

Listening to my Soul

from Joyce Rupp *Prayers to Sophia*. p68

Guardian of my deepest self, I need to be still,
to listen not only to falling leaves and the gentle wind;
I need to listen to my soul, too long neglected while
I bowed to the wild cries of my greedy culture,
ever ravenous for my undivided attention:
Do more, Buy more, See more, Be More, Go More.
I am weary with feeding this huge mouth that devours my soul.
Let me be still amid the beauty of earth.
Let me be a silent admirer of all that is sacred.
Let me be reverent in the presence of another.
Let me restore my inner eye.
Let me put to rest the wildness of endless activity.
Let me end my seeking the glitter of streets that go nowhere.