

Invitation by Mary Oliver

Oh do you have time
to linger
for a little while
out of your busy

and very important day
for the goldfinches
that have gathered
in a field of thistles

for a musical battle,
to see who can sing
the highest note,
or the lowest,

or the most expressive of mirth
or the most tender?
Their strong, blunt beaks
drink in the air

as they strive
melodiously
not for your sake
and not for mine

and not for the sake of winning
but for sheer delight and gratitude –
believe us, they say,
it is a serious thing

just to be alive
on this fresh morning
in this broken world
I beg you,

do not walk by
without pausing
to attend to this
rather ridiculous performance.

It could mean something.
It could mean everything.
It could be what Rilke meant, when he
wrote:
You must change your life.

Praying by Mary Oliver

It doesn't have to be
the blue iris, it could be
weeds in a vacant lot, or a few
small stones; just
pay attention, then patch

a few words together and don't try
to make them elaborate, this isn't
a contest but the doorway

into thanks, and a silence in which
another voice may speak.

Poetry and the Spiritual Life

Let your God Love You

Be silent,
Be still,
Alone,
Empty
Before your God
Say nothing,
Ask nothing.
Be silent,
Be still,
Let your God
Look upon you.
That is all.
God knows.
God understands.
God loves you
With an enormous love,
And only wants
To look upon you
With that love.
Quiet.
Still,
Be
Let your God
Love you.

God ran away

God ran away
When we imprisoned her
And put her in a box
Named church.
God would have none of
Our labels and
Limitations

And she said
I will escape and plant myself
In simpler soil
Where those who see, will see,
And those who hear, will hear.
I will become a God-believable
Because I am free,
And go where I will.

*By Edwina Gately
(Psalms of a laywoman)*

Haiku Crucifixion

A cruel death, this
Stripped naked, slow dying
Body wracked with pain.

Palms shattered – throbbing.
Knees twisted, ankles fast locked.
Bleeding feet splintered.

Rib-cage stretched taut;
Lips dry, tongue swollen. Reviled,
Spat upon, cursed.

Darkness and great fear.
Faith shaken, God forsaken.
Grieving. Abandoned.

At the last, a cry
"Finished. Father in your hands
I place my spirit."

Shaken the earth. Split
The stones. Twice rent the curtain.
Terrorstruck, the guard.

"Come down, save yourself"
They'd cried. Not so now. "Truly,
Son of God," they said.

By Edith Purkiss