

“Unfold Your Own Myth” by Rumi

Who gets up early to discover the moment light begins?
Who finds us here circling, bewildered, like atoms?
Who comes to a spring thirsty
and sees the moon reflected in it?
Who, like Jacob blind with grief and age,
smells the shirt of his lost son
and can see again?
Who lets a bucket down and brings up
a flowing prophet? Or like Moses goes for fire
and finds what burns inside the sunrise?

Jesus slips into a house to escape enemies,
and opens a door to the other world.
Soloman cuts open a fish, and there's a gold ring.
Omar storms in to kill the prophet
and leaves with blessings.
Chase a deer and end up everywhere!
An oyster opens his mouth to swallow on drop.
Now there's a pearl.
A vagrant wanders empty ruins.
Suddenly he's wealthy.

But don't be satisfied with stories, how things
have gone with others. Unfold
your own myth, without complicated explanation,
so everyone will understand the passage,
We have opened you.
Start walking toward Shams. Your legs will get heavy
and tired. Then comes a moment
of feeling the wings you've grown,
lifting.

William Blake

(1757-1827 / London / England)

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

Patrick Kavanagh

(1904 - 1967 / County Monaghan / Ireland)

Canal Bank Walk

Leafy-with-love banks and the green waters of the
Canal
Pouring redemption for me, that I do
The will of God, wallow in the habitual, the banal,
Grow with nature again as before I grew.
The bright s tick trapped, the breeze adding a third
Party to the couple kissing on an old seat,
And a bird gathering materials for the nest for the
Word
Eloquently new and abandoned to its delirious beat.
O unworn world enrapture me, encapture me in a web
Of fabulous grass and eternal voices by a beech,
Feed the gaping need of my senses, give me ad lib
To pray unselfconsciously with overflowing speech
For this soul needs to be honoured with a new dress
woven
From green and blue things and arguments that
cannot be proven

In Church' by R. S. Thomas

Often I try
To analyse the quality
Of its silences. Is this where God hides
From my searching? I have stopped to listen,
After the few people have gone,
To the air recomposing itself
For vigil. It has waited like this
Since the stones grouped themselves about it.
These are the hard ribs
Of a body that our prayers have failed
To animate. Shadows advance
From their corners to take possession
Of places the light held
For an hour. The bats resume
Their business. The uneasiness of the pews
Ceases. There is no other sound
In the darkness but the sound of a man
Breathing, testing his faith
On emptiness, nailing his questions
One by one to an untenanted cross.

JUST AS THE WINGED ENERGY OF DELIGHT

Just as the winged energy of delight
carried you over many chasms early on,
now raise the daringly imagined arch
holding up the astonishing bridges.
Miracle doesn't lie only in the amazing
living through and defeat of danger;
miracles become miracles in the clear
achievement that is earned.
To work with things is not hubris
when building the association beyond words;
denser and denser the pattern becomes
being carried along is not enough.
Take your well-disciplined strengths
and stretch them between two opposing poles.
Because inside human beings is where God learns.
— Rainer Marie Rilke (1924) translated by Robert Bly

Tulips

surprise me like a yellow sunrise,
igniting from my coffee table.
Bought last night in a cold rain,
they stand radiant in a tall vase,
leaning toward the window,
savoring morning light.

How perfectly they spill
with each leaf folded to embrace
the tumbler's edge.
Flown from Holland's fields,
where we biked last spring
between astounding rows of color,

they were the fancy of Turkish sultans.
Gifted to Dutch botanist who
hybridized them to be so dazzling,
“tulip mania” became endemic.
Then the deluded traded
their homes for a single bulb.

Today it's big business,
this bounty of bulbs, fresh cut,
and air expressed around the world,
to spread joy
through impersonal cities.
These bright missionaries

come to roust
from our comfortable beds;
come to wake us
from our morning slough.

Bruce McEver