

*From Anam Cara John O'Donohue*

## Beannacht

On the day when the weight  
deadens on your shoulders  
and you stumble  
may the clay dance  
to balance you

And when your eyes freeze  
behind the grey window  
and the ghost of loss  
gets in to you  
may a flock of colours, indigo, red, green  
and azure blue  
come to awaken in you  
a meadow of delight

When the canvas frays  
in the currach of thoughts  
and a stain of ocean  
blackens beneath you  
may there come across the waters  
a path of yellow moonlight  
to bring you safely home

May the nourishment of the earth be yours  
May the clarity of the light be yours  
May the fluency of the ocean be yours  
May the protection of the ancestors be yours

and so may a slow wind  
work these words  
of love around you  
an invisible cloak  
to mind your life.