



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

August 16, 2026

That Day – Denise Levertov

This Much I Do Remember – Billy Collins

Magic – Jenifer Nostrand

Church – Dave Brown

Magnificent the Morning Was – William Wordsworth



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>

That Day

by Denise Levertov



Across a lake in Switzerland, fifty years ago,
light was jousting with long lances, fencing with
broadwords
back and forth among cloudy peaks and foothills.
We watched from a small pavilion, my mother and I,
enthralled.

And then, behold, a shaft, a column,
a defined body, not of light but of silver rain,
formed and set out from the distant shore, leaving behind
the silent feints and thrusts, and advanced
unswervingly, at a steady pace,
toward us.

I knew this! I'd seen it! Not the sensation
of déjà vu: it was Blake's inkwash vision,
'The Spirit of God Moving Upon the Face of the Waters'!
The column steadily came on
across the lake toward us; on each side of it,
there was no rain. We rose to our feet, breathless—
and then it reached us, took us
into its veil of silver, wrapped us
in finest weave of wet,
and we laughed for joy, astonished.

This Much I Do Remember

- by Billy Collins -

**It was after dinner.
You were talking to me across the table
about something or other,
a greyhound you had seen that day
or a song you liked,**

**and I was looking past you
over your bare shoulder
at the three oranges lying
on the kitchen counter
next to the small electric bean grinder,
which was also orange,
and the orange and white cruets for vinegar and oil.**

**All of which converged
into a random still life,
so fastened together by the hasp of color,
and so fixed behind the animated
foreground of your
talking and smiling,
gesturing and pouring wine,
and the camber of your shoulders**

**that I could feel it being painted within me,
brushed on the wall of my skull,
while the tone of your voice
lifted and fell in its flight,
and the three oranges
remained fixed on the counter
the way stars are said
to be fixed in the universe.**

**Then all the moments of the past
began to line up behind that moment
and all the moments to come
assembled in front of it in a long row,
giving me reason to believe
that this was a moment I had rescued
from the millions that rush out of sight
into a darkness behind the eyes.**

**Even after I have forgotten what year it is,
my middle name,
and the meaning of money,
I will still carry in my pocket
the small coin of that moment,
minted in the kingdom
that we pace through every day.**



Magic

We were talking about magic
as we drove along a crowded
Sunday highway

when the whirl of wings
made me turn
and a flock of geese
flew over our car
so low I could see
their feet tucked under them.

For a moment the rustle
of their presence over our heads
obscured everything

and as they disappeared
you said,
"I see what you mean."

- Jenifer Nostrand

"Magic" by Jenifer Nostrand, from *Bless the Day: Prayers and Poems to Nurture Your Soul*,
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Copied from: <https://www.ayearofbeinghere.com/2013/12/jenifer-nostrand-magic.html>

Church

An older man,
older than me,
was sitting alone
on a bench in a museum.

The room was not crowded.
He was looking at
one of Monet's Water Lily
paintings on the wall.

Intently staring, slowly, a slight smile
came to his face as he gazed at lily pads, splashes of red flowers
and the slight reflection of a blue sky.

Lost, absorbed by the beauty
of a painting which seemed
for a moment to stop time and
take him somewhere far away.

He sat straight up, stood and
fixed his jacket and sighed before
quietly strolling out of the gallery
into the rest of his day.

Moments of grace,
they happen to us whether
we name them as that or simply
smile and sigh, lost in beauty.

- Dave Brown -





Magnificent the Morning Was

Magnificent
the morning was, a memorable pomp,
More glorious than I ever had beheld;
The sea was laughing at a distance; all
The solid mountains were as bright as clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drench'd in empyrean light;
And, in the meadows and the lower grounds,
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,
—Ah! need I say, dear friend, that to the brim
My heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be—else sinning greatly—
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In blessedness, which even yet remains.

— William Wordsworth
From: *The Prelude*