



2019
New Year's
Poetry Guide

snapdragon
a journal of art & healing

Dear Ones,

Thank you for subscribing to a year of poetry, creative nonfiction, and photography with a healing bent from those across the globe! As a gift, we hope that this will serve as a guide as you enter into a new year – a year of possibilities and creativity!

Inside you will find poetry and writing prompts to help you center, dream, release, and plan. Some prompts will speak to you whereas others may not.

The themes that we're bringing forth are of course, "the New Year," "Beginnings," and "Ars Poetica."

There is no right or wrong way to use this guide. There is no judgment or pressure. We simply hope that what you find inside will leave you feeling inspired and rejuvenated.

Sending you light and love, and wishing your dreams come true in 2019,

Jacinta V. White

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home of *Snapdragon: A Journal of Art & Healing*

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January 1

"Burning the Old Year"
by Naomi Shihab Nye

Letters swallow themselves in seconds.
Notes friends tied to the doorknob,
transparent scarlet paper,
sizzle like moth wings,
marry the air.

So much of any year is flammable,
lists of vegetables, partial poems.
Orange swirling flame of days,
so little is a stone.

Where there was something and suddenly isn't,
an absence shouts, celebrates, leaves a space.
I begin again with the smallest numbers.

Quick dance, shuffle of losses and leaves,
only the things I didn't do
crackle after the blazing dies.

Writing Prompt: On this day that marks the first of a new calendar year, write a list poem of all you desire to burn from the past. What is flammable?

January 2

"New Year's Day"

by Kim Addonizio

The rain this morning falls
on the last of the snow

and will wash it away. I can smell
the grass again, and the torn leaves

being eased down into the mud.
The few loves I've been allowed

to keep are still sleeping
on the West Coast. Here in Virginia

I walk across the fields with only
a few young cows for company.

Big-boned and shy,
they are like girls I remember

from junior high, who never
spoke, who kept their heads

lowered and their arms crossed against
their new breasts. Those girls

are nearly forty now. Like me,
they must sometimes stand

at a window late at night, looking out
on a silent backyard, at one

rusting lawn chair and the sheer walls
of other people's houses.

They must lie down some afternoons
and cry hard for whoever used

to make them happiest,
and wonder how their lives

have carried them
this far without ever once

explaining anything. I don't know
why I'm walking out here

with my coat darkening
and my boots sinking in, coming up

with a mild sucking sound
I like to hear. I don't care

where those girls are now.
Whatever they've made of it

they can have. Today I want
to resolve nothing.

I only want to walk
a little longer in the cold

blessing of the rain,
and lift my face to it.

Writing Prompt: What is it you want most in this moment? Write what comes when you think,
"Today, I want to resolve nothing." No editing.

January 3

"this beginning may have always meant this end"

by Camille T. Dungy

coming from a place where we meandered mornings and met quail, scrub jay, mockingbird, i knew coyote, like everyone else, i knew cactus, knew tumbleweed, lichen on the rocks and pill bugs beneath, rattlers sometimes, the soft smell of sage and the ferment of cactus pear. coming from this place, from a place where grass might grow greener on the hillside in winter than in any yard, where, the whole rest of the year, everything i loved, chaparral pea, bottle brush tree, jacaranda, mariposa, pinyon and desert oak, the kumquat in the back garden and wisteria vining the porch, the dry grass whispering long after the last rains, raccoons in and out of the hills, trash hurled by the hottest wind, the dry grass tall now and golden, lawn chairs, eucalyptus, everything, in a place we knew, every thing, we knew, little and large and mine and ours, except horror, all of it, everything could flame up that quickly, could flare and be gone.

Writing Prompt: Write a list or prose poem of everything you loved in 2018.

January 4

"let it go – the"
by e.e. cummings

let it go – the
smashed word broken
open vow or
the oath cracked length
wise – let it go it
was sworn to
go

let them go – the
truthful liars and
the false fair friends
and the boths and
neithers – you must let them go they
were born
to go

let all go – the
big small middling
tall bigger really
the biggest and all
things – let all go
dear

so comes love

Writing Prompt: What are you letting go of in order to make room for love (whatever that represents for you)? How does this feel?

