



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

April 19, 2026

Hidden Vow – Mark Nepo

Our Lady of the Garden – Padraig Ó Tuama

March of '79 – Tomas Tranströmer

This Rain – Thomas Merton

Climbing the Golden Mountain – Michael Kiesow Moore



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>



HIDDEN VOW

**No matter how tired
or broken I feel, I keep
waking. At some point,
every day, I recall those
I've loved and those I've
lost. This makes me look
around and settle on some-
thing small—a spider web or
broken branch or patch of
dew. It is then that I lift my
face and let grace find me—
one more time. And, despite
the noise in my bones,
I accept, again, how
precious this all is.**

~ Mark Nepo ~



This poem by Pádraig Ó Tuama was written in memory of Paula Merwin, wife of the great poet W.S. Merwin. Paula and William.S. Merwin together founded the exquisite Merwin Conservancy palm forest garden, located in Pe‘ahi Valley, North Shore Maui, Hawaii. To visit the Merwin Conservancy website, with photos, poetry, and more, go to <https://merwinconservancy.org/>. (Photo of William & Paula by Diane Cook & Len Jenshe.)

Our Lady of the Garden

i.m. Paula Merwin

All this time, I felt like I had to describe
the things I did, and what was done to me,
how I had to wander a strange world for years,
needing to be busy, sleeping in strange beds,
searching through cities for chapels to weep in,
learning the stitches that keep a ripped heart
together for a while, when what I really need
to say is that it rained all night and morning,
and the drops were a percussion on the trees,
and after the sun rose, I saw an insect land on the railing
and take shelter, and a bird drank from a leaf.
Wild pigs exploded from the bushes where they'd hid,
and the sage in the bowl smelt of memory and musk.
A toad sat—still as any god—on the wet stone.

Pádraig Ó Tuama

From the Merwin Conservancy website: For over forty years, William and Paula lived together in a house William designed and helped build, surrounded by acres of land once devastated and depleted from years of erosion, logging, and toxic agricultural practices. Together, they painstakingly restored the land into one of the most comprehensive palm gardens in the world. ... Throughout their thirty-three years together, Paula was often a sounding board and first editor for William's work, helping produce some of the greatest poetry of the last half-century.

TOMAS TRANSTRÖMER: A POEM



Tomas Tranströmer
FRÅN MARS – 79

Trött på alla som kommer med ord, ord men inget spark
for jag till den snötäckta ön.
Det vilda har inga ord.
De oskrivna sidorna breder ut sig åt alla håll!
Jag stöter på sparen av rådjursklövar i snön.
Språk men inga ord.

FROM MARCH OF '79

Tired of all who come with words, words but no language,
I headed for the snow-covered island.
The wild has no words.
Unwritten pages spread out in every direction!
I come upon tracks of roe deer in the snow.
Language but no words.

From Bright Scythe, translated by Patty Crane.
[*Image by Vanessa the Nomad*](#)

this rain



What a thing it is to sit absolutely alone,
in the forest, at night, cherished by this
wonderful, unintelligible,
perfectly innocent speech,
the most comforting speech in the world,
the talk that rain makes by itself all over the ridges,
and the talk of the watercourses everywhere in the hollows!
Nobody started it, nobody is going to stop it.
It will talk as long as it wants, this rain.
As long as it talks I am going to listen.

~ Thomas Merton



Climbing the Golden Mountain

Silence is the golden mountain.

-Jack Kerouac

**Listen. Turn
everything
off. When
the noise
of our lives
drifts away,
when the chatter of
our minds
sinks into
that perfect
lake of nothing,
then, oh
then we can
apprehend
that golden mountain,
always there,
waiting for
us to be
still enough
to hear it.**

*- Michael Kiesow Moore -
from: The Song Castle*

*Photo, Golden Mountain Gaurishankar, Nepal
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