

Monday Morning Feast

Do I dare
put my pen down
when the ink
of my being is
flowing so quickly
through my hand?

If not a pen
then blood would
make the wordmarks
on the page today.

So I hold the pen
and it moves
in the kitchen of my soul.

Captured by the flow
of flavors yet unknown,
I make a meal fit for a royal
on a Monday morning.



A
POET
WRITES POEMS
ABOUT
WRITING POETRY

Ron DelBene

NIGHTTIME CALLS

Thinking
typing
writing
drawing
painting
sculpting
the inner action
of hearing one's name called
again and again,
and learning from
my Elis of the past,
I pay attention
and simply say:
“Your servant listens!”
and new kingdoms come.

COMPOSITION

Words socializing in my head
do not sing lullabies at night
but rather play the music loud
so sounds resonate
within my soul
and make them mine.

NIGHTTIME SANITY

Writing in the night
seeking secret light
breaking darkness
into black and white
windows into dawn
within my mind and heart
without which
is death to my soul
births
my secret source
of sanity
and
sanctity.

RUN!

Explain to me
the open door that invites
by grabbing my hand
and running with it across the paper
into words and making.

Run!

Explain to me

the open door that invites

by grabbing my hand

and running with it across the paper

into words and making

POET'S CANVAS

“Catch me if you can”
cries the muse of morning
as her words call me
out of my hiding place
and into the meadowland
bright with wildflowers
sunlit
greens and golds
reds and radiance –
a palate
for a poet's canvas.

Long strokes,
tiny dots,
ups and downs
with lots of 'rounds,
painting words
for a one-person show
in life's gallery.

EASE

Spilled speech
slides slowly
sweetly down
from sky to sea
suddenly slapping
my blank page
slithering smartly
in the ink.

THE GREAT UNRAVELING

Circle 'round in and out,
I am knotted
loosely once,
then
tight twice,
twined together with myself
in the word-thoughts
of my creativity.

The unraveling is the
beginning of making sense
as the thoughts
drop off words
along the way
to make a straight line
of markings
upon the paper.

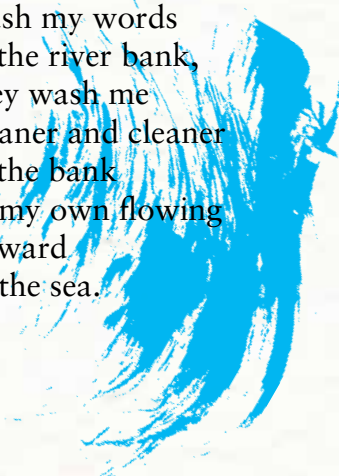
And afterwards—
there is meaning.

POETRY

Words enter
carried like pasta
to the table,
steaming
intertwined in colors
distinctively contained
taking turns being eaten
line by line
weaving a delicious
dinner –
poetry in motion.

WORDWASHING

Even before I can
wash my words
at the river bank,
they wash me
cleaner and cleaner
at the bank
of my own flowing
onward
to the sea.



FUNNY

Funny,
how hot soup warms my toes
on this cold day.

And I think of all
the warming words and thoughts
I eat each day.

They warm not only my toes
but my heart and my mind
where
like hot-houses,
they provide a blooming place
for all my own words
which mixed
and simmered
together
provide soup for others.

WORDWORKING

How many times
in the midst
of my wordworking
do I drown
in my own shavings?

WRITER'S GARDEN

Looking for my words
is sometimes
like pulling weeds
in my garden.

I know which do not belong
so I pull the weed words,
sometimes
getting them up-rooted
leaving the soil loose
giving space
for the flowers of my soul
to break-through
and in season
bloom.

The surprise always is
to see flowers
that are totally unexpected
a bulb left over
a bird's gift dropped
a determined life
like my words.

PIANO CONCERT

My thoughts
like prancing ponies
fingering ivory and ebony
wind their way
up and down
not missing a beat
in creating
sounds of substance
captivating me
sometimes in strength
 and creativity
sometimes in delicacy
 tip-toeing into the unknown
 trebles and bases
sometimes over the clef cliff
 into pure flight.

I await the next movement.





Ron DelBene is a poet, artist, author of books and videos and an Episcopal priest. He has been doing spiritual direction and leading programs in the area of spirituality and pastoral care across the country since 1963. He holds a Master's degree in Theology and a Doctor of Ministry degree in Spirituality and Organizational Systems. With his wife, Dr. Eleanor McKenzie DelBene, he directs The Hermitage, a non-profit corporation devoted to providing spiritual growth and direction. He was an assistant professor of theology, director of a campus ministry center, and the national consultant in religion for a CBS education division. Since 1980, Ron's leadership in organizational systems has been primarily in churches, empowering them in understanding their mission, goals and structure for effective and creative ministry. Ron and Eleanor have two grown children, Paul and Anne. Paul and his spouse, Gayle, have a daughter, Matsue, and a son, Luca.

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