January 5

"Duet"

by Lisa Russ Spaar

New Year's Eve

Two sisters side by side,
benched at the gleaming fin

of the living room's out-of-tune baby grand,
work out a mash-up, Adele's "Hello"

& Kate Bush's "Wuthering Heights,"
Hello, it's me. . . , Heathcliff, it's me, it's Cathy,

voices by turns treble, then cemetery-dusked,
meandering, & hungry

as the sinew-tracks of moles
sponging December's yard,

painted mouths of iced puddles,
branchless leaves snaring the window

with inhuman gale.

One swallows this heavy beauty,

rolls the mordent perfume
back to bloom as the other slips out

of autumn's whalebone stave, descant.

They sing as if still girls. As if before

love's scarlet evidence, & not, like the year,
the trees, already moved, moved through.

Writing Prompt: What are you still holding? What hasn't moved? Write prose or poetry that tells its story.

January 6

"Poem for the New Year"

by Devin Johnston

I've tracked myself from day to day
how many steps through a field of snow
how many hours have I slept
what have I eaten
what did I burn
calories or cigarettes
what birds have poured
through Bellefontaine
where mausoleums bear the names
of Busch and Brown
Lemp and Spink
on marble white as winter endive
*when I can read my title clear
to mansions in the skies*
what have I read
how many words
what facts
statistics biometrics
what data aggregation
what news
of wins and losses
getting and spending
each dawn a color wheel
to gauge the shifting moods
the daylight sunk in trees
an index of attraction

According to the Tao Te Ching

each day brings more

and more of less
less and still less
with no end to nothing
and nothing left undone

Even here in Bellefontaine
along a winding street
silence brings an interval
of yet more distant sound
trucks along the interstate
a plane behind the clouds

Writing Prompt: What was left undone in 2018? What needs to be resolved and why? Write a poem or prose using, "a winding street," or "distant sound" to carry the writing.

January 7

"We Are Alive. We Are for Everything"

by Daniela Danz; translated by Monika Cassel

After Otto Piene

How does beginning go how does
remembering without forgetting go
in front of me in the snow a man
his back lonesome somber
how does beginning go not remembering
flashes of light that showed him images when he
was a boy quick and blinding see the shadows
in the light how does not-remembering go
listen to the hissing see the light
and Germany's lightness
how bright Germany is like soot
like images quick and blinding how does
beginning go smell the snow
it's new it fell in the night
in the dark gets forgotten
in images quick listen to the snow
it lies light like linen
something's burning a hissing somber
like images at night on walls listen
to the hissing smell the smell of burning
look at the soot on a white background

Writing Prompt: Thinking about starting a new year, write a poem using, "how does beginning go," at the beginning or throughout.

January 8

"Beginnings"

by Jeffrey Greene

National Museum of Scotland

On the ground floor called "Beginnings,"
a fertility stone is displayed
in the diamond-hard blue halogen,
a line etching of an erection
with two equal circles, as one sees
in graffiti in the Underground.
The stone is attributed to the Picts,
of whom history says little,
besides the Latin picti,
painted people, tattooed.
When set side by side
with Latin engravings
and Roman military hardware,
the artifact makes them
seem pitiful. In the museum
you rise through time,
the text written in first
person plural as if all
who enter are complicitous
with the articles of defiance,
Robert the Bruce, the long
unveering heredity of defeat,
the room of thumbscrews
and "The Maiden" for severing
heretical heads of witches,
upward to the Reformation,
then the rout of the Highlanders

and the exile of the Bonnie Prince,
until the museum seems
like a deep well where
the fertility stone
of the painted people
rests at its bottom,
universal hieroglyph
on which someone made a wish.

Writing Prompt: Write about another beginning than your own. It can be the beginning of something historical, a belief, a word, a food/plant, a relationship, etc.

January 9

"Praise the Rain"

by Joy Harjo

Praise the rain; the seagull dive
The curl of plant, the raven talk—
Praise the hurt, the house slack
The stand of trees, the dignity—
Praise the dark, the moon cradle
The sky fall, the bear sleep—
Praise the mist, the warrior name
The earth eclipse, the fired leap—
Praise the backwards, upward sky
The baby cry, the spirit food—
Praise canoe, the fish rush
The hole for frog, the upside-down—
Praise the day, the cloud cup
The mind flat, forget it all—

Praise crazy. Praise sad.
Praise the path on which we're led.
Praise the roads on earth and water.
Praise the eater and the eaten.
Praise beginnings; praise the end.
Praise the song and praise the singer.

Praise the rain; it brings more rain.
Praise the rain; it brings more rain.

