

Poetry Insert



“Have patience with everything that remains unsolved in your heart. ...live in the question.” — **Rainer Maria Rilke, from his book *Letters to a Young Poet***



Half of Me by Jennifer Gellock

There are a million half-written poems, in half-filled notebooks, stacked on shelves that I put a half-assed effort into building. And within all these poems, lies only half my heart. Because I wrote them from half-felt emotions stemming from my half-lived human life. Honestly. I think when you read my words, you'd only learn half of who I truly am. It's just like when my friends pick up the phone to call me and I only tell them half the truth, so I burden them with only half my hurt.

And sometimes I wonder if half of anything will ever be enough.

I mean, it must be, because I have heard the stories of people who have traveled halfway around the world to meet the loves of their lives against all odds. And those who see the glass half-full referred to as the optimistic ones. And even under the light of a half-lit moon there's still enough energy to pull the tides that sustains the rhythm of all our human lives.

But if I'm being truly honest, I think I've always known that half of anything will never be enough.

Because when I hold myself back, I know I'm only halfway to freedom. I've learned that half-filled promises will only break others' hearts. And that half-lived dreams won't move me closer to fulfilling my ultimate destiny. Honestly. I think when my last day comes to live, I think I'd be sad if I completed only half my Earthly tasks.

Now - there are a million half-written poems, in half-filled notebooks, stacked on shelves that I put a half-assed effort into building. And at the heart of all of these half-done things, I've finally learned —

it was just the fear of being fully seen

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The Journey by *Mary Oliver*

One day you finally knew
what you had to do, and began,
though the voices around you
kept shouting
their bad advice—
though the whole house
began to tremble
and you felt the old tug
at your ankles.
“Mend my life!”
each voice cried.
But you didn’t stop.
You knew what you had to do,
though the wind pried
with its stiff fingers
at the very foundations,
though their melancholy
was terrible.
It was already late
enough, and a wild night,
and the road full of fallen
branches and stones.
But little by little,
as you left their voices behind,
the stars began to burn
through the sheets of clouds,
and there was a new voice
which you slowly
recognized as your own,
that kept you company
as you strode deeper and deeper
into the world,
determined to do
the only thing you could do—
determined to save
the only life you could save.

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Writing Prompts for Today's Service

Imagine the walls of the UU know you well and the room has been listening to your heart.

What would this place say to you?

Writing Prompts for Today's Service

Imagine the walls of the UU know you well and the room has been listening to your heart.

What would this place say to you?