

A Morning Offering

I bless the night that nourished my heart  
To set the ghosts of longing free  
Into the flow and figure of dream  
That went to harvest from the dark  
Bread for the hunger no one sees.

All that is eternal in me  
Welcomes the wonder of this day.  
The field of brightness it creates  
Offering time for each thing  
To arise and illuminate.

I place on the altar of dawn,  
The quiet loyalty of breath.  
The tent of thought where I shelter,  
Wave of desire I am shore to  
And all beauty drawn to the eye.

May my mind come alive today  
To the invisible geography  
That invites me to new new frontiers,  
To break the dead shell of yesterdays,  
To risk being disturbed and changed.

May I have the courage today  
To live the life that I would love,  
To postpone my dream no longer  
But to do at last what I came here for  
And waste my heart on fear no more.

John O'Donohue