



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

January 18, 2026

A Blessing for Presence – John O’Donohue

Belonging – Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

Flirtation – Rita Dove

So Like Still Water – William Butler Yeats

In the Midst – Thomas Merton

Kitlinuharmiut Song



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>



~ A Blessing For Presence ~

Awaken to the mystery of being here
and enter the quiet immensity of your own presence.

Have joy and peace in the temple of your senses.

Receive encouragement when new frontiers beckon.

Respond to the call of your gift and the courage to follow its path.

Let the flame of anger free you of all falsity.

May warmth of heart keep your presence aflame.

May anxiety never linger about you.

May your outer dignity mirror an inner dignity of soul.

Take time to celebrate the quiet miracles that seek no attention.

Be consoled in the secret symmetry of your soul.

May you experience each day as a sacred gift woven around the heart of wonder.

~ John O'Donohue ~

From: *To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings*
Photo: Borghese Gardens, Rome, by "[Mama Loves Rome](#)"



Belonging

And if it's true we are alone,
we are alone together,
the way blades of grass
are alone, but exist as a field.

Sometimes I feel it,
the green fuse that ignites us,
the wild thrum that unites us,
an inner hum that reminds us
of our shared humanity.

Just as thirty-five trillion
red blood cells join in one body
to become one blood.

Just as one hundred thirty-six thousand
notes make up one symphony.

Alone as we are, our small voices
weave into the one big conversation.

Our actions are essential
to the one infinite story of what it is
to be alive. When we feel alone,
we belong to the grand communion
of those who sometimes feel alone—
we are the dust, the dust that hopes,
a rising of dust, a thrill of dust,
the dust that dances in the light
with all other dust, the dust
that makes the world.

- Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer -

[Photo by Sara Hernández on Unsplash](#)



Flirtation

After all, there's no need
to say anything

at first. An orange, peeled
and quartered, flares

like a tulip on a Wedgwood plate
Anything can happen.

Outside the sun
has rolled up her rug

and night strewn salt
across the sky. My heart

is humming a tune
I haven't heard in years!

Quiet's cool flesh -
let's sniff and eat it.

There are ways
to make of the moment

a topiary
so the pleasure's in

walking through.

by Rita Dove

Photo by Lisa Romerein:

[Topiary Garden, Lotusland, Santa Barbara, CA](#)

**We can make our minds so like still water
that beings gather about us . . .
that they may see, it may be, their own images . . .
and so live for a moment with a clearer,
perhaps even a fiercer life
because of our quiet.**

William Butler Yeats, The Celtic Twilight: Faerie and Folklore, 1893

In the Midst

The Lord plays and diverts Himself in the garden
of His creation,
and if we could let go of our own obsession
with what we think is the meaning of it all,
we might be able to hear His call
and follow Him in His mysterious, cosmic dance.

For the world and time are the dance of the Lord
in emptiness.
The silence of the spheres is the music of a wedding feast.

The more we persist in misunderstanding
the phenomena of life,
the more we analyze them out into strange finalities
and complex purposes of our own,
the more we involve ourselves in sadness, absurdity
and despair.

But it does not matter much,
because no despair of ours can alter the reality of things,
or stain the joy of the cosmic dance which is always there.

Indeed we are in the midst of it, and it is in the midst of us,
for it beats in our very blood, whether we want it to or not.

Yet the fact remains that we are invited to forget ourselves
on purpose,
cast our awful solemnity to the winds and join in
the general dance.

**Kitlinuharmiut Song:
["And I Think Over Again"]**



And I think over again
My small adventures
When from a shore wind I drifted out
In my kayak
And I thought I was in danger.

My fears,
Those small ones
That I thought so big,
For all the vital things
I had to get and to reach.

And yet, there is only
One great thing,
The only thing.
To live and see in huts and on journeys
The great day that dawns,
And the light that fills the world.

["And I Think Over Again"], a Kitlinuharmiut (Copper Eskimo) song,
attributed to *The Report of the Fifth Thule Expedition, 1921-1924*.

Photography credit: "Arctic Sunrise," by [Tiger-I](https://www.ayearofbeinghere.com/2013/10/kitlinuharmiut-song-and-i-think-over.html) (originally color).
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