

WEBVTT

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which was, is a beautiful poem that we discovered through on beings poetry unbound.

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Podcast we have the word play team of Spring Pillow student Audrey, Simon and Amy Tuttle coming together to talk about the poem, We'll get a prompt, and we'll write to the prompt.

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Well, we full time at the end, so that those of you who want to share in this space can raise your hand and share.

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And then we also collect the Poems Row will let you know how that works for inclusion into a little blog that we do on our site most exciting.

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During April. If you wish to publish a poem, you write this month based on the prompts, this is will be our third year of producing books, poems created during our time together.

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So that's pretty much the framework. we sometimes have been able to have closed caption.

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But I don't believe we have that today, so I apologize.

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If you are in need of closed, captioning services if you are here, and you wanted closed caption, do us a favor and just row is gonna send you an email when we're done just right, back.

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And we'll make sure that happens i'm just gonna look at my list here.

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I think those are the main things I have some things i'll talk about at the end.

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But for now i'm going to turn it over to amy Tuttle and the team from wordplay to dive into our content for today.

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Welcome welcome. everyone. Hello! so good to see so many wonderful

faces Let's just take a moment before we dive into a meditative journey, just to look around to just take in all the amazing people calling in. from all over the world maybe you

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can even give a gesture of hello and welcome just like hey, hi!

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It's good to see you Great we have an amazing amazing poem to work with today that we're really excited to share, and we also have the benefit of being supported by Audrey who's one of our most amazing young poets

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in also a semi-finalist for the Youth Poet Laureate program in Cincinnati.

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So welcome to Audrey as well. thank you okay great so Let's start.

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Let's start by getting into our bodies we're gonna approach the poem first through the vessel of our body.

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Our first place, our home, our own little universe, our microcosm.

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So if it feels good to you, the invitation is to close the eyes and find a way a way to set your body that's really comfortable.

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Maybe even cozy. placing one hand over the heart and the other hand over the belly, one hand on heart, one hand on belly.

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Noticeing your breath, breathing through you, just feeling the rise in the fall.

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The body moving under the hands right; and as you settle into this pulsing, flickering movement, you may even notice your heartbeat, the beating of your heart.

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From this space of connection through the hands to the beating of the heart.

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Notice all of the warm. it's worms and your belly the warmth from the

heart.

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You can imagine a sweet little camp fire, sweet little camp fire, one that maybe lives in the belly from which embers rise little sparks, and with hand on heart and hand on belly the warmth of an internal fire Imagine those

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embers as sparks rising, and they arise up.

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They rise from the body, little embers in the room.

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Around you embers, rising up through the sky through the clouds all the way up through the atmosphere, the embers rising through the deep sky. the deep guy, the darkness of space that's all around us

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it's around us all the time these embers that have risen all the way from your belly, wherever you are in the world.

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Meet their ancestors. they meet the stars. Then just take a moment here in this space, in space itself, to notice the pulsing of the stars, the flickering of the stars.

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Maybe the stars themselves have a heartbeat like you have a heartbeat.

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And just a moment more, noticing the stars how their heart be is your heart be?

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Then we start to travel back back through the atmosphere, through the clouds, through the sky, into the room where you're at to the but and just another moment connecting to heartbeat connecting breath and remembering that our

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heartbeat connects us to all of life around us heartbeat of our friends, our family, and slowly, gently, when you're ready, blinking the eyes to open, letting the light back in and just noticing all the

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beating hearts that are also here right now, which we are also connected.

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And as the poet Alberto Rio says, we should hear the star as a great roar, as a great roar just like each other.

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Okay. So let me tell you just for a moment about wordplay about wordplay.

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So wordplay. we're in our tenth year we opened in 2,012 in our goal.

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What we do is we spark storytelling, and we sparked storytelling through writing, through performing, through visual arts, and we love to collaborate.

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So we collaborate with since danny's young people and through that collaboration.

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What we're doing. is we're celebrating strengths building a sense of belonging and also making connections between what is art have to do with social impact.

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So word plays really storytelling, writing, visual arts and performance to to celebrate, connect and impact.

