

## Poems & Prayers

*The poems and prayers below are not necessarily in the same order as on the Seeds of Silence website due to page and poem lengths.*

### **Letting go**

In letting go of thoughts and thinking  
We sink into  
Deep Mind.

In letting go of emotion and feeling  
We sink into  
Deep Heart.

In letting go of action and doing  
We sink into  
Being.

In letting go of self and other  
We sink into  
God.

In letting go of letting go  
We recognize  
That we were never holding on.

We've always  
And only ever  
Been held.

Keith Kristich

For this and other poems by Keith Kristich,  
see <https://keithkristich.com/letting-go-into-deep-mind/>

## Healing

Rest with me  
In this moment,  
As a leaf  
Floats gently down stream ,  
Among diamonds of sunlight  
Returning to the sky.

Stay in these moments,  
As the morning mist  
Floats above the surface  
Of the lush, green meadows,  
On the far side of the stream.

Stay and listen  
To the morning song,  
Bringing music  
To the silence,  
A prelude gifted  
To the rising sun.

Walk with me  
On my journey,  
We will talk  
Of forgiveness  
And peace.

Chris Roe, In Search of Silence (Norfolk: Silent Flight Publishing, 2008).

## Perfect Joy

Here is how I sum it up:  
Heaven does nothing: its non-doing is its serenity.  
Earth does nothing: its non-doing is its rest.  
From the union of these two non-doings  
All actions proceed,  
All things are made.  
How vast, how invisible  
This coming-to-be!  
All things come from nowhere!  
How vast, how invisible  
No way to explain it!  
All beings in their perfection  
Are born of non-doing.  
Hence it is said:  
"Heaven and earth do nothing  
Yet there is nothing they do not do."

Where is the person who can attain  
To this non-doing?

Chuang Tzu, translated by Thomas Merton.  
In Roger Housden, *Risking Everything: 110 Poems of  
Love and Revelation* (Harmony Books, 2003), 146.

## Silence

We are anhungered after solitude,  
Deep stillness pure of any speech or sound,  
Soft quiet hovering over pools profound,  
The silences that on the desert brood,  
Above a windless hush of empty seas,  
The broad unfurling banners of the dawn,  
A faery forest where there sleeps a Faun;  
Our souls are fain of solitudes like these.  
O woman who divined our weariness,  
And set the crown of silence on your art,  
From what undreamed-of depth within your heart  
Have you sent forth the hush that makes us free  
To hear an instant, high above earth's stress,  
The silent music of infinity?

Sara Teasdale, *The Collected Poems of  
Sara Teasdale* (Pantianos Classics), 47.

## The Dark

In the dark  
there is a gift  
I might have missed  
in the bright of day.

It is the slowing of time,  
the sense of air  
soft filling each space,  
touching my face,  
of self with no mask  
or pretence,  
no agenda,  
no inner or outer pressure,  
just silence so loud  
I can hear it.

It is so empty, it is full.  
I can feel all that is there,

all that is always there,  
although I am not.

I can honour it  
by doing nothing.

Jane Upchurch, unpublished, see Cana Newsletter, October 2021, [here](#).

## **Dark**

### *Malling Abbey Church*

Here in the dark  
do not speak.

    Only  
listen, hold your peace  
and wait for the wordless gift:  
the lifting of the lark's voice,  
choice and sweet,  
repeating its high note of love,  
speaking your name,  
calling you over and over  
again.

    Do not speak.  
Let the visiting bird,  
silence, do her work:  
sift your heart,  
heal what is broken,  
sundered apart,  
restore what is plundered,  
repair the rift,  
knit to one piece the unravelled mind,  
scattered and split.

Wait for the gift,  
the lifting of the warm,  
beating wings,  
the sudden shudder  
under the brooding breast.  
You must enter  
here in the dark  
where the heart sings.  
Do not speak.

In Nicola Slee, *Praying Like a Woman*,  
(London: SPCK, 2004), p43.

## **It is enough to listen to the silence**

It is enough  
to listen to the silence.  
Silence comes o fetch us  
where we have just been  
with our thoughts and feelings.

It is enough  
to listen to the silence.  
Silence brings us  
to where we are now,  
right here,  
into this room,  
to this place,  
this morning.

It is enough  
to listen to the silence.  
Silence embraces  
what wants to become.  
Whatever this day brings us,  
is held,  
and always has been,  
in this silence  
now.

It is enough  
to listen to the silence.

In Silvia Ostertag, *Living Silence: Tuning in  
and Practicing* (Beauchamp: Matador, 2013), 2.

## **The Womb of Silence**

Not in the whirlwind,  
not in the lightning,  
not in the strife of tongues,  
or in the jangling of subtle reasoning  
is God to be found,  
but in the still small voice  
speaking in the womb of silence.  
Therefore be silent.

Let the past be silent.

Let there be no vain regrets,  
no brooding on past failures,  
no bitterness,  
no judgement of oneself  
or of others.  
Let all be silent.

