12 Soul-Full Poems for SoulCollage® Gatherings

collected by Kat Kirby, M.Ed, ATR
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A Prayer for You
Sister Joan Chittister

May your journey
through the universal questions of life
bring you to a new moment of awareness.

May it be an enlightening one.

May you find embedded in the past,
like all the students of life before you,
the answers you are seeking now.

May they awaken that in you
which is deeper than fact,
truer than fiction,
full of faith.

May you come to know
that in every human event
is a particle of the divine
to which we turn for meaning here,
to which we tend for fullness of life hereafter.
Walking North
Mark Nepo

No matter how I turn
the magnificent light follows.
Background to my sadness.

No matter how I lift my heart
my shadow creeps in wait behind.
Background to my joy.

No matter how fast I run
a stillness without thought is where I end.

No matter how long I sit
there is a river of motion I must rejoin.

And when I can’t hold my head up
it always falls in the lap of one
who has just opened.

When I finally free myself of burden
there is always someone’s heavy head
landing in my arms.

The reasons of the heart
are leaves in wind.
Stand up tall and everything
will nest in you.

We all lose and we all gain.
Dark crowds the light.
Light fills the pain.

It is a conversation with no end
a dance with no steps
a song with no words
a reason too big for any mind.

No matter how I turn
the magnificence follows.
Write It On Your Heart
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Write it on your heart
that every day is the best day in the year.
He is rich who owns the day, and no one owns the day
who allows it to be invaded with fret and anxiety.

Finish every day and be done with it.
You have done what you could.
Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt crept in.
Forget them as soon as you can, tomorrow is a new day;
begín it well and serenely, with too high a spirit
to be cumbered with your old nonsense.

This new day is too dear,
with its hopes and invitations,
to waste a moment on the yesterdays.
The Mystic Speaks of Love
Seena Frost

On the day the Formless One
Fell
And shattered into a zillion forms,
Love became needed and so
Love was born.

Love is a magnet
Between par-ti-cu-lar Things,
Love is a yearning
Between separated Beings;
Love is our divine defense
Against chaos.

So, when I see you and you see me,
Love appears.
When I bow to you and you bow to me,
Love comes nearer.
Love re-members us
As One.
Hope It’s True
Denise Levertov

I have a small grain of hope --
One small crystal that gleams
Clear colors of transparency.

I need more.

I break off a fragment
To send you.
Please take
This grain of hope
So mine won’t shrink.

Please share your fragment
So that yours will grow.

Only so, by division,
Will hope increase,

Like a clump of irises which will cease to flower
Unless you distribute
The clustered roots, unlikely source—
Clumsy and earth-covered—
Of grace.
Love After Love
Derek Walcott

The time will come
when, with elation,
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror,
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

And say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was yourself.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,

the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.
Questions: No Answer
Rainer Maria Rilke,

Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and... try to love the questions themselves like locked rooms and like books that are written in a very foreign tongue. Do not now seek the answers, which cannot be given you because you would not be able to live them. And the point is, to live everything. Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer.
Tell Me, She Said
Sally S. Atkins

Tell me, she said:
What is the story you are telling?
What wild song is singing itself through you?

Listen:
In the silence between there is music;
In the spaces between there is story.

It is the song you are living now,
It is the story of the place where you are.
It contains the shapes of these old mountains,
The green of the rhododendron leaves.

It is happening right now in your breath,
In your heart beat still
Drumming the deeper rhythm
Beneath your cracking words.

It matters what you did this morning
And last Saturday night
And last year,

Not because you are important
But because you are in it
And it is still moving,
We are all in this story together.

Listen:
In the silence between there is music;
In the spaces between there is story.

Pay attention:
We are listening each other into being.
This being human is a guest house. 
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness, 
some momentary awareness comes 
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all! 
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows, 
who violently sweep your house 
empty of its furniture, 
still, treat each guest honorably. 
He may be clearing you out 
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice, 
meet them at the door laughing, 
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes, 
because each has been sent 
as a guide from beyond.
The Summer Day
by Mary Oliver

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean--
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down--
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?
We Women Build a Temple
Elizabeth McKim

To the first building blocks
we women come.
Slowly we begin to build.
Slowly we begin to look
for treasures: grass,
small shining stones, sand,
a piece of wood with a hole in it,
a yellow leaf, a bottle,
a bottle cap, a tin can.

We hum shy friendly sounds
as we work. We smile and touch.
We take the time we need.
Look, we are making,
we are making something beautiful.
A place is beginning,
a place where we can speak
and sing and touch.
The place is making.

We, it is we
who are making our place,
It is growing into its own shining.
Shining
we are growing
into our place.
What We Want
Linda Pastan

What we want
is never simple.
We move among the things
we thought we wanted:
a face, a room, an open book
and these things bear our names--
now they want us.
But what we want appears
in dreams, wearing disguises.
We fall past,
holding out our arms
and in the morning
our arms ache.
We don't remember the dream,
but the dream remembers us.
It is there all day
as an animal is there
under the table,
as the stars are there
even in full sun.
About SoulCollage®

Originated by Seena Frost, SoulCollage® is a process for accessing your intuition and creating an incredible deck of cards with deep personal meaning that will help you with life's questions and transitions.

“A SoulCollage® Deck is the Story of You.
It is a tangible way to know yourself in your diversity and depth, and also to show yourself to others. Showing your deck of SoulCollage® cards to another person can be a profound experience. In like-spirited groups, you can share cards and work with them in many sacred ways. You can consult them intuitively and discover wisdom within yourself which will amaze you. Besides all this, creating them is just plain fun! You will love your deck -- a multi-card Mirror of your Self and your Soul -- whether it consists of three cards or a hundred." ~ Seena B. Frost

For more information, visit http://www.soulcollage.com

About Kat Kirby

Kat believes strongly in the healing power of the arts, and has been an art therapist since 1978. She loves to share her passion for SoulCollage® with groups and individuals, at workshops, retreats and Trainings. In 2012, she will be holding 3 Facilitator Trainings (one on Amelia Island, FL, and two in Prescott, AZ). In addition, she is leading a week-long SoulCollage® retreat in the South of France near Carcassonne, and another one at Ghost Ranch in Abiquiu, NM.

For more information about Kat Kirby’s workshops and retreats, visit http://www.2katstudios.com.