

Edward Brown Morning Greeting  
during one day sitting at Green Gulch Farm  
July 18, 2018

Good morning once again. While we finish sitting this first period, I have two poems for you. The first is a short poem by Rumi, the translation by Coleman Barks:

Listen, if you can stand to.  
Union with the Friend is not being who you've been,  
But silence: A place: A view  
Where silence—where language is inside seeing.

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Union with the Friend is not being who you've been,  
But silence: A place: A view  
Where language is inside seeing.

The second is a poem by Derek Walcott called "Love After Love":

One day,  
with elation,  
you will greet yourself arriving  
at your own door, in your own mirror.  
Each will smile at the other's greeting,  
saying, sit here. Eat.  
You will love again the stranger who was your self.  
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
to itself, to the stranger who's loved you  
all your life, whom you ignored  
for others, who knows you by heart.  
Take down the photograph from the bookcase,  
the desperate notes,  
peel your image back from the mirror  
and sit. Feast. Feast on your life.

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You will love again the stranger who was your self.  
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
to itself, to the stranger who's loved you  
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whom you ignored  
for another who knows you by heart.  
Take down the photograph from the bookcase.  
Take back the desperate notes,  
peel your image back from the mirror  
and sit. Feast. Feast on your life.

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(Whether Ed recites these poems by memory or glancing at them, they are not necessarily perfectly accurate. – DC remembering what transcriber told me)

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Transcribed by Sally Harris Sange 18-10-29