



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

October 19, 2025

Turning – Julie Cadwallader Staub

Vast – Hadewijch II

Cut Brambles Long Enough – Sun Bu-er

On the Spirit of the Heart as Moon-Disk – Kojijū

The Moon – Jaime Sabines

Wolf Cubs / Lobeznos – José María Zonta

October Poem – Brian Doyle



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>



Turning

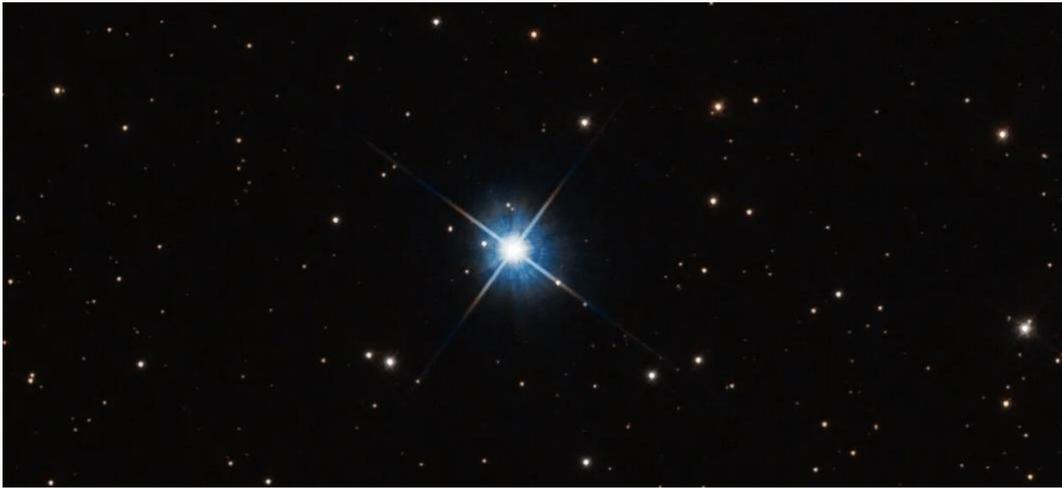
There comes a time in every fall
before the leaves begin to turn
when blackbirds group and flock and gather
choosing a tree, a branch, together
to click and call and chorus and clamor
announcing the season has come for travel.

Then comes a time when all those birds
without a sound or backward glance
pour from every branch and limb
into the air, as if on a whim
but it's a dynamic, choreographed mass
a swoop, a swerve, a mystery, a dance

and now the tree stands breathless, amazed
at how it was chosen, how it was changed.

- Julie Cadwallader Staub -

Photo by Bob Gathany - [Mesmerizing Murmuration of Blackbirds](#)



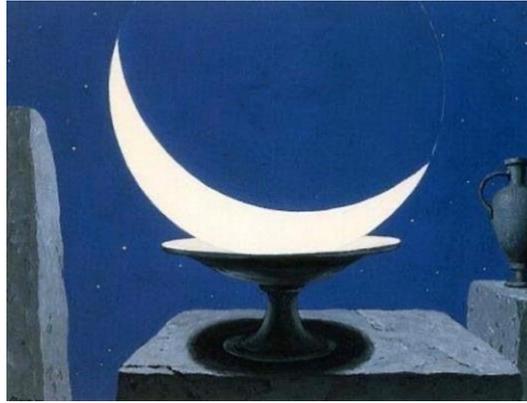
Vast

All things
are too small
to hold me,
I am so vast

In the Infinite
I reach
for the Uncreated
I have
touched it,
it undoes me
wider than wide
Everything else
is too narrow
You know this well,
you who are also there

Tighten
to nothing
the circle
that is
the world's things
Then the Naked
circle
can grow wide,
enlarging,
embracing all

—Hadewijch II (13th Century)
Translated version by Jane Hirshfield
From: *Women in Praise of the Sacred*
Photo: [Dwarf Star LAWD 37](#)



Cut Brambles Long Enough

Cut brambles long enough,
Sprout after sprout,
And the lotus will bloom
Of its own accord:
Already waiting in the clearing,
The single image of light.
The day you see this,
That day you will become it.

