

4 Poems on Grace

On a Day When the Wind is Perfect

On a day when the wind is perfect,
the sail just needs to open and the world is full of beauty.
Today is such a
day.

My eyes are like the sun that makes promises;
the promise of life
that it always
keeps
each morning.

The living heart gives to us as does that luminous sphere,
both caress the earth with great
tenderness.

There is a breeze that can enter the soul.
This love I know plays a drum. Arms move around me;
who can contain their self before my beauty?

Peace is wonderful,
but ecstatic dance is more fun, and less narcissistic;
gregarious He makes our lips.

On a day when the wind is perfect,
the sail just needs to open
and the love starts.

Today is such
a day.

Rumi

*From Love Poems from God: Twelve Sacred Voices from the East
and the West
2002, Daniel Ladinsky*

Many times today I will cross over a threshold.
I hope I will catch a few of those times.
I need to remember that my life is, in fact,
a continuous series of thresholds:
from one moment to the next,
from one thought to the next,
from one action to the next.
Help me appreciate how awesome this is.
How many are the chances to be really alive.
Help me cross into the present moment –
into wonder, into Your grace:
the “now-place,” where we all are,
unfolding moment by moment.

Gunilla Norris, *Being Home*

I am greater than I knew.
This frail and vulnerable
little biped
has roots in the stars,
and boundless black space.
I am the effect
of invisible cause
that I can sense,
and feel, and express,
but I can never see.
I dance with the galaxies,
and swirl with the suns,
as I sit at the
breakfast table,
eating my cornflakes.

Don C. Nix, *Grace: A Relationship with the Cosmos*

The holy ground we stand on

Let me just go home and cook
Let me open the door
to the sound of children's laughter,
and hear the birds diving for insects in the evening
sifting the wind with their wings.
Let me walk into the kitchen
and find a bird there on the floor
a bird small and hunched, wide-eyed
and lost, a little frog the size of a dime.

The silence will walk around me
like a long-lost friend, the perfume of dust.
of sawdust and pine sap seeping into my pores
and up into my nostrils, filling my lungs with wild sweetness.
Let me walk out onto the porch as the sun sets over
 Greenhorn Mountain,
when the air blossoms with essence of gold light:
the kind that comes only rarely in a lifetime,
the kind that makes you wake up and stare and discover
that the bush that burns and is not undone is love,
and though you have come a long and dusty road to know this,
the ground your dumbstruck feet are standing on is holy.

Laura Remmerde