

Hammer and Dew

Poetry for Wisdom Practice

William Britten

livingfromgood.com

*Attention and surrender, active and passive —
the endless dance between finitude and infinitude.*

A Note on Listening

Each poem in this collection has an accompanying audio reading.
Look for the listen button on each poem's page.

The poems are arranged for daily practice:
morning intentions to open the day,
cycles of consent to hold the day,
evening benedictions to release the day.

I

Morning Intentions

to open the day

Stained Glass Window



listen

I take up the shards of this new day.
I accept the constraints that hold me together.
I offer this shape to the Original Light.
I stand ready for the radiance to shine through.

Without Outcome



listen

The outcome is hidden.

The day, unmade.

Aim for the highest you can see—
then open your hands.

Come into being
as you pass away.

Show up. Work.

Stay here, in this moment.

Your love is substance and energy.

Say to a mountain, “Move.”

Stand back,
watch it move.

Strive without clutching.

Trust beyond knowing.

The outcome lives
in mercy larger than your grasp.

Amen.

Sacred Sacrifice



listen

Sacrifice means to make holy—
transformation through offering.

Today calls for laying down:
the defended ground,
the story you clutch,
the need to be right.

Offer what you cling to.
Bear what must be borne.
Your willingness to sacrifice
releases energy.

What you offer becomes
beauty, and freedom.

Pay daily for your arising—
personality into essence.

Let the higher become.
This is the price of presence.

Amen.

Stillness



listen

May I remember this morning
that my true nature is stillness,
the Source from which I come.

May I prepare the cup today
through active stillness.
The heart understands,
clearing space for what wants to flow.

Through my stillness, may stillness move.
Through that stillness, may God move.

May I abide unknowing.
May I abide in stillness.

If my cup is full,
may it be again.

May I possess my soul in patience,
until, moved by what moves all else,
I move.

Amen.

The Emerging



listen

In this hour between darkness and dawn,
when the shell fractures and new life pushes into light,
grant me eyes to see the breaking-through as well as the breaking.

Let trust recognize the birth canal,
crossing boundaries I thought were fixed.
As fear names every crisis a threat,
and control reaches for what it cannot hold,
let the reconciling discover what becomes possible.

The mystics knew: the kingdom has already spread.
The map points, but I must walk the territory.

May I stand still in the center of the storm,
where time no longer passes but gathers into attention.

Origin pulsing, ever-present—
the future ripening in what I already am.

May I recognize it.

Amen.

Abundance



listen

May I wake aligned
with the frequency
of the cosmos.

Giving is receiving.

May I keep
my heart clear,
my hands open,
my eye unencumbered,
embedded in abundance.

May I bring something in hand
to the day's exchange.
Conscious and willing,
trusting more will be given.

May the kingdom cascade
where my heart aligns
with Image eternal,
trusting the Father's good pleasure.

Amen.

II

Cycles of Consent

to hold the day

Breath of God



listen

ORIENTATION

The breath arrives
whether I notice or not.

I did not earn the wind.
I cannot hold it.

What if my yes
is the offering met.

My small attention
meeting the larger giving.

MORNING ALIGNMENT

I consent to be breathed.

What sustains me
did not wait for my readiness.

I offer back
what little I can give:
this day, this attention,
this willingness to meet the gift.

EVENING RELEASE

I release what I offered.
The breath continues
after I let go.

What I could not finish,
what tightened in the work,
I entrust to the wind
that carried me today.

I rest now.

Keeper of the Shards

a Cycle of Consent



listen

ORIENTATION

A heart holds what opposes.
Without collapse, without erasure.

The still point, where
friction births manifestation.

This is true.

Evil loose in the streets.

The window shatters
on the stone cathedral floor.

Pale winter light
reveals its stubborn beauty.

Clarity and numbness
occupy the same breath.

With a cosmic hum
beneath the chaos.

You are the keeper now
of shards on the floor.

Seeds under snow.