- Sun Bu-er -

Translated by Jane Hirshfield

from: *Women in Praise of the Sacred*

Sun Bu-er (c. 1124-? CE) was the most famous woman teacher
of Chinese Taoism.

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## On the Spirit of the Heart as Moon-Disk

Merely to know  
The Flawless Moon dwells pure  
In the Human Heart  
Is to find the Darkness of the night  
Vanished under clearing skies.

- Kojijū -

Translated by Edwin A. Cranston

Kojijū was a Japanese poet active in the 12<sup>th</sup> century.

She is considered a member of the Female Thirty-Six Immortals of Poetry.

Art by René Magritte: La Fenêtre De Mélusine, 1953



## ***The Moon***

*by Jaime Sabines*

*You can take the moon in spoonfuls  
or in tablets every two hours.  
It works as a hypnotic and a sedative  
and also provides relief  
for those who have overdosed on philosophy.  
A piece of the moon in your pocket  
is better luck than a rabbit's paw:  
The moon can help you find the one you love  
and make you rich without anybody knowing  
A moon a day  
keeps doctors and hospitals at bay...*

*Always carry a little bottle of moon air  
when you're suffocating  
and give the moon's key  
to prisoners, and to the disenchanting.  
For those sentenced to death  
and those condemned to life  
there is no better stimulant than the moon  
in precise doses.*

This is an excerpt from the original poem, from a translation by W.S. Merwin with a remix by Ekiwah Adler-Beléndez. In the article “The Sacred Limit,” poet Ekiwah Adler-Beléndez said he gave his best poetry reading in a high security prison in Mexico City, and one of the readings was this poem. To read the article, go to <https://www.dailygood.org/story/3319/the-sacred-limit-ekiwah-adler-bel-ndez/> (Photo by [Ganapathy Kumar on Unsplash](#), Full Moon in Arizona)

## WOLF CUBS

Poetry  
is unsinkable

like the *Titanic*.

It is a child  
even though by statistics  
and by the look of it  
it could be a dead bird.

I can tell the difference in the darkness  
between the lightning and the star –

both have the same dignity.

Afternoons we put  
a leash on the heart  
and take it out for a walk  
so it can pee.

Love is such a good disguise  
that in time it becomes flesh  
and you won't be able to tell the difference.

Poetry asks permission  
to tear your wall down  
brick by brick.

The theory is  
to leave the bird open  
so the cage can return.

All the carpenters in the universe  
cannot build  
a beetle in love.

- José María Zonta -  
Translated by Carlos Reyes  
From: *Poems of Love and Madness*

## LOBEZNOS

La poesía  
es insumergible

como el Titanic.

Es un niño  
aunque por las estadísticas  
y el aspecto  
podría ser un pájaro muerto.

Distingo en la oscuridad  
la luciérnaga de la estrella

ambas tienen la misma dignidad.

Por las tardes le ponemos  
una correa al corazón  
y lo sacamos a pasear para que orine.

Amar es tan buen disfraz  
que al tiempo se vuelve piel  
y no distingues la diferencia.

La poesía te pide permiso  
para desmontar tu muro  
ladrillo a ladrillo.

La teoría es  
dejar el ave abierta  
para que la jaula regrese.

Todos los carpinteros del universo  
no pueden construir  
un escarabajo enamorado.

- José María Zonta -



## OCTOBER POEM

What is the best poem you ever wrote in your whole life?  
I ask a friend of mine, aged six, and she thinks about this  
For a whole minute, looking down in the grass for words,  
And she says, The time I tried to make a coat for a mouse  
From spider-webs. My sister and brothers helped me find  
The webs. It takes a *lot* of webs to make a jacket for mice.  
We apologized to the spiders. This was in October. Mama  
Said we could borrow webs as long as we were respectful.  
That's the best poem I ever wrote, and I didn't do it alone.

—*Brian Doyle*

<https://www.firstthings.com/article/2014/10/october-poem>