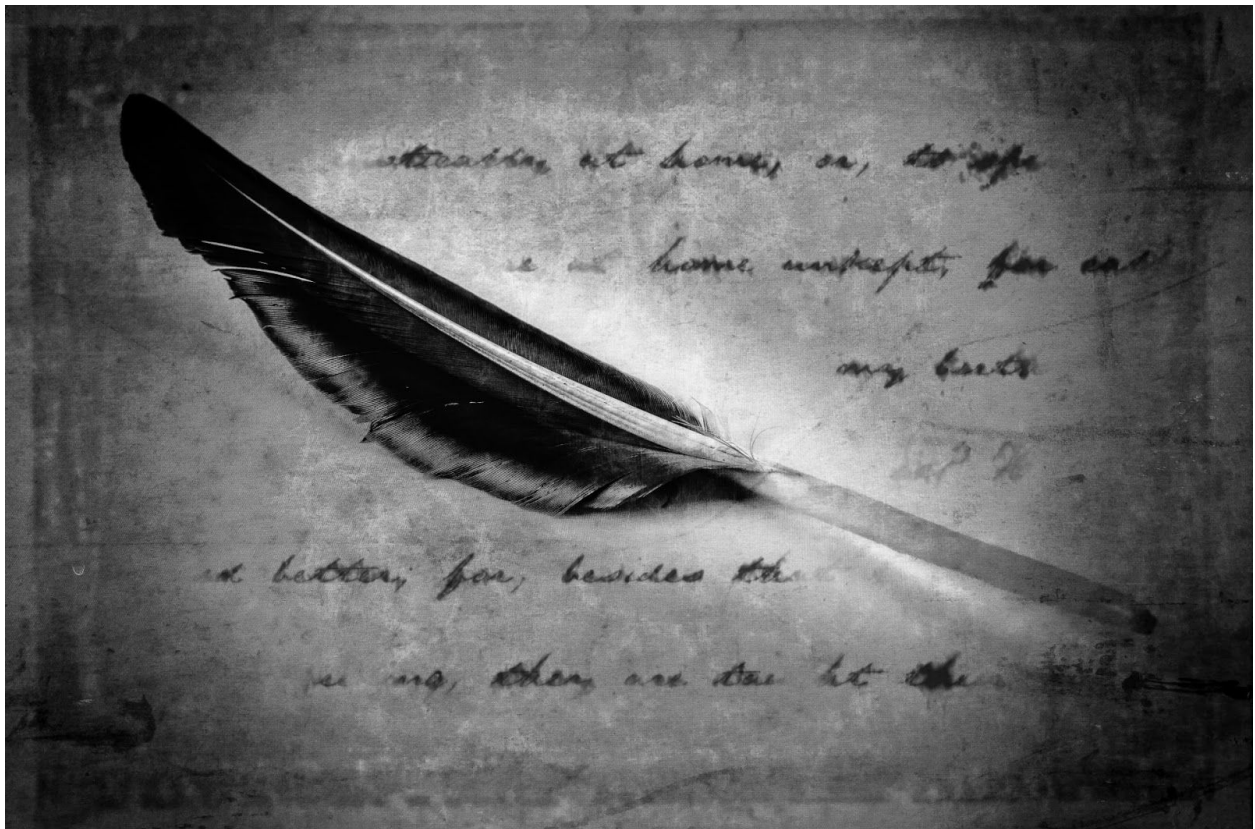




OUR DAILY BREAD
Resources for Spiritual Questers

“The Baron Poems”

The Swedenborgian Poetry of Birrell Walsh



July 2020

Quia erat Amor Loquens

June 22, 2017

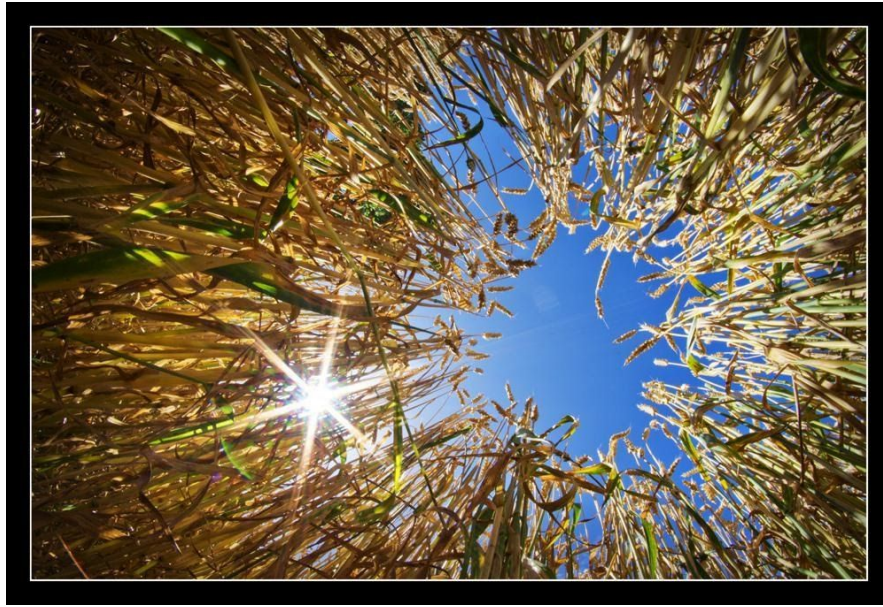


The Baron went walking,
and met among the dead
a hard-hearted spirit there who said,
“I heard an angel talking
and it was love speaking”
and the spirit’s tears were leaking
down his face to the floor,
as they never had before.

*Photo by Ben Hershey on Unsplash

Save Beneath

December 13, 2017



The Baron said “Like new plowed land,
the mind; and thoughts are seed corn from your hand -
but all that human work being done,
everyone knows that nothing grows
save beneath the warmth-revealing Sun.”

(So says E Swedenborg, *Heaven and Hell* §464.)

*Photo by SFB579 Namaste on Visualhunt

Be a Window

January 7, 2018



As he wiped each glass pane well,
he said as though it were a spell
“Es fenestra per quam...
Be a window through which come
warmth to grow
& light to know.”
When he was done
the Baron made his coffee, then
he took up his goosequill-pen
in a room that shone with sun.

*Photo by *join the dots* on Visualhunt

The Shortest Path

February 1, 2018



The Baron said, “The distance to the one
you love is none.
The Lover is most here, always near;
and so (though it seem odd)
the shortest path to anyone
would be through God.

*The image is from <https://pxhere.com/en/photo/805>

Slowly Flow

February 26, 2018



The Baron, he breathed slow
and I don't know
what he knew
But I've noticed Reiki's flow,
an influx, as he might know it
likes to go it
slowly so
it can go through.

*Photo credit: coloneljohnbritt on Visualhunt.com / CC BY-NC

This Night, this Day

March 13, 2018



The Baron seemed to say
some firefighters work this night, this day
invisible and kind
to cool the inward burning part
and the stormtorn mind,
to calm the smoky heart.

*Photo credit: Official U.S. Air Force on VisualHunt.com

Meander

March 31, 2018



“Through detours without end” the Baron said,
“as by twisting rivers to their places they are borne”
He speaks curiously it seems to me:
not walking, not led -
“carried” is what the Baron said.

*Photo by Claudio Pecci on Unsplash

Shoed with 'should' and 'ought'

June 9, 2018



Pouring us fresh coffee, the Baron said,
“Fact-reasoning is like horses who tread
the open air
shoed with ‘should’ and ‘ought.’
Often they’ll get you there,
and often not.”

*Photo by Gene Devine on Unsplash

Quiet Sit

July 7, 2018

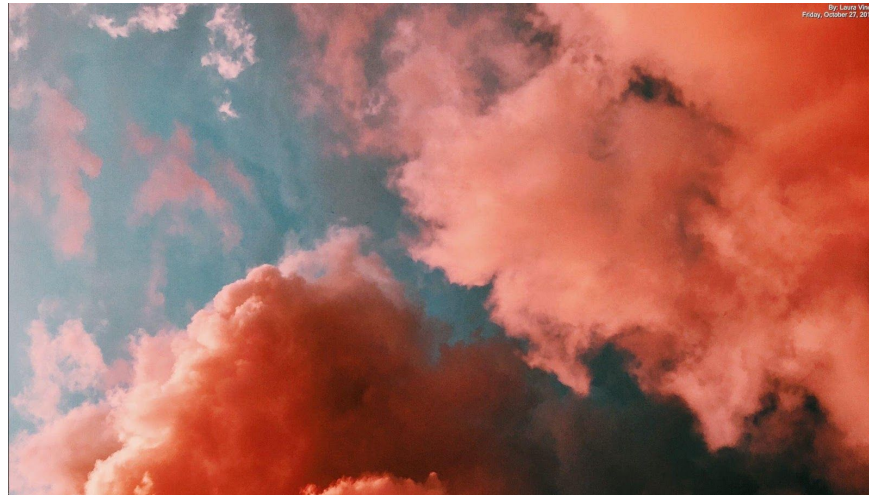


By the worn wood organ where
he plays his father's music, there
does the Baron quiet sit, believing
the Creatress wishes to be giving
and we are made
that we might be receiving.

*image from <https://digitalmuseum.se>

Most High

Sept 22, 2018



The Baron said in part,
“What if what is most deep
is also the most high,
what is hid in dark warm sleep
also rides the sky
and between, held in whose hands
are our lands?”

The angels of the mind
know the way and wear white
but the angels of the heart
wear purple, in red light and are kind
and between, held in warm hands
are our lands.
and - the center streams out
and sings
to the edge of things.”

*Photo by Laura Vinck

Climb

December 31, 2018



The Baron said in the deep county
the Holy has a small house and a spring,
and through that spring flows every thing;
and best is the Holy's company.

