



Tracey Rose - Celebrant

Poems and Readings

"Litany" by Billy Collins

You are the bread and the knife,
the crystal goblet and the wine.
You are the dew on the morning grass
and the burning wheel of the sun.
You are the white apron of the baker,
and the marsh birds suddenly in flight.

However, you are not the wind in the orchard,
the plums on the counter,
or the house of cards.
And you are certainly not the pine-scented air.
There is just no way that you are the pine-scented air.

It is possible that you are the fish under the bridge,
maybe even the pigeon on the general's head,
but you are not even close
to being the field of cornflowers at dusk.

And a quick look in the mirror will show
that you are neither the boots in the corner
nor the boat asleep in its boathouse.

It might interest you to know,
speaking of the plentiful imagery of the world,

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that I am the sound of rain on the roof.

I also happen to be the shooting star,
the evening paper blowing down an alley
and the basket of chestnuts on the kitchen table.

I am also the moon in the trees
and the blind woman's tea cup.
But don't worry, I'm not the bread and the knife.
You are still the bread and the knife.
You will always be the bread and the knife,
not to mention the crystal goblet and — somehow — the wine.

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"New Beginnings," Barbara Crooker

"May this be a day of new beginnings
the sun, like a fragrant apple; the summer air,
soft on your hands as the kiss of a child.
May berries melt like honey on your tongue.
May your heart rise in wonder
at the clouds drifting across the sky.
May the trails under your boots
be covered in pine quills,
let the leaves rain down
like memories
in the autumn of your heart.
May the snow beneath your skis
run as fast as watered silk,
may the cold air kiss your cheeks,
turn them red as summer's roses.
May the rivers always flow
with their unexpected beauty,
the first freshets of snowmelt,
the rush of early spring. May you always walk in gladness
through whatever path or highway;
may you always walk within the golden circle of your love."

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"In One Another's Souls," Rumi

"The moment I heard my first love story
I started looking for you,
not knowing how useless that was.

Lovers don't meet somewhere along the way.
They're in one another's souls all along."

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"In Your Light I Learn How to Love," Rumi

"In your light I learn how to love.
In your beauty, how to make poems.
You dance inside my chest, where no one sees you,
but sometimes I do, and that sight becomes this art."

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"At Nightfall," Charles Hanson Towne

"I need so much the quiet of your love
After the day's loud strife;
I need your calm all other things above
After the stress of life.
I crave the haven that in your dear heart lies,
After all toil is done;
I need the star shine of your heavenly eyes,
After the day's great sun."

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"Stardust," Lang Leav

"If you came to me with a face I have not seen, with a name I have never heard, I would still know you. Even if centuries separated us, I would still feel you. Somewhere between the sand and the stardust, through every collapse and creation, there is a pulse that echoes of you and I.

When we leave this world, we give up all our possessions and our memories. Love is the only thing we take with us. It is all we carry from one life to the next."

Time Travellers by Terah Cox

May you take on the world together with all your hopes and dreams,
may you be each other's anchor in smooth or rocky seas.

May you bend to the world's winds and brave stalls and storms,
may you find common ground in all its changing forms.

May you cross stubborn boundaries and turn many a stone,
may you find haven for your souls, may you have heart and home.

And if some days are grey and some nights are long and cold,
May you be each other's sun and moon as your destinies unfold.

And should you lose sight of each other and start to drift apart, may you circle back by following the compass of your hearts.

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Wild Awake by Hilary T. Smith

People are like cities: We all have alleys and gardens and secret rooftops and places where daisies sprout between the sidewalk cracks, but most of the time all we let each other see is a postcard glimpse of a skyline or a polished square. Love lets you find those hidden places in another person, even the ones they didn't know were there, even the ones they wouldn't have thought to call beautiful themselves.

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"From Beginning to End" by Robert Fulghum

The symbolic vows that you are about to make are a way of saying to one another, "You know all those things we've promised and hoped and dreamed—well, I meant it all, every word." Look at one another and remember this moment in time. Before this moment you have been many things to one another—acquaintance, friend, companion, lover, dancing partner, and even teacher, for you have learned much from one another in these last few years. Now you shall say a few words that take you across a threshold of life, and things will never quite be the same between you. For after these vows, you shall say to the world, this—is my husband, this—is my wife.

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"Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Brontë

I have for the first time found what I can truly love—I have found you. You are my sympathy—my better self—my good angel—I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely; a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart; it leans to you, draws you to my centre and spring of life, wrap my existence about you—and, kindling in pure, powerful flame, fuses you and me in one.

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"Untitled" by R.M. Drake

You will be the clouds
and I will be the sky.
you will be the ocean
and I will be the shore.
you will be the trees
and I will be the wind.

whatever we are, you and I
will always collide.

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