Writing Prompt: Use this poem as inspiration to write your own praise poem.

January 10

"New year's morning"

by Carl Adamshick

A low, quiet music is playing— distorted trumpet, torn bass line, white windows. My palms are two speakers the size of pool-hall coasters. I lay them on the dark table for you to repair.

Writing Prompt: Are you waiting for someone to fix something for you? Or do you feel that someone wants you to fix something for them? Write a Haiku or brief poem about this.

January 11

"Creed"

by Meg Kearney

from *An Unkindness of Ravens*

I believe the chicken before the egg
though I believe in the egg. I believe
eating is a form of touch
carried to the bitter end. I believe
chocolate is good for you. I believe
I'm a lefty in a right-handed world,
which does not make me gauche,
or abnormal, or sinister. I believe
"normal" is just a cycle on the washing
machine. I believe the touch of hands
has the power to heal, though nothing
will ever fill this immeasurable hole
in the center of my chest. I believe in
kissing, I believe in mail, I believe
in salt over the shoulder, a watched pot
never boils, and if I sit by my mailbox
waiting for the letter I want, it will never
arrive. Not because of superstition, but
because that's not how life works.
I believe in work: phone calls, typing,
multiplying—black coffee, write write
write, dig dig dig, sweep, sweep.
I believe in a slow, torturous sweep
of tongue down the lover's belly;
I believe I've been swept off my feet
more than once, and it's a good idea
not to name names. Digging for names
is part of my work, but that's a different
poem. I believe there's a difference

between men and women, and I thank God
for it. I believe in God, and if you hold
the door and carry my books, I'll be sure
to ask for your name. What is your name?
Do you believe in ghosts? I believe
the morning my father died I heard him
whistling "Danny Boy" in the bathroom
and a week later, saw him standing
in the living room with a suit case
in his hand. We never got to say goodbye,
he said, and I said, I don't believe in
goodbyes. I believe that's why I have
this hole in my chest: sometimes it's
rabid, sometimes it's incoherent.
I believe I'll survive. I believe early
to bed and early to rise is a boring
way to live. I believe good poets borrow,
great poets steal, and if only we'd stop
trying to be happy, we could have a pretty
good time. I believe time doesn't heal
all wounds; I believe in getting flowers
for no reason; I believe Give a Hoot,
Don't Pollute, Reading is Fundamental,
Yankee Stadium belongs in the Bronx,
and the best bagels in New York
are boiled and baked on the corner
of first and 21st. I believe in Santa Claus,
Jimmy Stewart—Zuzu's petals—Arbor
Day, and that ugly baby I keep dreaming
about. She lives inside me, opening
and closing her wide mouth. I believe
she will never taste her mother's milk,
she will never be beautiful, she will always
wonder what it's like to be born, and if
you hold your hand right here—touch me,

right, here, as if this is all that matters,
this is all you ever wanted, I believe
something might move inside me,
and it would be more than I could stand.

Writing Prompt: Write your own "creed" or "I believe" poem/journal entry.

January 12

"Always on the Train"

by Ruth Stone

Writing poems about writing poems
is like rolling bales of hay in Texas.
Nothing but the horizon to stop you.

But consider the railroad's edge of metal trash;
bird perches, miles of telephone wires.
What is so innocent as grazing cattle?
If you think about it, it turns into words.

Trash is so cheerful; flying up
like grasshoppers in front of the reaper.
The dust devil whirls it aloft; bronze candy wrappers,
squares of clear plastic--windows on a house of air.

Below the weedy edge in last year's mat,
red and silver beer cans.
In bits blown equally everywhere,
the gaiety of flying paper
and the black high flung patterns of flocking birds.

Writing Prompt: What would you do if nothing but the horizon could stop you?

January 13

"Quatrains"

by Rumi

For years, copying other people, I tried to know myself.
From within, I couldn't decide what to do.
Unable to see, I heard my name being called.
Then I walked outside.

The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you.
Don't go back to sleep.
You must ask for what you really want.
Don't go back to sleep.
People are going back and forth across the doorsill
where the two worlds touch.
The door is round and open.
Don't go back to sleep.

Writing Prompt: What does the breeze at dawn want to tell you? If you were to listen within, what would you hear?

