

A collection of poems Patricia was inspired by and wanted to share.

Awareness and the Self

Enough

Enough. These few words are enough.

If not these words, this breath.

If not this breath, this sitting here.

This opening to the life

we have refused

again and again

until now.

Until now.

~ David Whyte from *Where Many Rivers Meet*

For the Unknown Self

So much of what delights and troubles you

Happens on a surface

You take for ground.

Your mind thinks your life alone,

Your eyes consider air your nearest neighbor,

Yet it seems that a little below your heart

There houses in you an unknown self

Who prefers the pattern of the dark

And is not persuaded by the eye's affection

Or caught by the flash of thought.

It is a self that enjoys contemplative patience

With all your unfolding expression,

Is never drawn to break into light

Though you entangle yourself in unworthiness

And misjudge what you do and who you are.

It presides within like an evening freedom

That will often see you enchanted by twilight

Without ever recognizing the falling night,

It resembles the under-earth of your visible life:

All you do and say and think is fostered

Deep in its opaque and prevenient clay.

It dwells in a strange, yet rhythmic ease

That is not ruffled by disappointment;

It presides in a deeper current of time

Free from the force of cause and sequence

That otherwise shapes your life.

Were it to break forth into day,

Its dark light might quench your mind,

For it knows how your primeval heart

Sisters every cell of your life

To all your known mind would avoid,

Thus it knows to dwell in you gently,

Offering you only discrete glimpses
Of how you construct your life.

At times, it will lead you strangely,
Magnetized by some resonance
That ambushes your vigilance.

It works most resolutely at night
As the poet who draws your dreams,
Creating for you many secret doors,
Decorated with pictures of your hunger;

It has the dignity of the angelic
That knows you to your roots,
Always awaiting your deeper befriending
To take you beyond the threshold of want,
Where all your diverse straining
Can come to wholesome ease.

~ *To Bless the Space Between Us* by John O'Donohue

Forget About Enlightenment

Forget about enlightenment.
Sit down wherever you are
And listen to the wind singing in your veins.
Feel the love, the longing, the fear in your bones.
Open your heart to who you are, right now,
Not who you'd like to be,
Not the saint you're striving to become,
But the being right here before you, inside you, around you.
All of you is holy.
You're already more and less
Than whatever you can know.
Breathe out,
Touch in,
Let go.

~ John Welwood

Will

Clearing

Do not try to save
the whole world
or do anything grandiose.

Instead, create
a clearing
in the dense forest
of your life
and wait there
patiently,

until the song
that is your life
falls into your own cupped hands
and you recognize and greet it.

Only then will you know
how to give yourself
to this world
so worth of rescue.

~ *Martha Postlewaite*

You must give birth to your images.
They are the future waiting to be born.
Fear not the strangeness you feel.
The future must enter you
long before it happens,
Just wait for the birth,
for the hour of new clarity.

~ *Rainer Maria Rilke*

The Loving Observer

Love is Not Fragile

Who taught you
to be sparing
with your love
as though your heart was a bank
as though love could dry up
nonsense
it is as if the ocean complained
it was too
wet
love is not fragile
it is as common as breath
it is play money
it is a race
to give more
go first
say it with impunity
you think you will ache

with vulnerability
but the strangest thing will happen
you will nearly drown
with peace.
bentlily

Love After Love

The time will come
when, with elation,
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror,
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here, Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all of your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.

~ Derek Walcott, Collected Poems 1948-1984

Baptism

I am still waiting
to baptize myself
in the kind of love
that I can confidently
call my own.

I will wash myself
with water'
made of self care,
made of kindness
made of joy.

It is the day
I will finally return
to myself.
Learn how to call
my own heart home.

~ Nikita Gil - Wild Embers