

Poem for Friday March 12

I thank You God

I thank You God for most this amazing
day: for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes

(I who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun's birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)

how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any – lifted from the no
of all nothing – human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?

(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

e e cummings

Rabbi Abraham Heschel writes about “radical amazement” being the chief attitude of the religious person’s attitude toward nature and history. A state of being perpetually surprised. Here the poet expresses such a state, adds gratitude to the Divine, and asks how those of us who are “lifted from the no of all nothing” can “doubt unimaginable You?” God is not described, but addressed nonetheless. This is not an argument that the marvels of creation prove a clockmaker deity. This is a revelation, an insight, given to organs of perception beyond the usual ones – the ears of our ears, the eyes of our eyes. Try this for your morning prayer.

Collins Kilburn

Poem for Lent III, Saturday, March 13, 2021

Here's a contemporary poem for Saturday, Rae Armantrout's *The Way*.

Notice how the word "I" appears four times in the poem. Who's making these "I" statements? Maybe you, the reader, will find the fourth "I" within yourself — lost in a book or a poem, this poem.

Note: When you get to "Grease is the word" think of the musical.

The Way
Card in pew pocket
announces,
"I am here."
I made only one statement
because of a bad winter.
Grease is the word; grease
is the way
I am feeling.
Real life emergencies or
flubbing behind the scenes.
As a child,
I was abandoned
in a story
made of trees.
Here's the small
gasp
of this clearing
come "upon" "again"
—Rae Armantrout

Want to hear a few things Armantrout has to say about *The Way*? Listen [here](#) (5 minutes). If you care to hear more about poetry and how she makes it, try [this](#) (11 minutes). Highly recommend.

Poem for Sunday, March 14

I (Meredith) love the curve of this poem on the page, and the way of telling, as from one friend to another, of a moment that counts on my openness to hear, to accept, to be instructed in how the world is put together, sometimes. I am grateful to this poem.

The Place I want To Get Back To

is where

in the pinewoods
in the moments between
the darkness

and first light

two deer
came walking down the hill
and when they saw me

they said to each other, okay,
this one is okay,
let's see who she is
and why she is sitting

on the ground, like that,
so quiet, as if
asleep, or in a dream,
but, anyway, harmless;

and so they came
on their slender legs
and gazed upon me
not unlike the way

I go out to the dunes and look
and look and look
into the faces of the flowers;
and then one of the leaned forward

and nuzzled my hand, and what can my life
bring to me that could exceed
that brief moment?

For twenty years
I have gone every day to the same woods,
not waiting, exactly, just lingering.
Such gifts, bestowed,
can't be repeated.

If you want to talk about this
come to visit. I live in the house
near the corner, which I have named
Gratitude.

--Mary Oliver

Poem for Monday, March 15, week 4 in Lent

In our 40 day *Come-to-Jesus Meeting*, we are drawn to reflection, which leads to confession. The Psalms are full of judgement about evil people, and when read metaphysically, easily speak to the warfare within each of us. Psalm 9:

*I chant Your Name and gaze Your Way
from a pit where my soul was snared
in a net of my own making*

*I open my vision to Your power
I allow joy in the space where shadows were
A noble Presence takes the place of the jailer
I give thanks with my whole heart.*

Sharon Blessum, *Songs of the Beloved*

No poem for Tuesday, March 16

Poem for Wednesday, March 17 from Adams Wofford

This is "Lost" by David Wagoner. We are living in a time of confusion and chaos. It is easy to feel unmoored, yet perhaps we are not as forsaken as we think.

Lost

Stand still. The trees ahead and bushes beside you
Are not lost. Wherever you are is called Here,
And you must treat it as a powerful stranger,
Must ask permission to know it and be known.
The forest breathes. Listen. It answers,
I have made this place around you.
If you leave it, you may come back again, saying Here.
No two trees are the same to Raven.
No two branches are the same to Wren.
If what a tree or a bush does is lost on you,
You are surely lost. Stand still. The forest knows
Where you are. You must let it find you.

-- David Wagoner

Poem for Thursday, March 18

Whenever I (Stephanie Ford) write an invocation, I hear Bill Eastman's voice echo in my ear: "Remember, you don't need to invoke the Spirit; the Spirit is already here." He's right; it really is an inside job ~ that of tuning the human heart to the wild, ever-present, and immanent wonder of the Spirit in and all around us. May Sarton's poem offers such an invocation.

Invocation

Come out of the dark earth
Here where the minerals
Glow in their stone cells
Deeper than seed or birth.

Come under the strong wave
Here where the tug goes
As the tide turns and flow
Below that architrave.*

Come into the pure air
Above all heaviness
Of storm and cloud to this
Light-possessed atmosphere.

Come into, out of, under
The earth, the wave, the air.
Love, touch us everywhere
With primeval candor.

* the molded frame around a doorway or window.