



Spiritual Poetry Meetup
Poems to take home with you
October 18, 2026

Poem of the One World – Mary Oliver

Diamonds Are Borne – Alla Renée Bozarth

Hold Everything Dear – Gareth Evans

Light – Alice Jones (with a quote from Ansel Adams)

Magnificent the Morning Was – William Wordsworth

*Some Thoughts on Beauty and Meaning –
Francesca Aran Murphy and Rupert Spira*

All My Body Calls - David Whyte

What Can I Say? - Mary Oliver



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>

Poem of the One World



This morning
the beautiful white heron
was floating along above the water

and then into the sky of this
the one world
we all belong to

where everything
sooner or later
is part of everything else

which thought made me feel
for a little while
quite beautiful myself.

Mary Oliver

Photo by Paul Knight: Kōtuku - New Zealand White Heron



DIAMONDS ARE BORNE

A diamond is borne up to the surface
of Earth from unimaginable depths,
bearing with it the whole astonishing
history of its creation.

Your life is a chance to drink deep
from the Source Well
and take time to absorb
every possible drop of meaning.

Your life is a chance
to go down deep, deep
to that sacred
place where, in pitch
darkness and under
immense pressure,
diamonds are born.

Alla Renée Bozarth, from *Diamonds in a Stony Field: Selected Poems and Prose*

<https://intrinsicheart.com/diamonds-are-borne/>

[Art Photo by Daniele Levis Pelusi on Unsplash](#)

Hold Everything Dear

by Gareth Evans (for John Berger)

as the brick of the afternoon stores the rose heat of the journey

as the rose buds a green room to breathe
and blossoms like the wind

as the thinning birches whisper their silver stories of the wind to the urgent
in the trucks

as the leaves of the hedge store the light
that the moment thought it had lost

as the nest of her wrist beats like the chest of a wren in the morning air

as the chorus of the earth find their eyes in the sky
and unwrap them to each other in the teeming dark



hold everything dear

the calligraphy of birds across the morning
the million hands of the axe, the soft hand of the earth
one step ahead of time
the broken teeth of tribes and their long place
steppe-scattered and together
clay's small, surviving handle, the near ghost of a jug
carrying itself towards us through the soil

the pledge of offered arms,
the single sheet that is our common walking
the map of the palm held
in a knot
but given as a torch

hold everything dear

the paths they make towards us and how far we open towards them

the justice of a grass that unravels palaces but shelters the songs of the searching

the vessel that names the waves, the jug of this life, as it fills with the days
as it sinks to become what it loves

memory that grows into a shape the tree always knew as a seed

the words
the bread

the child who reaches for the truths beyond the door

the yearning to begin again together
animals keen inside the parliament of the world

the people in the room the people in the street the people

hold everything dear



Light
by Alice Jones

**The morning when I first notice
the leaves starting to color,
early orange, and back-lit,
I think how rapture doesn't
vanish, merely fades into
the background, waits for those
moments between moments.**

**I think this and door opens,
the street takes on its glistening
look, Bay fog lifting, patches of sun
on sycamore—yellow sea.
I am in again, and swimming.**



"The whole world is, to me, very much 'alive' — all the little growing things, even the rocks. I can't look at a swell bit of grass and earth, for instance, without feeling the essential life — the things going on — within them. The same goes for a mountain, or a bit of the ocean, or a magnificent piece of old wood."

-Ansel Adams



Ansel Adams Portrait Photo by Cedric Wright
Fall Leaves Photo: [Anthony Lee on Unsplash](#)

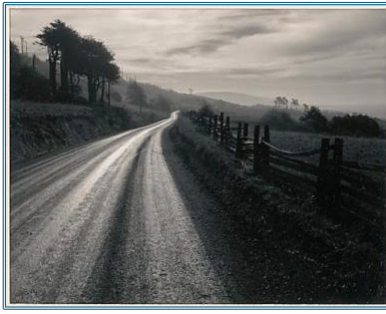


Magnificent the Morning Was

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*

Some Thoughts on Beauty and Meaning



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Part of what it means to be, is to be beautiful.

Beauty is not super-added to things: it is one of the springs of their reality.

It is not that which effects a luscious response in perceivers;  
it is the interior geometry of things, making them perceptible as forms.

~ Francesca Aran Murphy ~

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If we approach reality through the intellect,
the form that reality appears in is truth.

If we approach the same reality through feeling,
reality appears in the form of love.

If we approach the same reality through perception,
the same reality appears as the experience of beauty.

So, Truth, Love and Beauty – they are the same experience, they are revelations of Reality,
they are the taste of Reality, but they have three different names depending on how they were approached,
whether through the intellect, through feeling or through love or devotion, or whether through perception.
They're like three different portals onto the same space.

~ Rupert Spira ~

From "[Truth, Love, and Beauty Are the Same Experience](#),"
Talk given at the Garrison Institute, May 2019

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*Photos by Ansel Adams:
"Road After Rain: Northern California"
"Moon and Half Dome, Yosemite Valley"*



All My Body Calls

All my body calls
for something in this sleeping
earth
we call the spirit.

But how
from lifted arms
where stars run through fingers
and the night is like sand
do I breathe a fragrance of its wisdom
do I call its name
or listen to the drops
that trickle down to earth
and hear
life being given
not only through the moving hands of the forest
but through the hand that reaches in
the dark unmoving regions of the chest
and uncovers slowly
the enormous
indistinct
shape of the ocean.

~ David Whyte ~



What Can I Say?

by Mary Oliver

What can I say that I have not said before?
So I'll say it again.
The leaf has a song in it.
Stone is the face of patience.
Inside the river there is an unfinishable story
and you are somewhere in it
and it will never end until all ends.

Take your busy heart to the art museum and the
chamber of commerce
but take it also to the forest.
The song you heard singing in the leaf when you
were a child
is singing still.
I am of years lived, so far, seventy-four,
and the leaf is singing still.



Photo: Fall Leaves: From [Pixabay](#)

Photo: Pebbles, from [A Guide to Pebble](#)