Discussion

Angela 2 — Week 5, Day 6, Session 6 — 7 minutes

Summary: Before the sitting, participants read poems aloud. One speaks of the guest inside and a love beyond reason. Another reads Mark Nepo's Say Hello, on being the only explorer. Invited to offer one more, a third finds Rilke and reads of not staying folded, and of wanting to be true.

The guest inside

[Participant 1:] The guest is inside you, and also inside me. You know the sprout is hidden inside the seed. We are all struggling. None of us has gone far.

Let your arrogance go, and look around inside.

The blue sky opens out farther and farther, and the daily sense of failure goes away. The damage I have done to myself fades. The million suns come forward with light, when I sit firmly in that world.

I hear bells ringing that no one has shaken. Inside love, there is more joy than we know of. Rain pours down, although the sky is clear of clouds. There are whole rivers of light.

The universe is shot through in all parts by a single sort of love.

How hard it is to feel all that joy in all of our four bodies.

Those who hope to be reasonable about it fail. The arrogance of reason has separated us from love. With the word reason, you already feel miles away.

[Russell:] Yeah, happy. Thank you.

Say Hello

[Participant 2:] Say Hello, by Mark Nepo.

It makes suddenly low, a breaking surface, and knows — that no one can do for your journey. No rabbi, no priest, no mother who wants you to dig for treasure she misplaced, no father who won't let one life be enough. No lover measures their worth by what you might give up. No voice that tells you in the night it can't be done.

Let nothing dissuade you from seeing what you see, and feeling the winds that make you want to dance alone, and go where no one has yet to go.

You are the only explorer. Your heart, the unreadable compass. Your soul, the promise of a shore too great to be ignored.

Before we sit

[Russell:] Is there another that would like to come before we sit?

[Participant 3:] Yeah. They're real good, real good, yeah. I don't have it. Does anybody have Rilke with them?

[Participant 4:] Everyone has a phone with them.

[Participant 3:] Right, right, yes. Maybe it's got the notes for it that was in.

I don't want to stay folded anywhere, because where I am folded, there I am a lie, and I want my grasp of things true before you.

I want to describe myself like a painting that I looked at closely for a long time, like a saying that I finally understood, like the pitcher I use every day, like the face of my mother, like a ship that took me safely through the wildest storm of all.

I am too alone in the world, and not alone enough to make every minute holy.

I am too tiny in this world, and not tiny enough just to lie before you like a thing, shrewd and secretive.

I want my own will, and I want to simply be with my will as it goes toward action. And in the silent, sometimes hardly moving times, when something is coming near, I want to be with those who know secret things or else alone.

I want to be a mirror for your whole body, and I never want to be blind, or to be too old to hold up your heavy and swaying picture.