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And today we have 2 amazing workplay people with us.

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We have Spring Star Pillow, who is our director of school program.

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She works with our school partners, which are all around the Cincinnati and Northern Kentucky region.

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Spring is amazing. An excellent teacher, educator, and community artist.

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And then we have Audrey. Simon Audrey is our our one of our team poets and performers.

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Wonderful history already of performing pieces that have this deep intersection between belonging and social justice, and expressive.

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So without any further ado, I'm going to pass it over to spring and to Audrey.

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Thank you, Amy, for that warm welcome, and it is wonderful to see all of you.

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It is my apology that you cannot see me but my computer is not being very kind.

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But that's okay, because I am loving seeing all of your beautiful faces, and I see some familiar faces, too.

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I, Audrey and I decided that we would like to have Audrey read the piece.

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Audrey is is fabulous at writing and reading poetry So we're going to have audrey read the piece, and then I'm going to offer the reflection.

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So without further ado, I would love to introduce you once again to Audrey.

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Simon, who can tell you a little bit about herself, and then go ahead and read this beautiful poem.

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Hi! everyone! My name is Audrey and as you know i'm with workplay.

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Thank you, Amy, and sprink for that introduction sorry if there's some background noise.

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I'm in my schools library so there's like other students in the room.

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But yeah, I've been working with workplay for like 2 years.

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I think I participated in several different performance opportunities. and i've had a lot of fun with it.

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Was part of the Y. Ppc. Troop, which was basically a collaboration between wordplay and by Cincinnati, which who works with mit Ctl and helping students musicians and We did a

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collaboration there, where we put poetry and music together so that's a big passion of wine.

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It's like putting different art forms together. and making a masterpiece out of that.

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And obviously also activism through poetry, is another huge passion of mine.

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And the poem that I'm going to be reading today which I think we mentioned earlier, called December Morning in the Desert, by Alberta Vio.

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So I am going to begin reading that now. December morning in the desert by Alberto Rios.

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The morning is clouded, and the birds are hunched more cool than hungry or numb and loud.

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This crisp Arizona shore, where desert meets the coming edge of the winter world, is a cold dudes and stark announcement.

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Myriad stars making bright the black as if the sky itself had been snowed upon.

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But the stars, all those stars! Where does the sure noise that their hard work go?

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These plugs sparking the motor of an otherwise quiet sky, their flickering work everywhere in a white vastness we should hear the stars as a great roar gathered the moving of their 1,000,000,000 parts.

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This great hot rod skid of the Milky Way across the asphalt night.

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The he assembled, moving glints and bar floating embers risen the hearth fires of so many other worlds.

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Where does the noise at all go, if not into the ears and hearts of the birds all around us, their hearts beating so fast, and are equally fast wings and high songs, and the bees too, with their

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lumbering hum, and the wasps and moths the bats and dragonflies.

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Not I'm sure if any of this is going to work this universe, the humans oblivious drinking coffee not quite awake, calm and moving into the slippers of our Monday mornings shivering, because we think it's a

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little cold out there, and that is December morning in the desert by Albert serves.

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I love that poem. Thank you, Thank you, audrey that was beautiful as this is poem.

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I'm just gonna give it a moment to let it sink in a bit and let you maybe look over it a little bit more before we start with reflection.

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First of all, I would like to see if anyone has anything that sticks out, or anything they'd like to say about this amazing poem.

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What I notice are the streets. This is the strong language of the poem. it's I love the the words kind of jump off the page in so many ways to make you really feel like you are part of this atmosphere

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So just this is stacy for a second spring I think we don't open up the microphones until we ask people to read.

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So they're putting their what's standing out to them in the chat, which is, I think, a great place for people.

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Yes, wonderful, absolutely the metaphor of stars as an engine roaring

voice, motor, hot Rod, skid wings and high songs. love.

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It. Good stuff, great roar! And to the suppers of our Monday mornings we humans, oblivious, lumbering hum, Hot Rod, skid, sure noise of their hard work.

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Wonderful, not quite awake. Yes, so now Oh, wow! we have so many they're beautiful.

