

Appamada Precepts Program 2023
posted by Joel Barna
February 2, 2023

Two poems

To Come Home To Yourself

May all that is unforgiven in you
Be released.
May your fears yield
Their deepest tranquilities.
May all that is unlived in you
Blossom into a future
Graced with love.

— **John O'Donohue**

From: *To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Blessings*

Famous

The river is famous to the fish.
The loud voice is famous to silence,
which knew it would inherit the earth before anybody said so
The cat sleeping on the fence is famous to the birds watching him from the birdhouse.
The tear is famous, briefly, to the cheek.
The idea you carry close to your bosom is famous to your bosom.
The boot is famous to the earth,
more famous than the dress shoe, which is famous only to floors.
Date to be read
The bent photograph is famous to the one who carries it and not at all famous to the one who
is pictured.
I want to be famous to shuffling men who smile while crossing streets,
sticky children in grocery lines, famous as the one who smiled back.
I want to be famous in the way a pulley is famous, or a buttonhole, not because it did anything
spectacular, but because it never forgot what it could do.

— **Naomi Shihab Nye**