



May this be a morning of innocent beginning,  
When the gift within you slips clear  
Of the sticky web of the personal  
With its hurt and hauntings,  
And fixed fortress corners,

A morning when you become a pure vessel  
For what wants to ascend from silence,

May your imagination know  
The grace of perfect danger,

To reach beyond imitation,  
And the wheel of repetition,

Deep into the call of all  
The unfinished and unsolved

Until the veil of the unknown yields  
And something original begins  
To stir toward your senses  
And grow stronger in your heart...

JOHN O'DONOHUE

Excerpt from the blessing, 'For the Artist at the Start of Day' in the books, *Benedictus* (Europe)

The Burren, Co Clare / Ireland – 2020

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