January 14

"be careful"

by Ed Roberson

i must be careful about such things as these.
the thin-grained oak. the quiet grizzlies scared
into the hills by the constant tracks squeezing
in behind them closer in the snow. the snared
rigidity of the winter lake. deer after deer
crossing on the spines of fish who look up and stare
with their eyes pressed to the ice. in a sleep. hearing
the thin taps leading away to collapse like the bear
in the high quiet. i must be careful not to shake
anything in too wild an elation. not to jar
the fragile mountains against the paper far-
ness. nor avalanche the fog or the eagle from the air.
of the gentle wilderness i must set the precarious
words. like rocks. without one snowcapped mistake.

Writing Prompt: Use the line "i must be careful not to shake/anything in too wild an elation" as inspiration for today's writing.

January 15

"Resolution"

by Lia Purpura

There's the thing I shouldn't do
and yet, and now I have
the rest of the day to
make up for, not
undo, that can't be done
but next time,
think more calmly,
breathe, say here's a new
morning, morning,
morning,
(though why would that
work, it isn't even
hidden, hear it in there,
more, more,
more?)

Writing Prompt: Of what do you want more?

January 16

"How to Be a Poet"

by Wendell Berry

(to remind myself)

i

Make a place to sit down.

Sit down. Be quiet.

You must depend upon

affection, reading, knowledge,

skill—more of each

than you have—inspiration,

work, growing older, patience,

for patience joins time

to eternity. Any readers

who like your poems,

doubt their judgment.

ii

Breathe with unconditional breath

the unconditioned air.

Shun electric wire.

Communicate slowly. Live

a three-dimensional life;

stay away from screens.

Stay away from anything

that obscures the place it is in.

There are no unsacred places;

there are only sacred places

and desecrated places.

iii

Accept what comes from silence.
Make the best you can of it.
Of the little words that come
out of the silence, like prayers
prayed back to the one who prays,
make a poem that does not disturb
the silence from which it came.

Writing Prompt: Write your response to this poem.

January 17

"The New Year"

by Sri Chinmoy

The new year has commenced

Its momentous journey today.

From today on, during the entire year,

I shall not offer my volcano-ambition

To the world.

I shall offer the world

Only my moonlit heart's flaming aspiration.

Writing Prompt: What's your heart's flaming aspiration? How do you want to show up in the world? What metaphor would you use to describe this?

January 18

"It Is Born"

by Pablo Neruda

Here I came to the very edge
where nothing at all needs saying,
everything is absorbed through weather and the sea,
and the moon swam back,
its rays all silvered,
and time and again the darkness would be broken
by the crash of a wave,
and every day on the balcony of the sea,
wings open, fire is born,
and everything is blue again like morning.

Writing Prompt: Write a poem or prose dedicated to what you are birthing.

January 19

"Why I Wake Early"

by Mary Oliver

Hello, sun in my face.
Hello, you who made the morning
and spread it over the fields
and into the faces of the tulips
and the nodding morning glories,
and into the windows of, even, the
miserable and the crotchety –
best preacher that ever was,
dear star, that just happens
to be where you are in the universe
to keep us from ever-darkness,
to ease us with warm touching,
to hold us in the great hands of light –
good morning, good morning, good morning.
Watch, now, how I start the day
in happiness, in kindness.

Writing Prompt: Write a praise poem for the beginning and ending of your day (or year).

January 20

"Aware"

by Denise Levertov

When I found the door

I found the vine leaves

speaking among themselves in abundant

whispers.

My presence made them

hush their green breath,

embarrassed, the way

humans stand up, buttoning their jackets,

acting as if they were leaving anyway, as if

the conversation had ended

just before you arrived.

I liked

the glimpse I had, though,

of their obscure

gestures. I liked the sound

of such private voices. Next time

I'll move like cautious sunlight, open

the door by fractions, eavesdrop

peacefully.

Writing Prompt: Add to this poem. What do you think would be heard if you (the poet) eavesdropped peacefully?

January 21

"Dreams"

by Nikki Giovanni

in my younger years
before i learned
black people aren't
suppose to dream
i wanted to be
a raelet
and say "dr o wn d in my youn tears"
or "tal kin bout tal kin bout"
or marjorie hendricks and grind
all up against the mic
and scream
"baaaaaby nightandday
baaaaaby nightandday"
then as i grew and matured
i became more sensible
and decided i would
settle down
and just become
a sweet inspiration

Writing Prompt: What have you given up to be who you are? What will you give up this year to be who you desire?

