

Dream Work Intensive August 2026 Meditation Readings

Friday

"Only Breath"

by Mevlana Jelaluddin Rumi

English version by Coleman Barks
Original Language Persian/Farsi & Turkish

Not Christian or Jew or Muslim, not Hindu
Buddhist, sufi, or zen. Not any religion

or cultural system. I am not from the East
or the West, not out of the ocean or up

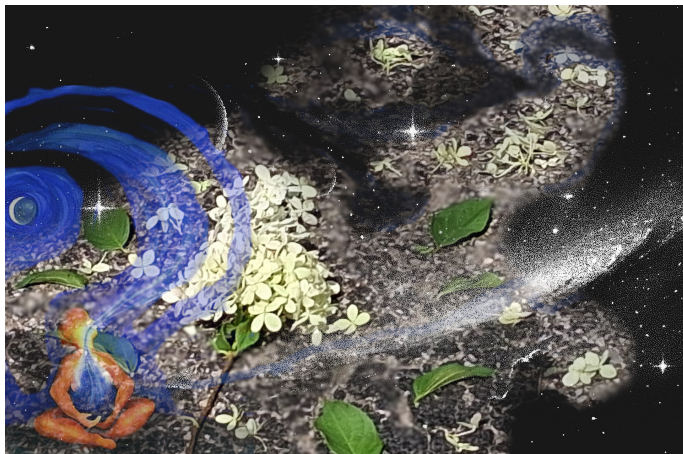
from the ground, not natural or ethereal, not
composed of elements at all. I do not exist,

am not an entity in this world or in the next,
did not descend from Adam and Eve or any

origin story. My place is placeless, a trace
of the traceless. Neither body or soul.

I belong to the beloved, have seen the two
worlds as one and that one call to and
know,

first, last, outer, inner, only that
breath breathing human being.



Saturday

Arlene Gay Levine: "*Each Moment*"

Behind the mask of summer sun,
the green rush of spring,
the peace of winter's silence,
and autumn's fiery crown
there are only moments strung together.
Beads on a chain,
each as valued as the next;
a necklace fashioned
of attention to this day.
What is gone
and what will be
are links fingered lightly
while we chant
the only word we know:
now, the glue
of our daily round,
the shining center
from where we came,
To which we shall return

Throw Yourself Like Seed

Shake off this sadness, and recover your
spirit;
sluggish you will never see the wheel of fate
that brushes your heel as it turns going by,
the man who wants to live is the man in
whom life is abundant.
Now you are only giving food to that final
pain
which is slowly winding you in the nets of
death,
but to live is to work, and the only thing
which lasts
is the work; start then, turn to the work.
Throw yourself like seed as you walk, and
into your own field,
don't turn your face for that would be to turn
it to death,
and do not let the past weigh down your
motion.
Leave what's alive in the furrow, what's dead
in yourself,
for life does not move in the same way as a
group of clouds;
from your work you will be able one day to
gather yourself.

— Miguel de Unamuno



Be grateful for whoever comes,
because each has been sent
as a guide from beyond.



Sunday

The Guest House
by Jalaluddin Rumi

Translated by Coleman Barks

This being human is a guest house.
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,
some momentary awareness comes
as an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,
who violently sweep your house
empty of its furniture,
still, treat each guest honorably.
He may be clearing you out
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,
meet them at the door laughing,
and invite them in.