

Calling Forth Life's Riches

Finding the right balance between what is practical and what inspires can be the key to a varied and satisfying life.

Writer William J. Dean describes “poetically pragmatic” as his way of achieving this balance.

He believes that a life without a degree of organization is chaotic, but a life without poetry is half a life. So Dean tries to combine a little dose of pragmatism and a dash of poetry into each and every day. Here’s how he describes it:



He begins the day by rising with the jarring sound of the alarm clock so that he can get to work on time. But before jumping out of bed, he listens to the birds chirping outside his window. He dresses for work and marches himself off to the subway. But he leaves enough time to take a route through the park to enjoy blossoming flowers.

He continues the mix of the practical and the poetic throughout the day and into the evening as he reviews paperwork he brought home from the office. But he lets the poetry slip in by playing opera while he works and ending his day with some recreational reading, such as a novel, an inspiring biography or a play.

Dean takes his cue from fellow poet Rainer Maria Rilke: “If your everyday life seems poor, don’t blame it; blame yourself. Admit to yourself that you are not enough of a poet to call forth its riches.”

Dean’s advice is thought-provoking. Have you (and I) taken time to ...

- Be charmed by the wind as it whistles around the corner of the house?
- Enjoy the patter of raindrops against a window pane in a summer shower?
- Watch a pair of bluebirds searching for the right spot for nesting?
- Listen to the gurgle of a brook making its way over rocks as it winds along the back property line of home?
- Admire the colors of a rainbow across the eastern sky as the sun pops out following an afternoon rain?
- Gaze at dewdrops on a purple-and-white-tinged iris?
- Gush over the smile of a month-old child?
- Applaud the gallop of a colt racing across a green pasture, its mane flying in the wind?
- Sit enthralled by the orange and pink and purple splashes across the heavens as the sun drops below the horizon?
- Tickle the ears of a cocker spaniel, barking playfully as a welcome-home from work?

(more)

Poetry is all about us. Recognizing it makes our lives all the richer.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth (Genesis 1:1 NKJV).

– Beecher Hunter