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So now I would like to offer you you You may use this reflection, or of course, you may also use your own reflection.

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Grow if I could have you stop sharing so I can get to my screen.

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Thank you so much. we have. There is a beautiful, prompt based on December morning in the desert.

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So this prompt is to write a poem that reflects a more.

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Your part of the world, or a memory a morning. you can begin your poem that Rio's does with the line the morning is What are the sounds, the smells, the colors?

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What do you see? What is the temperature or the feeling? the air?

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You can take some time to think about all of that good stuff. Spring.

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Would you like us to be in writing now? or Yes, begin writing now. so we're going to put just so folks who were newer to the the project.

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So that's gathering we're gonna put the poem back up and row.

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Put in the chat, wrote in the chat the the prompts, but, like any prompts, you might take the prompt, and that might prompt something else.

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It is just a generative moment. So we'll go ahead and put the poem

back up and unless amy or the word play team wants to add on.

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I'm gonna go ahead and set the timer for 12 min.

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We're going to do 12 min of personal writing Then we'll come back to to our shared space.

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Sound good. Everyone. Okay, We have about 4 more minutes of writing time.

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All ready, friends, right to the end of your sentence or your thought.

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I want to just share a little bit about the structure for sharing in a second. I'm going to turn it back over to spring and Audrey. They'll talk a little bit more about the poem, and then the they will begin

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inviting folks who either that most helpful thing for you to do if you'd like to read, is to use one of the reactions buttons and raise your hand, you can also, if you're struggling to find that you can, let us

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know in the chat that you'd like to read we are recording.

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So if you read, you, will be Recorded and We'll share that out with some friends, Just so everyone knows that I'm excited to turn it over to Spring and October and frankly, and Audrey you one of you will

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be the person who calls on our readers We like to try to do them in the order they raise their hands.

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But we're also eager that it gets a little complicated We'll do our best to get to everyone.

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Spring. Thank you, Stacey. So my main reflection for this poem is that I love the resilience of Mother Nature, and I love the resilience of you.

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How things keep happening, even though we are worried about it being

cold outside.

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So I find that to just be such a beautiful resilience that nature holds right in her hands and gives back to us, and kind of makes us think, Audrey, would you like to offer any kind of reflection?

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Before we open up. Yeah, I I did write something which I will share.

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But i'd also like to say that I agree with the Whites ring pillows, and then I definitely think that the resilience of Nature is such an incredible thing, and also that I think we often become disconnected from

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that and we hold ourselves separate from the larger you know system of of Mother Earth and of the universe.

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And it's important and that's what we're doing here today is coming back and reconnecting with that whole cycle.

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That whole balance of the universe, and I think this explores that disconnectedness that humans often count to feel.

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And said, This poem that I wrote is a little bit about that.

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So should I read that now, right this song, our deepest ancestor, arises in an ancient rhythm along and in balance with the ocean and sky and earth.

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The ocean breathes by tides the rivers. Hello!

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Like veins, and the soil cushions like skin, a sacred cycle made of connectedness and immovable.

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It seems equal equilibrium. We often diverge from this universal, once form of being, finding our spirits tipping something.

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When such insecurity seems to hinder our being, we must return to the breathing ties.

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The vein-like rivers, the skin-like soil we must merge and and reconnect balance.

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Being at this universe so miraculously sustains. beautiful.

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Thank you. would love to open the floor for Deb. Daniel.

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Okay. The morning is slowly pulling back the shade of night.

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Now the crickets are silent now from sawing the evening out.

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The plants are trembling now would do, anticipating sunshine which may not come today.

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The house. Now we are listening to the news of the latest disaster.

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The earth will survive us all. Excellent. Thank you, Deb, for sharing.

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Thank you so much, Wade. Would you like to share? Yes, thank you right.

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The morning is a lie! How did 4 30 become a morning?

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Small blue lights guide the cat Across the hallway.

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The discernible hum of the led street light. It stretches tiny fingers around the corners of the blinds.

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Elsewhere. Someone that loves motors is either very late for bed or desperately early for work.

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I find myself reaching Greg de Taunt and accepting the terms.