What grows, even in this winter,
will not save the window.

This is the unbearable tension
of seeing clearly.

MORNING ALIGNMENT

I offer my attention to the still point.

May I hold what opposes,
neither canceling the other.

May I be keeper of fragments,
when I would rather be
a keeper of wholeness.

May I consent to the season:
winter, breakdown, ice and masks.
And the hum beneath.
Not the mask, the lie, the numbness.

If grief is what's required,
may I become that.
I do not look away.
I do not ask to save the cathedral.
I ask to tend what fragments remain.

I consecrate this day to the Heart.
The center, holding
what tears itself apart,
into manifestation.

EVENING RELEASE

May you rest knowing you stood
between seeing clearly
and changing nothing,
and you did not go numb.

May the fragments you kept—
the words you wrote, the attention you held,
the refusal to become the lie—
settle as seeds beneath tonight's snow.

May your grief be received
as the conscious suffering it is:
nourishment for the manifestation
still forming in the dark.

You were not the mask.
You were not the numbness.
You were the keeper of fragments
in the season of breaking,
and that is enough for tonight.

The window will not be whole tomorrow.
But the shards you tended today

still remember their color,
still hold the light they were cut to hold.
Rest in that.

Amen.

For the Journey



listen

ORIENTATION

Three companions for the way:
lantern, mantle, staff.

Light enough for the next step.
Warmth kept close.
Ground that can be met.

I do not know the distance.
I carry what is given.
The path continues.

MORNING ALIGNMENT

I take up the lantern.
I draw the mantle close.
I lift the staff.

What I need for the day
is in my hand.
I walk.

EVENING RELEASE

I set the lantern down.

I loose the mantle.

I lean the staff aside.

What carried me today

I release into rest.

I am held now.

Ocean and Boat



listen

THE OCEAN'S CONSENT

May the vastness I am
make space for the vessel you are.
May I hold you without dissolving your shape,
receive your weight, honor your heading.
May my depths deepen your journey,
your course more true for riding my currents.

THE BOAT'S CONSENT

May I trust the wisdom that holds me,
aligning my course with your currents.
May I consent to be carried as I steer,
finding direction in your flow.
May I rise on the swell you offer,
my will and your movement joined.

EQUILIBRIUM

Where boat meets ocean,
where direction rides presence ...
the course that is set,
the currents that carry,
boat still boat, ocean still ocean—
moving together.

In the consent of opposites,
the whole becomes visible.

Faithful Return



listen

ORIENTATION

The practice asks only
that I return.

The simple turning back
when the mind wanders.

I offer attention.
Grace meets me in the stillness.
The exchange happens
whether I know it or not.

MORNING ALIGNMENT

I consent to the practice.
I find my place:
breath, word, or sacred phrase.

When I drift,
I return without judgment.
This small offering,
given again and again,
this is my yes.

EVENING RELEASE

I release the day's wandering.

The practice held me
even when I could not hold it.

I trust the exchange continued
beneath my knowing.

I rest now.

Eye of the Heart



listen

ORIENTATION

There is an eye within the heart.
When attention settles and remains,
this eye clears.

This eye knows by intimacy.
It recognizes light
from within the light.

MORNING ALIGNMENT

Today,
I let attention rest in the heart.
I allow the inner eye to clear.
I take what I've been given,
and let it grow.

EVENING RELEASE

I release seeing and not-seeing alike.
The heart remains open.
The eye rests.

III

Evening Benedictions

to release the day

Embodiment



listen

May you rest knowing
your body has been womb today—
sheltering, feeding what forms within,
while you went about your hours.

May the flesh reveal
what it has always carried—
poverty wealthy enough
to house the infinite.

May your feet on ground,
your breath in ribs,
your weight on bone
have been your prayer.

May such richness
continue dwelling in such poverty,
working in your cells and sinews,
the wonder of wonders
that spirit needs your flesh.

Amen.

