will come
as children who trust
there is enough.
And we will come
unhindered and free.
And our aching
will be met
with bread.
And our sorrow
will be met
with wine.

And we will open our hands
to the feast
without shame.
And we will turn
toward each other
without fear.
And we will give up
our appetite
for despair.
And we will taste
and know
of delight.

And we will become bread
for a hungry world.
And we will become drink
for those who thirst.
And the blessed
will become the blessing.
And everywhere
will be the feast.



*I Live Now in a Sky-House
(Everything that was broken)*

*Everything that was broken
has forgotten its brokenness.
I live now in a sky-house,
through every window the sun.
Also your presence.
Our touching, our stories.
Earthy and holy both.
How can this be, but it is.
Every day has something in it
whose name is Forever.*

- Mary Oliver

Photo by [Rachel McDermott](#) on [Unsplash](#)

Spring Rain

by Marchette Chute

*The storm came up so very quick
It couldn't have been quicker.
I should have brought my hat along,
I should have brought my slicker.*

*My hair is wet, my feet are wet,
I couldn't be much wetter.
I fell into a river once
But this is even better.*

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