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No top sheet, but yes, comforter and Quilt corner.

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In consideration, the cat more attuned to wakefulness than my watch, visits, and pretense of rest.

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She success? She excuse me. She suggests that this time is the perfect time.

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The bird songs come as relief it's no longer too soon to rise with no shame.

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I admit defeat seating all covers and retiring all the way to the couch to fall asleep with a cat who cannot remember why she is annoyed.

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You can't see me but i'm smiling thank you Wade?

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Is this Eddy or Edie? My apologies? Hello!

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Hello! Sorry Need to put my camera on all right. This is called Blue Morning.

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Today is a typhoon swallowing the sun the downpour of a monsoon well without signs of fun, socked aside, a drink cocoon water seems to run my high is a red water

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balloon today is yet to begun. No more deep blue lagoons.

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The days and seasons are done. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you so much, Nina.

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Morning after you're passing wake in the usual tumble of sheets.

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But I make no resistance to the knot. I lie still with my eyes closed.

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Partly yearn for the dream world to take me back.

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I inhale and roll. My bedroom filled, as usual, with the yellow of early morning.

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The glow above the bed Today the silence for a second.

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I wonder if my ears are blocked? I lie there, breathe, see you, even though my eyes are open and focused on the wallpaper ceiling.

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I take a moment to hold the fact that you have gone.

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But this morning is your first morning somewhere else. that's somewhere else it's a gentle place you wanted to see for today.

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You do not wake alone. it's my turn for that maybe you don't need sleep now today, you reunite with ancestors and friends.

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I send gratitude up through the roof for the eventual few hours.

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I managed, I know today will be hazy whether i've slept or not.

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Walk with me, I ask, before I tossed the do they away from my aching body?

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And you do, you always will. You are in my heart every waking morning enjoying sunlight settling across my room.

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Feel that before I wake taking it all in like this world is the greatest movie of all time.

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And for the first time in decades you can hear in full clarity the chorus of songbirds greeting.

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The day. Thank you. so absolutely beautiful, Nina. Thank you so much.

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Thank you, Desiree. How are you, hey? Spring, hey? Relax to see you good to see you all as well.

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The morning is awakened with the loud sunrise pitch by the fog that blankets the hearts of the trees. The cardinals and geese greets the footsteps of my little human eager to be the leader of the

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morning rush echoes of humming as mommy tries to liven up their routine, subdued by bags that hugs her eyes, reminding herself that the early bird catches the worm Well, who wants to worm who wants to catch the worm

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anyway, even though without a morning routine, we would miss the beauty of Mother Nature as she awakens the show off her skills with love.

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Thank you for sharing. That was beautiful, Elena. Hi!

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Everyone, those beautiful Tessa ray and Nina's poem was really beautiful, too.

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No more, and is wet with spring rain. My heart moves inside as I walk.

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My mother loved the rain. I can't help but think of her me and my Morton salt girls liquor yellow as a sunny day, making splashes.

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I see those puddles now, and I pause.

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The reflection is more mature today, I take in the colors of magnolia and dogwood blooming on the path.

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Know that i'm getting progressively wetter but I feel a fire of wellness in my belly.

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This Buddha belly of mine that jiggles When I laugh, be happy.

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It says the world is filled with wonderful things send peace to where it's needed most.

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Somehow this morning with this baptismal downpour, it can cleanse and

heal a vast universe of pain.

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Thank you. Thank you. Thank you so much, Kirsten.

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Oh, hello! I sorry, Mike quinton so i'm just gonna read the poem that I put in chat

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So morning a memory, a bird sitting in my tree, a golden sunlight over the blossoming leaves, over fields and valleys, a chirping of the wood pigeons, the shifting of the curtains is my community begins to

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awake the rising of the clouds and the horizon as their floodiness creates a world of fluffy beauty across the sky of emerging blue.

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Thank you so much. Wonderful, Emily. Hi! everyone! The morning is still in pieces.

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It was a picture shattered on kitchen tiles haven't yet collected all the pieces 20 years after the fractured morning.

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Feel my already sneakered feet turned out in first position, as they always landed when they were 17.