I might climb the hill
down which the waters fell
and grateful past the well
to the house where is the Holy still.

*Picture source is pxhere.com 1342624. The imagery is from Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell* 39, via Pastor Thomas Muller.

Out

January 10, 2019



One lives, the Baron said, in a small town
and thinks its days God's days, its ways God's ways,
and that it is the whole nation;
until the spirit kicks the walls down
and one leaps out to openness' vast station.

*Photo by Denny Luan on Unsplash

Innermost

January 22, 2019



“Hidden and unseen
the life inside the coffee bean
is your angel, spirit, ghost.”
The Baron raised the coffee up,
poured me another cup.
“And it may seem odd
but hid inside the spirit, centermost,
is God.”

*Image from 35425 pxhere.com

Tell Me Old Man

March 7, 2019



“Old man, old man, please tell me
what you are studying to be?”

“I am studying angelry
before I’m dead,”
the old man said.

“Forgive me old man,”
the Baron said

“that does not seem you.”

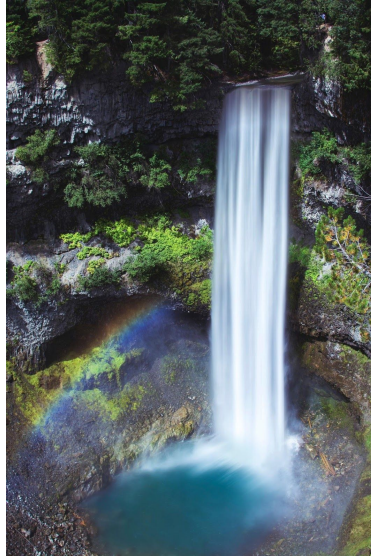
“Yes,” said he,

“I have a lot of studying to do.”

*Photo by Daniel Páscoa on Unsplash

Omnes Omne

May 19, 2019



In Latin, which he wrote with grace,
it seemed the Baron said,

“Fluxa per te
beent omnes omne
hodie quotidie.”

“The flows through you, may they
bless all in every way
today and every day.”

Then I could not see his face
for he had turned his head.

*Photo by Megan Johnston on Unsplash

Full Present

February 25, 2020



Near us on a wall
sat God, in form a sparrow.
"It is a sort of sport for the All,"
the Baron said, "to come full present in the narrow."

*Photo by Miglė Vasiliauskaitė on Unsplash

Soft Breathing

March 18,2020

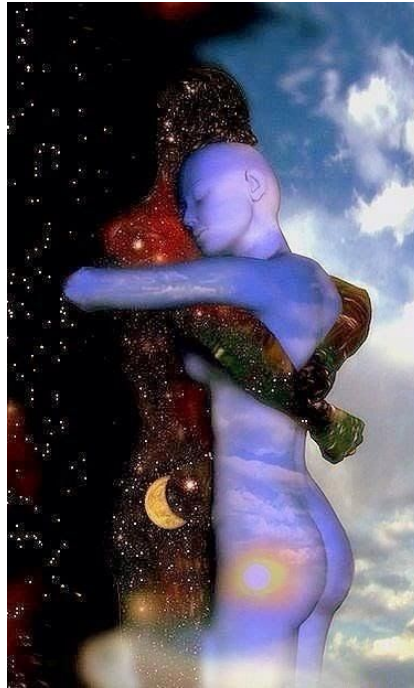


“Soft breathing,” said the Baron
“a practice for comforting the fearful.”
“You mean the fearful, don’t you?”
“No, the fear - a demon to us here
but in its own home it trembles, as we do.”

*Photo credit mescon on VisualHunt CC BY

What the Baron Almost Said

April 18, 2020



In the heart of heaven's hall
are They, the sacred pair,
wrapped in such embrace
that from there
golden light and warmth goes to all
in time and space.

*Image from <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/496170083919812687/>, credited to Butterfly Workshops

From Upstream

May 2, 2020



Said the Baron, “The cup with which we take
a drink from the lovely lowland lake -
it may seem
something that we make,
but floats down, like the waters, from Upstream.”

*Photo by Jens Johnsson on Unsplash

Welling

May 28, 2020



Near the Baron's town
I saw welldiggers
dark with soil who said, "Our part
is to delve and climb down
with pails and long rope
into God's heart
and welcome up the welling
joy and peace and hope."

*Photo by Alvis Taurēns on Unsplash

Cloud, Rising High

June 28, 2020



There is a cloud rising, high
between the earth and morning sky:
the comrade ghosts, the Baron said, come in hosts
to help you find and do your part,
" all you carry in the backpack of your Heart. "

*"all you carry in the backpack of your Heart " is from Marlies Winkler of Kassel. The image is from <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/359162139010193232/>



Birrell Walsh, PhD is a writer and scholar of comparative religion and mysticism. He has written several novels, as well as poetry and the book *“Praying for Others”*. Birrell is an active member of the Swedenborgian community at Hillside, an Urban Sanctuary, in El Cerrito, California, where he lives with his wife Nancy.