

**Beannacht (Blessing)** by John O'Donohue

On the day when the weight deadens on your shoulders and you stumble,  
may the clay dance to balance you.

And when your eyes freeze behind the grey window and the ghost of loss gets into you,  
may a flock of colours, indigo, red, green, and azure blue  
come to awaken in you a meadow of delight.

When the canvas frays in the currach\* of thought and  
a stain of ocean blackens beneath you,  
may there come across the waters a path of yellow moonlight to bring you safely home.

May the nourishment of the earth be yours,  
may the clarity of light be yours,  
may the fluency of the ocean be yours,  
may the protection of the ancestors be yours.

And so may a slow wind work these words of love around you,  
an invisible cloak to mind your life.

\*currach = type of Irish boat

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