



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

September 21, 2025

September 30 is W.S. Merwin's birthday. In his honor, the September Poetry Pack includes two of his poems.

Sky in September – W.S. Merwin

In the Garden, Again – Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

The Sky – William Stafford

Still Morning – W.S. Merwin

Blessing the Body – Jan Richardson

Letter to Cedric – Ansel Adams

The Mind of This Monk – Ryōkan



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>



Sky in September

by W.S. Merwin

In spite of the months of knowing
and the years
autumn comes with astonishment
light held up in a glass
the terrible news in a haze
caught breath in the warm leaves

in spite of the gathering dust and the vast moon
the day comes with a color
its words cannot touch
so it is when I see you
after the years when the ailanthus leaves
drifted unnoticed
down the gray wall

they have disappeared and nothing is missing
after their rocking and clinging
they have vanished with the thieves and shufflers
and the words of the dealers
taking nothing
they have fallen like scales from the eyes
and at last we are here together
light of autumn
clear morning in the only time

Published in W.S. Merwin's poetry collection

The Rain in the Trees

Photo by Shanti Natania Grace: "September Sky Over Paris"



In the Garden, Again

After breaking, after kneeling,
after raising my ripe fist, after
opening my palm, after
clenching it again, after running,
after hiding, after taking off
my masks, after stilling,
after shouting, after bargaining
with God, after crumpling
and cursing, after losing,
after song, after seeking,
after breath, after breath,
after breath,
I stand in the sunflowers
of early September
and watch as the bees weave
from one giant bloom to another,
and I, too, am sunflower,
tall-stemmed and face lifted,
shaped by the love of light
and the need for rain.
I stand here until some part of me
is again more woman than sunflower,
and she notices how,
for a few moments,
it was enough just to be alive.
Just to be alive, it was enough.

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~ Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer ~

<https://ahundredfallingveils.com/2022/09/06/in-the-garden-again/>



## The Sky

I like it with nothing. Is it  
what I was? What I will be?  
I look out there by the hour,  
so clear, so sure. I could  
smile, or frown—still nothing.

Be my father, be my mother,  
great sleep of blue; reach  
far within me; open doors,  
find whatever is hiding; invite it  
for many clear days in the sun.

When I turn away I know  
you are there. We won't forget  
each other: every look is a promise.  
Others can't tell what you say  
when it's the blue voice, when  
you come to the window and look for me.

Your word arches over  
the roof all day. I know it  
within my bowed head where  
the other sky listens.  
You will bring me  
everything when the time comes.

—William Stafford



## Still Morning

It appears now that there is only one  
age and it knows  
nothing of age as the flying birds know  
nothing of the air they are flying through  
or of the day that bears them up  
through themselves  
and I am a child before there are words  
arms are holding me up in a shadow  
voices murmur in a shadow  
as I watch one patch of sunlight moving  
across the green carpet  
in a building  
gone long ago and all the voices  
silent and each word they said in that time  
silent now  
while I go on seeing that patch of sunlight

W.S. Merwin

published in *Shadow of Sirius*

[Photo by Tim Mossholder on Unsplash](#)

***Blessing the Body***  
by Jan Richardson



This blessing takes  
one look at you  
and all it can say is  
holy.

Holy hands.  
Holy face.  
Holy feet.  
Holy everything  
in between.

Holy even in pain.  
Holy even when weary.  
In brokenness, holy.  
In shame, holy still.

Holy in delight.  
Holy in distress.  
Holy when being born.  
Holy when we lay it down  
at the hour of our death.

So, friend,  
open your eyes  
(holy eyes).  
For one moment  
see what this blessing sees,  
this blessing that knows  
how you have been formed  
and knit together  
in wonder and  
in love.

Welcome this blessing  
that folds its hands  
in prayer  
when it meets you;  
receive this blessing  
that wants to kneel  
in reverence  
before you:  
you who are  
temple,  
sanctuary,  
home for God  
in this world.



—*Jan Richardson*

*Art: Claspéd Hands, Giacomo Cavedone, c. 1612, National Gallery of Art  
Face and Flower, Fernand Léger, 1949, Chicago Institute of Art*



June 19, 1937

Dear Cedric,

A strange thing happened to me today. I saw a big thundercloud move down over Half Dome, and it was so big and clear and brilliant that it made me see many things that were drifting around inside of me; things that related to those who are loved and those who are real friends.

For the first time I *know* what love is; what friends are; and what art should be.

Love is a seeking for a way of life; the way that cannot be followed alone; the resonance of all spiritual and physical things. Children are not only of flesh and blood - children may be ideas, thoughts, emotions. The person of the one who is loved is a form composed of a myriad mirrors reflecting and illuminating the powers and thoughts and the emotions that are within you, and flashing another kind of light from within. No words or deeds may encompass it.

Friendship is another form of love - more passive perhaps, but full of the transmitting and acceptance of things like thunderclouds and grass and the clean granite of reality.

Art is both love and friendship, and understanding; the desire to give. It is not charity, which is the giving of Things, it is more than kindness which is the giving of the self. It is both the taking and giving of beauty, the turning out to the light the inner folds of the awareness of the spirit. It is the recreation on another plane of the realities of the world; the tragic and wonderful realities of earth and men, and of all the inter-relations of these.

I wish the thundercloud had moved up over Tahoe and let loose on you; I could wish you nothing finer.

Ansel

Letter written by Ansel Adams to his best friend, Cedric Wright  
Photo: Peter Bowers

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If someone asks
about the mind of
this monk,
say it is no more than
a passage of wind
in the vast sky.

- Ryōkan -

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