



Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

May 17, 2026

This Moment This Love Comes to Rest in Me – Jalaluddin Rumi

A Momentary Creed – W.S. Merwin

Here Is the Road – Arlene Gay Levine

Sunset – Rainer Maria Rilke

First Light – Albert Huffstickler

The Inner History of a Day – John O'Donohue



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>



This Moment This Love Comes to Rest in Me

This moment this love comes to rest in me,
many beings in one being.
In one wheat grain a thousand sheaf stacks.
Inside the needle's eye, a turning night of stars.

Listen, if you can stand to.
Union with the friend
means not being who you have been,
being instead silence, a place,
a view where language is inside seeing.

From the wet source
someone cuts a reed to make a flute
The reed sips breath like wine,
sips more, practicing. Now drunk,
it starts the high clear notes.

There is a path from me to you
that I am constantly looking for,
so I try to keep clear and still
as water does with the moon.

We do not have to follow the pressure-flow of wanting.
We can be led by the guide.
Wishes may or may not come true
in this house of disappointment.
Let's push the door open together and leave.

My essence is like the essence of a red wine.
My body is a cup that grieves because it is inside time.
Glass after glass of wine go into my head.
Finally, my head goes into the wine.

- Jalaluddin Rumi -

Coleman Barks version - *The Big Red Book*

Art by Claude Monet: Stacks of Wheat (End of Summer) / Meules (fin de l'été)

A Momentary Creed

I believe in the ordinary day
that is here at this moment and is me

I do not see it going its own way
but I never saw how it came to me

It extends beyond whatever I may
think I know and all that is real to me

it is the present that it bears away
where has it gone when it has gone from me

there is no place I know outside today
except for the unknown all around me

the only presence that appears to stay
everything that I call mine it lent me

even the way that I believe the day
for as long as it is here and is me

- W. S. Merwin -

Here Is the Road

By Arlene Gay Levine



Here is the road: the light
comes and goes then returns again.
Be gentle with your fellow travelers
as they move through the world of stone and stars
whirling with you yet every one alone.
The road waits.
Do not ask questions but when it invites you
to dance at daybreak, say yes.
Each step is the journey; a single note the song.

"Here Is the Road" by Arlene Gay Levine from
*Wishing You Well: Prayers and Poems for
Comfort, Healing, and Recovery*, edited by June Cotner.

Art credit: Untitled image of Sufi dance,
by unknown photographer (*originally color*).

<https://www.ayearofbeinghere.com/2014/06/arlene-gay-levine-here-is-road.html>



Sunset

- Rainer Maria Rilke

Slowly the west reaches for clothes of new colors
which it passes to a row of ancient trees.
You look, and soon these two worlds both leave you,
one part climbs toward heaven, one sinks to earth,

leaving you, not really belonging to either,
not so hopelessly dark as that house that is silent,
not so unswervingly given to the eternal as that thing
that turns to a star each night and climbs—

leaving you (it is impossible to untangle the threads)
your own life, timid and standing high and growing,
so that, sometimes blocked in, sometimes reaching out,
one moment your life is a stone in you, and the next, a star.

Translated by Robert Bly
[Photo by Brian Erickson on Unsplash](#)





FIRST LIGHT

This morning up at four
couldn't get back to sleep
made coffee, dawdled, walked
out in still-dark morning, Diane
at Pronto Convenience, then
coffee on the bench in front of
the bakery, greeting the early
morning people, something in
me saying, "Don't miss this," -
how our life and our death
intertwine, "Don't miss this," -
that beautiful edge that comes
knowing there's only so much
time left, trying to come up
with a way to say I love you
to everything at once and
falling back on words again,
words scrawled in the first
morning light on my bench in
front of the bakery, right
here at the center of the world.

- Albert Huffstickler
Photo by Leo Lei on Unsplash
(b&w; original, color)



The Inner History of a Day

No one knew the name of this day;
Born quietly from deepest night,
It hid its face in light,
Demanded nothing for itself,
Opened out to offer each of us
A field of brightness that traveled ahead,
Providing in time, ground to hold our footsteps
And the light of thought to show the way.

The mind of the day draws no attention;
It dwells within the silence with elegance
To create a space for all our words,
Drawing us to listen inward and outward.

We seldom notice how each day is a holy place
Where the eucharist of the ordinary happens,
Transforming our broken fragments
Into an eternal continuity that keeps us.

Somewhere in us a dignity presides
That is more gracious than the smallness
That fuels us with fear and force,
A dignity that trusts the form a day takes.

So at the end of this day, we give thanks
For being betrothed to the unknown
And for the secret work
Through which the mind of the day
And wisdom of the soul become one.

- John O'Donohue -
From: *To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings*