**Solidarity with Sisters’ Communal Contemplative Prayer, Dates, 20xx**

**Gathering -** Most gracious Love, we gladly come to your endless embrace. We are here (this evening) (this afternoon) to attune to your movement, so that our growth may always be in you.

So let us settle into your presence, Beloved One.

May I quiet my words and listen…. May I calm my thoughts and be….

May I soften my heart and open…. May I still my soul and receive….

(Pause) Our breath says we are here…. We are together…. we are in God.

**“What I Want” by Alicia Ostriker**

*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi—*

Yes, that’s what I want right now,

Just that sensation

Of my mind’s gradual

Deceleration, as if I

Took my foot off the gas

And the Buick rolled to a stop.

Shadows tenderly

Flutter on the tree trunks

At the wood’s edge where I spread

My blanket—go

Slower, slower, you spinning spokes, you hot

Rubber. Hold your horses, easy there –

Every one of you missiles rushing

Through my neural nets, you eighteen-wheelers

On the brain’s interstate highways, you sharp

Dealers on the trading floor of rhetorics,

Hush now, slide over

Let somebody else speak for a change!

Let’s try to listen to the announcements

Of the inner mind

And its committee of guides.

They require silence,

They demand respect, like teachers

In a rowdy classroom – the kids

Are in the cloakroom throwing galoshes

But the teacher wants to introduce

A visitor, a foreign child who waits

With downcast eyes, lashes like brown feathers

On his flushed silk cheeks.

What does my inner mind have on its mind?

Hush. Slower. If I say, I’ll use this solitude

To discover my true feeling about my mastectomy,

To do the mourning I’ve been postponing,

Or if I think, I’ll surrender myself

To the adoration I feel for X,

Which I prudently control when he’s nearby,

Then that’s not it!

Whatever I can consciously intend,

By definition isn’t it.

Hush. Quiet the mind.

The Tao that can be spoken

Is not the true Tao.

Perhaps I must surrender

The need to write. “To metabolize experience

Into poems.” Dear friends,

Presences, do you think that’s impossible?

Do you think it is desirable?

I’m not going to decide this by myself.

What I want

Is to listen, what I want

Is to follow instructions.

**(30 minutes of silence) then (Sharing, if you would like)**

**Closing –** Holy One, may our inner quiet flow into the world as “your living sign. Recreate us for your purpose in this place and in this time.” Amen. **(**Closing quote from Bernadette Farrell’s song “Word of God” - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qJ0aQ6mou5E> )