



The Bell and the Blackbird

The sound of a bell
Still reverberating,
or a blackbird calling
from a corner of the
field,
asking you to wake
into this life,
or inviting you deeper
into the one that waits.

Either way
takes courage,
either way wants you
to be nothing
but that self that
is no self at all,
wants you to walk
to the place
where you find
you already know
how to give
every last thing
away.

The approach
that is also
the meeting
itself,
without any
meeting
at all.

That radiance
you have always
carried with you
as you walk
both alone
and completely
accompanied
in friendship
by every corner
of creation
crying
Allelujah.

Poet, Philosopher
David Whyte (b 1955)

I am awakened most mornings,
earlier than I intend, by the
cacophony of chatter from the many
birds that gather in the trees and
telephone wires that line the street
in front of my home. A particular
gathering of very noisy corvids
congregates outside my bedroom.
After months of being annoyed by
their incessant waking calls, I
eventually took to observing them
from my window. To my surprise, I
found them to be social and playful
creatures. Curious to learn more, I
discovered that they are intelligent,
capable of recognizing and
remembering individual human
faces. I wanted to get to know them
– and them, me – so I began rising
early to greet them at my front
doorstep, keeping my distance while
offering treats of shelled peanuts.
They responded, in time, to my
gesture of friendship by occasionally
leaving some shiny object on my
front porch. This is how I start many
of my days now – a contemplative
practice *accompanied in friendship*,
as Anglo-Irish poet and philosopher,
David Whyte, calls us to consider.