

Unitarian Universalist Small Group Ministry Network Website  
SMALL GROUP SESSION  
**POETRY**

By the Rev. Glenn H. Turner

**OPENING WORDS & CHALICE LIGHTING:**

“Everything is Waiting for You” - David Whyte

Your great mistake is to act the drama as if you were alone. As if life were a progressive and cunning crime with no witness to the tiny hidden transgressions. To feel abandoned is to deny the intimacy of your surroundings. Surely, even you, at times, have felt the grand array; the swelling presence, and the chorus, crowding out your solo voice. You must note the way the soap dish enables you, or the window latch grants you freedom.

Alertness is the hidden discipline of familiarity.

The stairs are the mentor of things to come, the doors have always been there to frighten you and invite you, and the tiny speaker in the phone is your dream-ladder to divinity.

Put down the weight of your aloneness and ease into the conversation. The kettle is singing even as it pours you a drink, the cooking pots have left their arrogant aloofness and seen the good in you at last. All the birds and creatures of the world are unutterably themselves. Everything is waiting for you.

**CHECK IN: (40 - 50 minutes)**

What you share may be about your physical or spiritual health, cares or concerns for loved ones, issues you are facing.

Each person in the group speaks uninterrupted, if time remaining, general response and conversation is welcome. Confidentiality.

**FOCUS: Poetry**

This session is announced at the previous meeting. Each person is asked to bring a poem that has changed or enriched their lives: a simple poem from childhood, their own poem, a Psalm - simply a poem that has changed their lives. Share the poems now and discuss. As the session moves along, consider the question of how each of the poems changes our lives or gives us a new insight into them.

**LIKES AND WISHES**

How did this session go for you? Is there anything you'd like to call particular attention to?

**CLOSING WORDS:**

“Where does real poetry come from? From the amorous sighs in this moist dark when making love with form or spirit. Where does poetry live? In the eye that says, ‘Wow Wee’ in the overpowering felt splendor every sane mind knows when it realizes our life dance is only for a few magic seconds; from the heart saying, shouting, ‘I am so damn alive!’