

Love's Harvest in Poem and Song

Sunday, October 20th, Kimberly Cloutier Green, Bethany House Colleague and Portsmouth NH's 9th Poet Laureate will read from her recently published book, [The Next Hunger](#). Kimberly's reading begins at 3:30pm in the Chapel of St. Anne. She will be joined by the singing group Uulations for a time of celebration, song and harvesting the gifts we have been given. We hope you will be able to join us! To give you a foretaste of what to expect, this month's meditation comes from Kimberly's book of poetry in the form of three of her poems. For more information about Sunday's gathering, please visit our [Upcoming Offerings](#) page and enjoy!



The Green Cup

The green cup you've sent,
coil-built and glazed
by your *tica* friend,
sits on a shelf
at the kitchen window.
Practice holding it, you wrote,
as if in its small bowl
I might see the world
you inhabit without me
and understand want differently.
Ancient invention for slaking thirst,
you fit in my hands like a prayer.

Marsh Reeds

In a dream I returned to the roadside throng of marsh reeds
and this time climbed down the low bank to slip into waves
of crisscrossing light and shadow and stand in stillness
until my pulse slowed, until a slender, hollow part
of my being began to nod, tip with the taller reeds,
dark-lined at each joint and woolly-headed-
and it took a kind of strength that has no weight, no intention,
to keep my watery hold in the layered scrub of fallen stalks,
to toss and bend with the dun-colored grass
in the rising breeze of the oncoming dark,
the musical rustle and tick of our sway requiring
nothing more than nearness - then I woke for a moment emptied
into the body of the life we are made of.

Lauds

Dawn now, and blue shadows pool
beneath these oaks - feeding them
what's left of night, a last generosity
before dispersal
like what concentrates
in the closer body of that cardinal - vermillion pouch
so feverishly red it's a furnace of light, a fist of fire,
field of gravity so potent
all paths through morning lead inward
toward the center of what must in him, too,
be lavish and fleeting.