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I feel the coolness of a main morning even in August, so turn the wrong way.

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Even in August the cool seeps below layers of cotton, and ll bean fleece.

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My hip leans against the wood of the deserted island.

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I am alone in a house house that isn't mine my parents my ancestors, or anyone.

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I, that I know very well house that was supposed to be shelter.

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Learning and growth, but it is in pieces now this morning and me I

don't even know that when the picture of me fractured, and I desperately bathed and scrubbed and glued and taped it all together i'd

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actually lost the picture, and only fix the frame, glass and cork and wood empty middle frame of that morning.

00:49:24.000 --> 00:49:37.000

I froze and flushed into memory, already moving fast, forwarding into future, in order to leave a fractured frame of femininity behind.

00:49:37.000 --> 00:49:46.000

One morning a new morning, fresh morning, a morning of daughters and daffodils and dancing.

00:49:46.000 --> 00:50:00.000

I awoke with a pulse of me. The pulse of me, before I was forsaken, fractured, forgotten, failed so lovely.

00:50:00.000 --> 00:50:30.000

Thank you, Emily. Nowalie. Hi, Thank you. One morning, to begin one morning to learn one morning to understand, unknown to me on this one morning, with be an awakening, not the kind where my eyes blink learning what they see my eyes

00:50:35.000 --> 00:50:41.000

so open, a slow movie begins. I have left my body.

00:50:41.000 --> 00:50:51.000

My spirit now roams free body, still watching spirit. spirit rises to the trees branch.

00:50:51.000 --> 00:51:00.000

This swing, releasing brown orange leaves like a rainstorm spiraling in a dance.

00:51:00.000 --> 00:51:14.000

Birds fly out and spirit source with them. One morning I became aware one morning I understood where never to be still again.

00:51:14.000 --> 00:51:33.000

Spirit now moves all that's within thank you so much Natalie, Anna Marie, Thank you, Natalie.

00:51:33.000 --> 00:51:41.000

Hmm! This morning is bright and brilliant, and a little fast.

00:51:41.000 --> 00:51:46.000

I will rephrase. The morning is not fast, I am.

00:51:46.000 --> 00:51:53.000

The morning is languid and luscious, as I drowsily make an espresso to go.

00:51:53.000 --> 00:52:03.000

The morning is not going anywhere. The morning is here and present, steadily moving forward.

00:52:03.000 --> 00:52:15.000

The morning is the sun rising to meet us where we are in her beds sleeping, and her car is driving in our yard.

00:52:15.000 --> 00:52:26.000

Scar any midshift in a factory. The morning is here, the morning is temporary.

00:52:26.000 --> 00:52:32.000

The morning is coming again to meet us where we are lovely.

00:52:32.000 --> 00:52:50.000

Thank you so much, Nancy. everyone. Thank you. The morning is light and fresh on the water.

00:52:50.000 --> 00:52:56.000

The air is cleaned, my bones out, and I float up.

00:52:56.000 --> 00:53:04.000

Chorus, still slow with remember dullness. There are fish in the river.

00:53:04.000 --> 00:53:22.000

I know that, but all I see are the iridescent ripples of slow waves, blue, sure, but green and purple, silver, and even pink of unencumbered, unworld water.

00:53:22.000 --> 00:53:45.000

Our ancient mother, who has already been filtered and refilled over and around every inch of this earth, millions of times at least, moved so steadily in my eyes just now clean, my eyes, so light and slow moving so evenly my

00:53:45.000 --> 00:53:54.000

bones clean and wide open. it pushes the air that my body accepts.

00:53:54.000 --> 00:54:10.000

Now, and it's only expression of understanding thank you so much Nancy Sarah, thank you.

00:54:10.000 --> 00:54:19.000

I'm calling from my clients I hope you can hear me I wrote April morning in the desert.

00:54:19.000 --> 00:54:26.000

Good morning is deceptively subtle in its entrance, more glow than ratings, more warmth than peeps.

00:54:26.000 --> 00:54:32.000

California nook, where we nestle among rocks against the winds.