January 22

"Dedication"

by Czeslaw Milosz

You whom I could not save

Listen to me.

Try to understand this simple speech as I would be ashamed of another.

I swear, there is in me no wizardry of words.

I speak to you with silence like a cloud or a tree.

What strengthened me, for you was lethal.

You mixed up farewell to an epoch with the beginning of a new one,

Inspiration of hatred with lyrical beauty;

Blind force with accomplished shape.

Here is a valley of shallow Polish rivers. And an immense bridge

Going into white fog. Here is a broken city;

And the wind throws the screams of gulls on your grave

When I am talking with you.

What is poetry which does not save

Nations or people?

A connivance with official lies,

A song of drunkards whose throats will be cut in a moment,

Readings for sophomore girls.

That I wanted good poetry without knowing it,

That I discovered, late, its salutary aim,

In this and only this I find salvation.

They used to pour millet on graves or poppy seeds

To feed the dead who would come disguised as birds.

I put this book here for you, who once lived

So that you should visit us no more.

Writing Prompt: Write your "Ars Poetica."

January 23

"The Help I Need Is Not Available Here"

by Alli Warren

I need help with long term hope

I need help with the dawn

of war and achieving

my new year's resolutions

This praise song

and the problem of pornography

structures this praise song

as speaking placement

I need help moving my chickens

I need help with girl problem

my dog, like, keeps marking the wrong areas?

and my breasts

this most pressing issue

like choosing between best friends

a distance problem involving constant

acceleration and tethering glitches

The party's all "descendant selectors, please!"

and me I'm in my handspring visor

and my bird plucking problem

I need help with a bat script for parsing

I need help with pricing with naming this

praise song I said

I seriously need help with the whole set up ASAP!

so it's

$40.08 / 100.09$ (grams of molecular mass of calcium carbonate) =
moles of calcium

then

(moles of Calcium x .1973ml (convert grams to ml)) / 0.05

I got 1.580 ml

is that right?

Writing Prompt: Repeat the phrase used here, "I need help," in your writing inspired by this poem.

January 24

"Wanting It Darker"

by Ben Ladouceur

The sun time of the year died out and never might return.
We made fires big as coffee tables to approximate the sun.
I wanted to be a mountain.
I wanted us all countless mountains in a detailed painting.

Blood is everywhere as always.
But now it is blown further and oxygenated for longer.
Yet more sad word has come digitally.
We contain no blood with which to soften and warm the sad word.

Cold wind placed and places the house in its mouth.
We met the end numb and almost still.
Number meant less motion meant even number meant totally still.

The buildings stand still.
The buildings still stand.
The buildings like the builders take each other by the hand.

Writing Prompt: Write about stillness. How does it feel to you? What does it make you think of/remind you of? To what can you compare it?

January 25

"Good Bones"

by Maggie Smith

Life is short, though I keep this from my children.
Life is short, and I've shortened mine
in a thousand delicious, ill-advised ways,
a thousand deliciously ill-advised ways
I'll keep from my children. The world is at least
fifty percent terrible, and that's a conservative
estimate, though I keep this from my children.
For every bird there is a stone thrown at a bird.
For every loved child, a child broken, bagged,
sunk in a lake. Life is short and the world
is at least half terrible, and for every kind
stranger, there is one who would break you,
though I keep this from my children. I am trying
to sell them the world. Any decent realtor,
walking you through a real shithole, chirps on
about good bones: This place could be beautiful,
right? You could make this place beautiful.

Writing Prompt: Could you make this world a beautiful place? How? Or why not?

January 26

"January Drought"

by Conor O'Callaghan

It needn't be tinder, this juncture of the year,
a cigarette second guessed from car to brush.

The woods' parchment is given
to cracking asunder the first puff of wind.
Yesterday a big sycamore came across First
and Hawthorne and is there yet.

The papers say it has to happen,
if just as dribs and drabs on the asbestos siding.
But tonight is buckets of stars as hard and dry as dimes.

A month's supper things stacks in the sink.
Tea brews from water stoppered in the bath
and any thirst carried forward is quenched thinking you,
piece by piece, an Xmas gift hidden
and found weeks after: the ribbon, the box.

I have reservoirs of want enough
to freeze many nights over.

Writing Prompt: Write about finding things, either what's looked for or not, hidden or misplaced.

