

Traveling Toward Mary



RICHARD WEHRMAN

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Poems from the Mary Retreat



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These
poems were written
during, and in the week
following, Robert and Cheryl Sardello's
*Mary, the Wisdom of Creative Receptivity—a
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Vermont, from September 30th to
October 3rd, 2010.

☞ TRAVELING TOWARD MARY ☞

TRAVELING TOWARD MARY

The wetness
traveled with us—
the mist giving birth to
mountains,
the ripples on the windows
erasing the edges, dissolving
the sharp distinctions
of things.

The closer we came,
the slower we moved.
Our hands and feet were our next breath—
Soon we were like a dream,
almost home,
our fingers reaching out,
touching You.

THE RAIN

Past the black trees,
past the leaf-laced edge,
there was only air,
there was only
light.

The rain,
the white lake,
had cast us off.
We floated—this wet, once
heavy earth—

out of space,
into time.

OFFERING

The morning is cool
and October;
the two days of rain
have washed us clean,
and the waves
with their crisp white edges
follow the wind
to shore.

The leaves, just beginning
to gold, to yellow,
let light shine through tiny moving
windows. Overhead,
crows wheel
and caw.

I have done all I can do—
which is to say I've
opened a door.

Bowing down,
offering up,
sweeping the temple floor,
lighting the incense.

Even my old self,
that I can find no way to be rid of,
I offer to You,

as I sit amidst the trees
that carry me,
on the wind,
to Beauty.

ENTERING

Dear one,
let my desire
to be, be You.

Dear one,
let this rising,
this heart-shining,
be your own.

Dear one,
fill me—as a stream
falls over stones—
so I am washed
away,

let this vessel,
cup of my body,
carry You, dear one,
inside Me.

THE UNREMEMBERED

There is no way
we can do it—
we might die, if we
even tried.

For we are done with
the scaling of Heaven,
with our forges,
with our scales.

Now we are those who are
beaten upon,
with wings and feathers,
with starlight,
with a kiss.

We are the new iron,
the clear crystal,
the water of a thousand lights.
Yet our name is unremembered,
for those who saw us,
in our ecstasy,
only remember
Her.

THE WORLD

Last night I dreamed
I was the World,
and you were
deep inside of Me,
where cradled hands held
mountains, lakes
and trees;
where water met with sky,
where crystal kept
creating life anew;
where all our bodies and
our hearts in love
entwined;
so where else could we be,
but inside every
living thing,
no longer our old sense
of you or I, but what
we once thought
was the word
we called
the World.

WATER

And so
my ache for you,
your body's bright
and burning beauty,
turned inside out
and beauty
streamed upon
the thousand hills,
till every thing we touched
kissed us,
and every touch—
from morning's light
to star's good-night—
were your hands,
holding
mine.

YOUR GIFT

So sing the song
of mountain, leaf, and tree—
let every thing
on Earth and Heaven be;

Your gift to us,
the way that all things are—
Your kiss impressed
the image of a star;

Now we move freely
through infinity of time—
our spirit, soul and body,
one with Earth,
entwined.