00:54:32.000 --> 00:54:38.000

I slept alert for her arrival this morning I first open at TheLantic.

00:54:38.000 --> 00:54:43.000

Light earplugs placed in against my partners at Vomitos are pulled out.

00:54:43.000 --> 00:54:55.000

I rooted 5 months to hear the desert morning greeting me with her cactus wren songs and quail steps. just as I waited to hear the desert evening, Sarah made me with her coyote chat the night

00:54:55.000 --> 00:55:05.000

before the cold is deceptive, for as soon as the first sunbeam break over the nearest crag, we will be as boiling crops inside our tent.

00:55:05.000 --> 00:55:09.000

But first this wiggling of my toes against the foot warmers.

00:55:09.000 --> 00:55:20.000

First the smelling of clean air, this wrestling of my opening tent flap, and the orange tink, blanketing all sand coyote, melons, saguados, and jack rabbits.

00:55:20.000 --> 00:55:27.000

Immediately we move into the boots of our Saturday morning to join the joyous desert.

00:55:27.000 --> 00:55:37.000

Glory. Thank you so much. Thank you to all who have shared, and we will now end with Becka.

00:55:37.000 --> 00:55:47.000

This week morning has been a series of eager, impatient, awaiting a sunrise that is hidden.

00:55:47.000 --> 00:55:57.000

The day is weighted by clouds, but a crack in the window welcomes in the gentle raindrops, the smell of the fresh buds of spring flowers.

00:55:57.000 --> 00:56:01.000

Birds cry out, not with impatience, but only out of eagerness.

00:56:01.000 --> 00:56:08.000

This morning I awoke to an endless gray, or the world beyond. this windows seem filtered.

00:56:08.000 --> 00:56:22.000

The whole sky has been placed on the lowest dimmer, and this morning I am eager for the tapping of the sky against my window sill, the birds shouting Good morning, and the buds stretching as tall as they can to the

00:56:22.000 --> 00:56:29.000

clouds that I I am hiding from. Thank you. Thank you so much.

00:56:29.000 --> 00:56:34.000

Thank you to all of you who shared, and to all of you who are here today.

00:56:34.000 --> 00:56:46.000

Thank you so much. Wow! everyone, as Elena just wrote great way to kick off poetry month.

00:56:46.000 --> 00:56:57.000

Amazing. So a handful of things before we love to finish with a reading of the poem again our inspiring poem by Alberto Ria.

00:56:57.000 --> 00:57:10.000

So we'll put that up in a second and if The team from workplay could decide who's going to read the final draft or the final poem That would be great so.

00:57:10.000 --> 00:57:20.000

A couple more things. So if you enjoyed this and I imagine you did We're gonna be meeting for 3 more Wednesdays at 3 P.

00:57:20.000 --> 00:57:26.000

M this month. so please you just have to come to the well.

00:57:26.000 --> 00:57:32.000

Doubt world go to mindful poetry and you'll sign up for each event.

00:57:32.000 --> 00:57:43.000

Row will follow up with a note to thank our guests, to give you the links to word play and some of our other partners.

00:57:43.000 --> 00:57:52.000

And to ask you if you want to send a poem to us to put into the blog. Well, also.

00:57:52.000 --> 00:57:55.000

So on our website we capture poems that have been written.

00:57:55.000 --> 00:58:09.000

We put the odd, the recording of our gathering and just know that even if you put something up on the blog post that at the end of the month we'll come back, and we'll see which poems of the month you really would like to be

00:58:09.000 --> 00:58:20.000

in the book. So, coming up, we have those 3 wednesdays Also we're doing a really cool row.

00:58:20.000 --> 00:58:28.000

Our beloved row is hosting a an event we're calling poetics of pride.

00:58:28.000 --> 00:58:34.000

It has the same format and it's a space for Lgbtq I.

00:58:34.000 --> 00:58:39.000

A plus friends to come together in person at the mercantile as well as virtually.

00:58:39.000 --> 00:58:42.000

It's a hybrid event that information's on the website.

00:58:42.000 --> 00:58:45.000

It's going to be 6 to 7 30 p M.