Be still and know.  
Be still and look.  
Let the eyes of the mind be closed  
that you may hear  
what otherwise you would not hear,  
that you may know  
what otherwise you would not know.

Abandon yourself to God  
in longing love, simply,  
holding on to nothing but God.  
So you may enter the silence of eternity  
and know the union of yourself with God.  
And if in the silence God does not answer,  
God is still there.  
God's silence is the silence of love.  
Wait then in patience  
and in submission.  
It is good to wait in silence  
for God's coming.

An unknown author, quoted in Benignus O'Rourke,  
*Finding Your Hidden Treasure: The Way of Silent Prayer*  
(London: Darton, Longman and Todd, 2010), 58-59.

### **Psalm 23 Redux**

This I know:  
My life is in your hands.  
I have nothing to fear.

I stop,  
breathe,  
listen.

Beneath the whirl of what is  
is a deep down quiet place.  
You beckon me to tarry there.

This is the place  
where unnamed hungers

are fed, the place  
of clear water,  
refreshment.

My senses stilled,  
I drink deeply,  
at home in timeless territory.

In peril, I remember:  
Death's dark vale holds no menace.  
I lean into You;  
Your eternal presence comforts me.  
I am held tenderly.

In the midst of all that troubles,  
that threatens and diminishes,  
You set abundance before me.  
You lift my head; my vision clears.  
The blessing cup overflows.

This I know:  
You are my home and my hope,  
my strength and my solace,  
and so shall You ever be.

In Carla A. Grosch-Miller, *Psalms Redux: Poems and Prayers*, (London: Canterbury Press, 2014), p13.

## **How to pray**

an empty room  
asks to be sat in  
for a long time  
at different hours of the day and night  
in many weathers  
alone                    without words

perhaps hold an object in your hands  
    a stone  
    a cup  
    a length of beads  
for a long time

or place something well chosen  
on the floor or a window ledge  
where you will look at it  
for a long time

a cup a vase a stone  
a piece of wood

without asking or telling anything  
imposing your own shape on the emptiness  
as lightly as possible

leave and enter  
many times  
without disturbing its silences

gradually over many years  
a room thus entered and departed  
will teach you how to furnish and dispose of  
the paraphernalia of a life

Nicola Slee, in Gavin D'Costa, Eleanor Nesbitt, Mark Pryce,  
Ruth Shelton and Nicola Slee, *Making Nothing Happen: Five Poets  
Explore Faith and Spirituality*, (Farnham: Ashgate, 2014), p32.

### **Psalm 131 Redux**

O Lord, my heart is open  
and my mind is freed  
from the struggle to make sense  
even of who, of how, You are.

(I breathe.)

I come to the broad plain,  
the fullness of silence,  
to You.  
Peace envelops me.  
I sink into You.  
I want for nothing.

(This is the still point  
of the turning world.)

I rest in You.

(This is the beginning.  
I am.)

In Carla A. Grosch-Miller, *Psalms Redux: Poems and*



I think that maybe  
I will be a little surer  
of being a little nearer.  
That's all. Eternity  
is in the understanding  
that that little is more than enough.

In R. S. Thomas, *Selected Poems*,  
(London: Penguin, 2003), p229.

### **Clearing**

Do not try to serve  
the whole world  
or do anything grandiose.  
Instead, create  
a clearing  
in the dense forest  
of your life  
and wait there  
patiently,  
until the song  
that is yours alone to sing  
falls into your open cupped hands  
and you recognize and greet it.  
Only then will you know  
how to give yourself  
to the world  
so worthy of rescue.

Martha Postlethwaite (published source  
unclear but will be credited once known).

### **Folk Tale**

Prayers like gravel  
    flung at the sky's  
window, hoping to attract  
    the loved one's  
attention. But without  
    visible plaits to let  
down for the believer  
    to climb up,  
to what purpose open

that far casement?  
I would  
have refrained long since  
but that peering once  
through my locked fingers  
I thought that I detected  
the movement of a curtain.

In R. S. Thomas, *Selected Poems*,  
(London: Penguin, 2003), p186.

### **From *Thoughts in Solitude***

My Lord God, I have no idea where I am going. I do not see the road ahead of me. I cannot know for certain where it will end. Nor do I really know myself, and the fact that I think I am following Your will does not mean that I am actually doing so. But I believe that the desire to please You does in fact please You. And I hope I have that desire in all that I am doing. I hope that I will never do anything apart from that desire. And I know that, if I do this, You will lead me by the right road, though I may know nothing about it. Therefore I will trust you always though I may seem to be lost and in the shadow of death. I will not fear, for You are ever with me, and You will never leave me to face my perils alone.

In Thomas Merton, *Dialogues with Silence: Prayers  
and Drawings*, (London: SPCK, 2002), pvii.

### **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.  
And understands.  
God loves you with  
An enormous love,  
Wanting only to  
Look upon you  
With love

Quiet.  
Still.  
Be.

Let your God  
Love you.

In Edwina Gateley, *There Was No Path So I Trod One*  
(Wheathampstead: Anthony Clarke, 1996).