

Spiritual Poetry Meetup

Poems to take home with you

November 15, 2026

Listen to the Presences – Jalaluddin Rumi,
Paul Celan, and Rainer Maria Rilke

The Journey – David Whyte

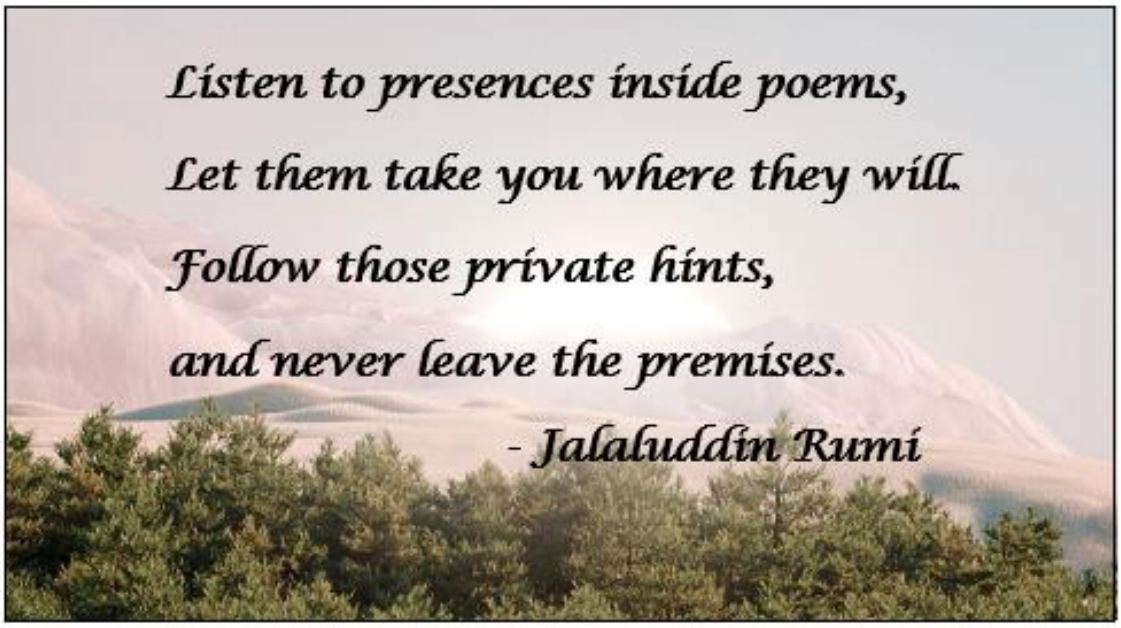
And – Kathryn Starbuck

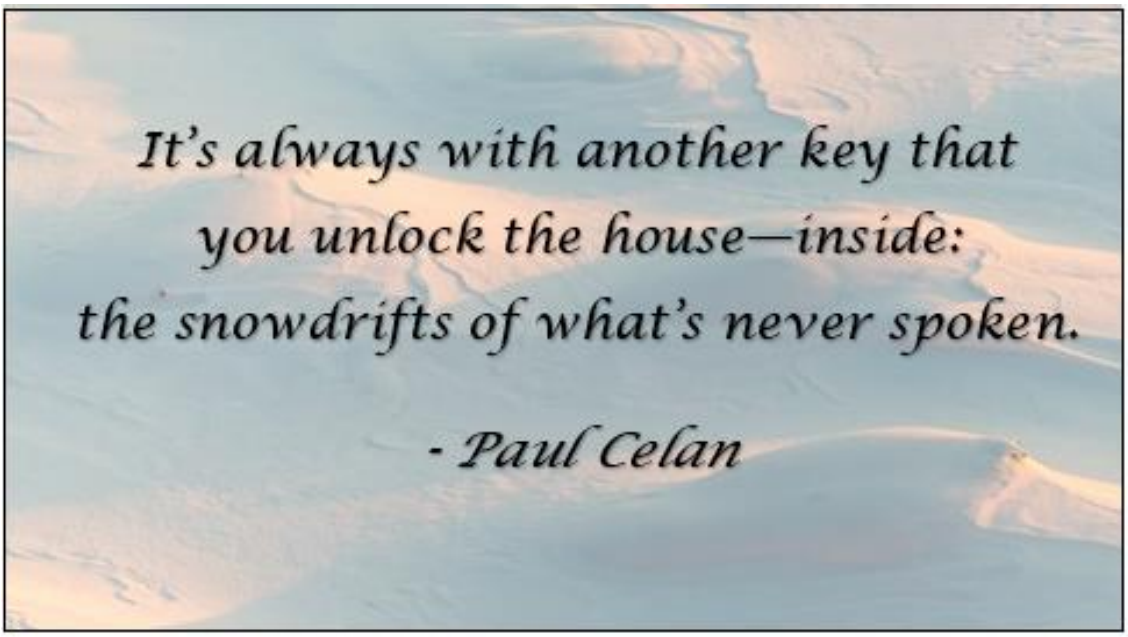
Da Capo – Jane Hirshfield

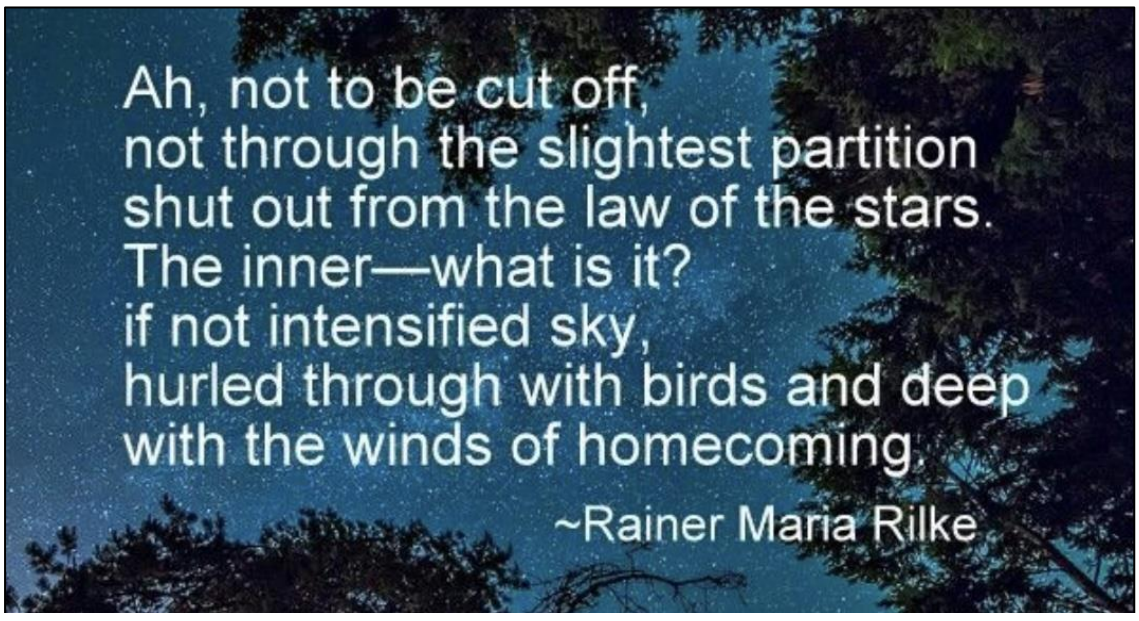
Would You Bow? – Jalaluddin Rumi

Blessing for Equilibrium - 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


Listen to presences inside poems,
Let them take you where they will.
Follow those private hints,
and never leave the premises.
- Jalaluddin Rumi


It's always with another key that
you unlock the house—inside:
the snowdrifts of what's never spoken.
- Paul Celan


Ah, not to be cut off,
not through the slightest partition
shut out from the law of the stars.
The inner—what is it?
if not intensified sky,
hurled through with birds and deep
with the winds of homecoming.
~Rainer Maria Rilke



The Journey

Above the mountains
the geese turn into
the light again

Painting their
black silhouettes
on an open sky.

Sometimes everything
has to be
inscribed across
the heavens

so you can find
the one line
already written
inside you.

Sometimes it takes
a great sky
to find that

small, bright
and indescribable
wedge of freedom
in your own heart.

Sometimes with
the bones of the black
sticks left when the fire
has gone out

someone has written
something new
in the ashes of your life.

You are not leaving
you are arriving.

~ David Whyte ~



And

It was a forgiving
Voice and I realized
It was mine and I
Was talking to myself
And the subject was
Me and the horror
Sorrow was over
And I could begin
Living again
And the night that
Would never end
Had ended and
The death that
Would never end
Had not ended
But had given me
A break and the
Break was a breather
And the breather
Was a needle
And I threaded it
And my hands were
Moving and my tongue
Was working for me
Not against me and I
Sewed myself up

~ Kathryn Starbuck ~

Photo by Joel Coon on Unsplash



Da Capo

Take the used-up heart like a pebble
and throw it far out.

Soon there is nothing left.
Soon the last ripple exhausts itself
in the weeds.

Returning home, slice carrots, onions, celery.
Glaze them in oil before adding
