

Omgaan met angst, boosheid en verdriet | Anne Speckens

Zondag 17 mei 2020

“Beannacht”

On the day when

The weight deadens

On your shoulders

And you stumble,

May the clay dance

To balance you.

And when your eyes

Freeze behind

The gray window

And the ghost of loss

Gets into you,

May a flock of colors,

Indigo, red, gree,

And azure blue,

Come to awaken in you

A meadow of delight.

*When the canvas frays
In the curragh of thought
And a stain of ocean
Blackens beneath you,
May there come across the waters
A path of yellow moonlight
To bring you safely home.*

*May the nourishment of the earth be yours,
May the clarity of light be yours,
May the fluency of the ocean be yours,
May the protection of the ancestors be yours.*

*And so may a slow
Wind work these words
Of love around you,
An invisible cloak
To mind your life.*

John O'Donohue