



## WHERE I AM

A daffodil  
pushes itself  
into my face.

I am struck  
with its power  
to silently shout.

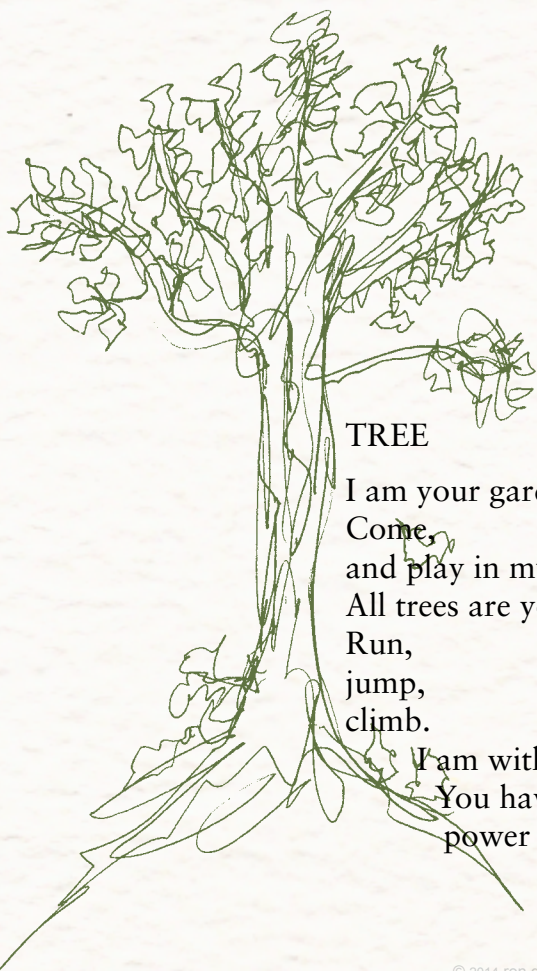
I wonder why  
I stopped to look  
attentively  
only to be  
challenged  
to stand tall  
where I am,  
to be bright yellow  
where I am,  
to silently SHOUT  
where I am,  
to be  
where I am  
as an invitation  
to empowerment.

SILENT SHOUTS  
FROM THE GARDEN

Ron DelBene

## IN A SCULPTURE GARDEN

Caught  
in the city's garden,  
woven in spell  
binding me to  
gasps of breath  
at beauty  
    grown  
    sculpted  
    placed  
whispering  
quietly  
come. . .  
touch. . .  
feast. . .  
remember. . .  
self  
soul  
city.



## TREE

I am your garden.  
Come,  
and play in my mist.  
All trees are yours.  
Run,  
jump,  
climb.

I am with you.  
You have all  
power and authority.

## AN ICON'S POWER

Just now  
a tiny seed pod  
sailing  
like a sun-burst  
quarter-inched  
eye  
with lashes  
lusciously long  
landed on my arm,  
engaged my gaze  
with its pupiled icon,  
lashed my longings  
to its plank,  
walked me off  
into the ocean  
of creative bliss,  
and  
winked me a goodbye wave.

And I  
entered the womb  
again.

## COME, FOLLOW ME

The stones  
laid out  
upon the earth  
beckon  
    my feet  
point  
    the way  
order  
    my steps  
secure  
    my path  
unite  
    my life.

## GARDEN SITTING

In the cacophony of  
sound

    chirping birds  
    passing cars  
    laughing children  
    buzzing bees,  
a squirrel and I  
startle each other  
    pen in hand  
    nut in mouth  
    eyes locked

into  
mystery  
awe  
a slow hello  
a shy good-bye.

## MOCKING BIRD

Considering your size  
you have great courage  
to mock me as you do  
soo loudly,  
soo obnoxiously,  
trying to trick me  
into thinking you are  
not who you really are.

But in your bravado  
you give yourself away.

What is your true speech?  
or do you remind me  
that all I learn and speak  
is a gift from others?



## RECEPTIVE

Garden sitting  
chime hearing  
wind feeling  
lily smelling  
soul touching  
I am  
engaged  
without effort  
in the cosmic sense  
of life's luxury.

## THE BEE

Pollen popping  
sugar addict  
doses over  
again and again  
bumbling along  
flower to flower  
getting a buzz on  
making love  
    and generations possible  
intermingling  
life's dewy  
moistness  
from womb to womb  
pistoling  
nature's  
instinctual lust  
for life's longing for itself.

## SUN TO SHADE

Moving  
from sun to shade  
in my garden  
sometimes  
takes the heat off me  
and I can linger longer  
loving  
how  
the diversity of creation  
dives its way  
into my cells  
digs deeper  
feeds my soil  
and sometimes  
even  
alters the color  
of my  
hydrangeac life.

## A GARDEN SALAD

White winged  
butterflies  
flutter by my  
garden resting place  
dancing and making  
love laps  
among the nasturtiums  
    royal orange and yellow  
mounting mellow  
among the limey greens  
eating briefly  
from their garden salad.

## RESPECT

The bouganvia  
red with rage  
bullies itself  
over the fence  
from the neighbor's yard  
only to fall free  
and hang in mid-air  
shouting its presence  
in my space,  
facing me  
with memories  
of the times  
I bullied over  
someone else's boundary  
    even though mostly unaware  
and in the present  
now aware  
I also  
hang in mid-air  
and I am  
red with embarrassment.

## THE WIND BLOWS

The breeze  
just flipped  
my journal page  
all by itself.

Floooooop  
it sounded  
subtly  
suddenly  
on my lap.

It was time.  
The page was full.  
But...  
I'm not certain  
I was ready  
to stare blankly  
upon the sun-glared  
whiteness  
of my life's  
next chapter.

## TRUMPET SOLO

The turret topped trumpeter  
sounds an alarming presence  
attracting not only my attention  
but awakening  
love's response  
to this birding reveille.

My ears are at attention  
trying desperately to translate  
fast enough  
so I can understand  
what glories are seen  
from that heightened awareness.

Tonations capture me  
into hearing the teachings  
in my own language.

This is no babel from the tower.  
This is tongues of fire from the sky.

## A FRIDAY WOMBTIME

Closing the garden gate  
on a time of  
heart-beating  
blood-feeding  
bliss,  
I remember  
the  
cervix  
returning to itself  
after giving me  
passage.







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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