00:58:45.000 --> 00:59:02.000

On April the 20 first next Wednesday we are gonna be considering the poem Coconut oil by Rosh Nigoyatt, A. Our first Hala Isaacaphori will be talking about the poem, and our friend Sonia

00:59:02.000 --> 00:59:09.000

Verma will be offering the meditation. Well, ours will also send you in the email.

00:59:09.000 --> 00:59:13.000

We would love for you to save the date july the Fourteenth.

00:59:13.000 --> 00:59:24.000

We're bringing Paula, isaacaphori to Cincinnati, who for an evening of she's just translated Rumi and she has a new book out called gold.

00:59:24.000 --> 00:59:37.000

And so it's going to be a night of her performing singing and poetry here in Cincinnati, and to our mindful poetry, friends will also have a streaming version of it so for those of you who

00:59:37.000 --> 00:59:47.000

can't come, you can participate I think that's it row, or anyone else.

00:59:47.000 --> 00:59:53.000

Am I forgetting anything? No, I think you got it you got it all in there.

00:59:53.000 --> 01:00:05.000

There's a lot happening, thank you, row also and before we end I want to share all, all of our the entire team that brings this.

01:00:05.000 --> 01:00:13.000

Thank you so much. first of all, to those of you who show up to listen to right, to share its magic.

01:00:13.000 --> 01:00:19.000

And specifically today we're so grateful to have the team from wordplay.

01:00:19.000 --> 01:00:31.000

Here, Amy, Tuttle is a dream spring Pillow is a dream, and we're so excited to meet Audrey, who's just you know, Audrey, you make us.

01:00:31.000 --> 01:00:37.000

Feel really good about this this next few decades of life.

01:00:37.000 --> 01:00:52.000

So thank you. everyone. One other quick thing I will not be here next week i'm following amy tuttle to get to outside of Texas for a 10 day.

01:00:52.000 --> 01:00:59.000

I would say communion with nature and a bit of the desert.

01:00:59.000 --> 01:01:04.000

So we won't be here, but we'll report when we come back all that work.

01:01:04.000 --> 01:01:08.000

So have a lovely time, and let's put up the poem and hear it.

01:01:08.000 --> 01:01:23.000

One more time. December morning in the desert by Alberto Rios.

01:01:23.000 --> 01:01:31.000

The morning is clouded, and the birds are hunched more cold than hungry, more dumb than loud.

01:01:31.000 --> 01:01:38.000

This crisp Arizona shore, where desert meets the coming edge of the winter world.

01:01:38.000 --> 01:01:48.000

It is a cold news and stark announcement that the myriad stars making bright the black, as if the sky itself had been snowed upon.

01:01:48.000 --> 01:01:56.000

But the stars, all those stars! Where does the shern ways of their hard work go?

01:01:56.000 --> 01:02:01.000

These plugs sparking the motor of an otherwise quiet sky.

01:02:01.000 --> 01:02:11.000

They're flickering work everywhere. in a white vastness. we should hear the stars as a great roar gathered from the moving of their 1,000,000,000 parts.

01:02:11.000 --> 01:02:29.000

This great hot rod skid of the Milky Way across the asphalt night, the assembled moving glints and far floating embers risen from the hearth, fires of so many other worlds where does the noise of all of it go

01:02:29.000 --> 01:02:42.000

and if not into the ears, hearts, of the birds all around us, their hearts beating so fast that and they're eagerly fast wings and high songs.

01:02:42.000 --> 01:02:52.000

The bees, too, with their lumbering hum. the wasps and moths, the bats, the dragonflies, look them.

01:02:52.000 --> 01:03:17.000

Sure if any of this is going to work this universe we humans oblivious drinking coffee, not quite awake calm, and moving into the slippers of our Monday mornings shivering because we think it's a little cold out

01:03:17.000 --> 01:03:31.000

there thank you so much all right I forgot I was I wasn't muted, and I was typing so sorry.

01:03:31.000 --> 01:03:37.000

I hope I didn't interrupt that too much everyone you are fantastic.

01:03:37.000 --> 01:03:52.000

We will see you very soon. Thank you for being a part of our community.