

Belief - Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer

So I can't save the world—
can't save even myself,
can't wrap my arms around
every frightened child, can't
foster peace among nations,
can't bring love to all who
feel unlovable.

So I practice opening my heart
right here in this room and being gentle
with my insufficiency. I practice
walking down the street heart first.
And if it is insufficient to share love,
I will practice loving anyway.
I want to converse about truth,
about trust. I want to invite compassion
into every interaction.

One willing heart can't stop a war.
One willing heart can't feed all the hungry.
And sometimes, daunted by a task too
big,

I tell myself what's the use of trying?
But today, the invitation is clear:
to be ridiculously courageous in love.
To open the heart like a lilac in May,
knowing freeze is possible
and opening anyway.
To take love seriously.
To give love wildly.
To race up to the world
as if I were a puppy,
adoring and unjaded,
stumbling on my own exuberance.
To feel the shock of indifference,
of anger, of cruelty, of fear,
and stay open. To love as if it matters,
as if the world depends on it.

Peace of the Wild Things
Wendell Barry

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's
lives may be,

I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water, and the
great heron feeds.

I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought
of grief. I come into the presence of still
water.

And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am
free.

Charm for Healing
Sean Parker Dennison

Wrap your heart in dark purple silk
To absorb the fluid sorrow and the glare
of screens screaming again and again of
children
killing children: each other and
themselves.

Take a red silk cord and tie it in knots:
one for every sorrow and three for despair.
spin it in your hands and over
the clenched knuckles, hard and
helpless.

Find a mustard yellow marigold to hold,
or better, one that is still growing up
through a crack in the dry dirt or concrete.
Let your tears and acid rain water her
brilliance.

When the sky is more orange than fire,
as if the whole world is burning and the
moon
struggles to shine through the ash and
smoke,
sing the howling song of the wolf, alone.
Sing all night to call the rose -gold dawn
and the first breath of the new day, your
birthing cry trembling at first, then
thundering
Call to everyone, everything that survives.

Keep going, Keep breathing and called
Keep being alive Bring other with you.
Bring them all to Life.