January 27

"House Arrest"

by Catherine Bowman

I confess to these feet,
tethered to the earth,
pulled down by force

every time I jump or try
to fly. Like you, an old tree
sentenced us, keeps your wings

under lock and key
so we'll bicker with the birds
over scraps of weather

and the privilege to sing
or be seen. In the dark,
we scavenge midnight,

make chains out of stars
and bracelet shame.
My biggest crime, I could

not trust. I confess, I shut
myself off from the one
I needed and loved most.

I confess, I could not be
woken or accept myself
to the river's basin to be washed.

I'm dirty, scratching love notes
on the wall. Tonight, outside,

winter, subzero. Too cold

to snow. The neighbor
next door shooting phantom
deer with a handgun,

his beagle tied to a tree.
Over wooden bowls,
we count, we've become experts

at counting. When did we
make each other serial?
The keys froze in the ignition:

tonight the moon rises
from a ravine, a spice drawer
of pickled ferment to feast.

For us it's only surveillance:
under surveillance we interrogate
each other's mouths, pursue

every laugh and cry as they twist
and turn through our time,
as we investigate and ransack

our dog-rabbit-wolf shadows,
the half ones, the whole ones,
and cross-examine every intent,

put hidden taps to choice
appendages. In the basement,
we de-crimson our one last apple,

cut a tunnel through the core,

truss ourselves in aromatics,
climb in and out to the garden:

among the capable trees,
the not-degraded weeds,
the flowers released,

arrested in light, we stand
on strong enduring feet,
confess, captives of earth,

to the heart, aflame, the source—
across this iced plain—
the only material witness.

Writing Prompt: Write a confession.

January 28

"Theories of Time and Space"

by Natasha Trethewey

You can get there from here, though
there's no going home.

Everywhere you go will be somewhere
you've never been. Try this:

head south on Mississippi 49, one—
by—one mile markers ticking off

another minute of your life. Follow this
to its natural conclusion—dead end

at the coast, the pier at Gulfport where
riggings of shrimp boats are loose stitches

in a sky threatening rain. Cross over
the man-made beach, 26 miles of sand

dumped on a mangrove swamp—buried
terrain of the past. Bring only

what you must carry—tome of memory
its random blank pages. On the dock

where you board the boat for Ship Island,
someone will take your picture:

the photograph—who you were—
will be waiting when you return

Writing Prompt: Who are you this very moment? If you were to take a photo of yourself, what would you see?

January 29

"The Way It Is"

by William Stafford

There's a thread you follow. It goes among
things that change. But it doesn't change.
People wonder about what you are pursuing.
You have to explain about the thread.
But it is hard for others to see.
While you hold it you can't get lost.
Tragedies happen; people get hurt
or die; and you suffer and get old.
Nothing you do can stop time's unfolding.
You don't ever let go of the thread.

Writing Prompt: Write about your "thread."

January 30

"Elegy in Joy [excerpt]"

by Muriel Rukeyser

We tell beginnings: for the flesh and the answer,
or the look, the lake in the eye that knows,
for the despair that flows down in widest rivers,
cloud of home; and also the green tree of grace,
all in the leaf, in the love that gives us ourselves.

The word of nourishment passes through the women,
soldiers and orchards rooted in constellations,
white towers, eyes of children:
saying in time of war What shall we feed?
I cannot say the end.

Nourish beginnings, let us nourish beginnings.
Not all things are blest, but the
seeds of all things are blest.
The blessing is in the seed.

This moment, this seed, this wave of the sea, this look, this
instant of love.
Years over wars and an imagining of peace. Or the expiation
journey
toward peace which is many wishes flaming together,
fierce pure life, the many-living home.
Love that gives us ourselves, in the world known to all
new techniques for the healing of the wound,
and the unknown world. One life, or the faring stars.

Writing Prompt: How will you nourish this new beginning? Write on one aspect, thought, or action.

January 31

"Blessing the Boat"

by Lucille Clifton

(at St. Mary's)

may the tide
that is entering even now
the lip of our understanding
carry you out
beyond the face of fear
may you kiss
the wind then turn from it
certain that it will
love your back may you
open your eyes to water
water waving forever
and may you in your innocence
sail through this to that

Writing Prompt: Write a blessing – one for yourself, one for others.

Congratulations! You have concluded your 31-day journey through this New Year's Poetry Guide. We would love to hear how it went for you. Please share your thoughts our reflections with us via email at Jacinta.White@poetryheals.com

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