the lentils, water, and herbs.

Then the roasted chestnuts, a little pepper, the salt.
Finish with goat cheese and parsley. Eat.

You may do this, I tell you, it is permitted.
Begin again the story of your life.

— Jane Hirshfield —
From *The Lives of the Heart: Poems*
Photo from "For the Feast"

Mind and Heart

(excerpt)

drink from the well
of your self
and begin
again.

— Charles Bukowski —
Excerpt from "Mind and Heart"
from *Come on In!: New Poems*

Would You Bow?

If the Friend rose inside you,
would you bow ?

Would you wonder where that one
came from and how?

If you say,
"I will bow," that's important.



If you answer,
"But can I be sure?"
it will keep the meeting from happening,

As busy people rush there and back here murmuring,
Now I know; no, I don't know now.

Have you seen a camel with its eyes covered turn
and walk one way, then turn another?

Be silent and revolve with no will.
Don't raise your hand to ask anything.

Holy one, sitting in the body's well
like Joseph, a rope is there in front of you.

Lift your hand to that!
A blind man has bought you
for eighteen counterfeit coins.

Empty metal cups bang together,
and the full moon slides out of hiding.

Make one sound, please!
You are the precious hyacinth
that the sickle will spare,
not the wheat plant Adam ate.

I remind you with these poems
to dress in the flower of Beloved's qualities,
not your torn robe of self-accusation.

~ Rumi
Ghazal 2938
Version by Coleman Barks, with Nevit Ergin, from *The Glance: Songs of Soul-Meeting*



A Blessing for Equilibrium

Like the joy of the sea coming home to shore,
May the music of laughter break through your soul.

As the wind wants to make everything dance,
May your gravity be lightened by grace.

Like the freedom of the monastery bell,
May clarity of mind make your eyes smile.

As water takes whatever shape it is in,
So free may you be about who you become.

As silence smiles on the other side of what's said,
May a sense of irony give you perspective.

As time remains free of all that it frames,
May fear or worry never put you in chains.

May your prayer of listening deepen enough
To hear in the distance the laughter of God.

~ John O'Donohue ~

(*Benedictus - A Book of Blessings*)

For Erin