

Yoga weekend blessings



from James K's Jerusalem Sonnets ...

Hiruharama is also Eden, a locus of betrayed expectations:
Yet when the sun rises my delusion hears him shout
Above the river fog—'This is the hill fort
Of our God; it is called Hiruharama!
The goat and the opossum will find a home
Among the rocks, and the river of joy will flow from it!

Come on, come on
it's time to eat!
We cannot begin
till the circle's complete
Bring your hunger, bring your need
bring your thanks for
for this good feed!

As we each learn and teach,
as we grow strong and long,
as we eat this good food,
may we see and be seen,
full of thanks, held in peace.

A circle of friends, a table of food
aching muscles, thankful hearts
time to rest, time to laugh
blessings on you, and you, and you!

We stand with thanks around this table.
The food smells good, tastes better
for friends to share it with.
Blessings of river, birdsong and fern,
Blessings of peace, of aroha and joy,
on one, on all.

Peace before us, peace behind us
peace under our feet
Peace within us, peace over us
Let all around us be peace.

An Old Irish Blessing

May love and laughter light your days,
and warm your heart and home.
May good and faithful friends be yours,
wherever you may roam.
May peace and plenty bless your world
with joy that long endures.
May all life's passing seasons
bring the best to you and yours!

Ma te marie a te Atua

Tatou katoa e tiaki;

Mana ano e whaka-u

0 tatou ngakau ki te pai

*(May the peace of God protect us
and hold our hearts in goodness)*

Tis a gift to be simple, tis a gift to be free,
tis a gift to come down where you want to be.
And when you find yourself in a place just right
Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

Grace and peace of the deep flowing river
Grace and peace of fantail and tui
Grace and peace of rain, of sun, of stillness
Grace and peace of food made by many hands
Grace to you, peace to you
this night and every night.

Te Whaea

by James K Baxter

Hard, heavy, slow, dark,
Or so I find them, the hands of Te Whaea
Teaching me to die.
Some lightness will come later
When the heart has lost its unjust hope
For special treatment.
Today I go with a bucket
Over the paddocks of young grass,
So delicate like fronds of maidenhair,
Looking for mushrooms.
I find twelve of them,
Most of them little, and some eaten by maggots,
But they'll do to add to the soup.
It's a long time now
Since the great ikons fell down,
God, Mary, home, sex, poetry,
Whatever one uses as a bridge
To cross the river that only has one beach,
And even one's name is a way of saying –
'This gap inside a coat' – the darkness I call God,
The darkness I call Te Whaea, how can they translate
The blue calm evening sky that a plane tunnels through
Like a little wasp, or the bucket in my hand,
Into something else? I go on looking
For mushrooms in the field, and the fist of longing
Punches my heart, until it is too dark to see.

