

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

---

## Woman Retreatant Perusing the Convent Library By Jean Biegun

*Today, like any other day, we wake up empty and frightened.  
Don't open the door to the study and begin reading. Take down  
the dulcimer. Let the beauty we love be what we do. There are  
hundreds of ways to kneel and kiss the ground.*

— Jalaluddin Rumi

One Rumi poem,  
five simple sentences  
probed,  
pulled her to his center.

She'd been tempted before that moment —  
no,  
distracted . . .  
a past haunting.

Some dark lines had wanted writing  
in her journal,  
wanted to hold her soul tightly  
with old vise grips.

But then Rumi loved her,  
tossed his warm cloak  
across the muddied stream  
and laid it on the soft grass.