Stained Glass Window



listen

May the fragments of this day,
the small shards of color placed with care,
have found their way into the pattern.

May the day's constraints
have been the frame that held your work.

May you trust that
Original Light needs your Being
to reveal its heart.

May you rest,
knowing the window is whole,
and the Light is faithful.

May it be so.

Richness of Poverty in Spirit



listen

May you settle tonight
into the quiet borders of your own being,
receiving your finitude as the veil
that holds the paradise you seek.

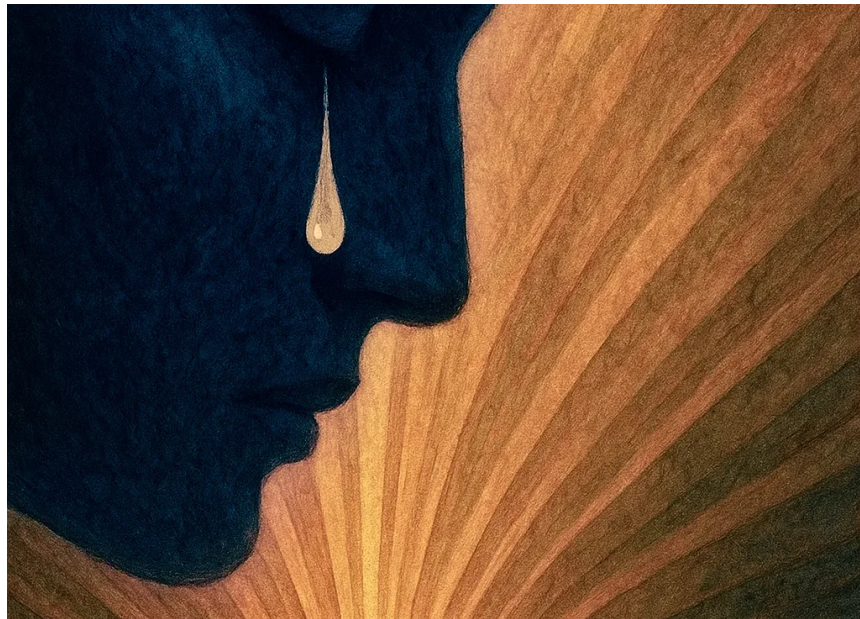
May you trust that your limits
are the delicate instrument
through which the Divine
touches the world.

May the tension of this day
have been love glowing brighter
for being bound.

May you sleep in the richness of your poverty,
knowing your life is food
for the realms beyond.

So Be It

Heartbreak and Hope



listen

May you rest, knowing your grief tonight
carries the essence of love,
the material from which
new worlds are shaped.

May your heartbreak for this frightened planet
be received as holy offering,
your tears the rain for seeds
sleeping in winter ground.

May you trust the deeper rhythm
that shapes chaos into cosmos,
the ancient pattern working
through your own tender heart.

May you cradle tonight
both sorrow and possibility,
witness to what is breaking
and what longs to be born.

May you sleep knowing that love's labor
is never lost,
that what appears as ending
serves beginnings you cannot yet see.

Amen.

Still and Still Moving



listen

May the hush of this hour
gather all that stirs in you.

May you release
the day's divided time,
its metronomic beat.

May you be
still and still moving
into another intensity.

May you radiate divine presence
within your finite form,
light held steady
in temporal flesh.

May the boundaries
that held you separate
soften and yield,
may you rest
in what remains.

Amen.

Stand Still in the Light



listen

When you find yourself lost,
off whatever trail
you were following,
stand still in the dark.

If the light of conscience comes,
and it may,
in the quiet hours,
be still.

Don't grab, don't run,
back into drama or guilt.
Let the day's defenses drop,
justifications fall away.

Let yourself be found
by what you seek.
Be still.

Let the light do its work.
Rest in what remains.

Amen.

.

Epilogue

The Fullness of Time



listen

It's a warm night. Walk outside a while.
Eyes will adjust to the dark,
and the dark will be full.

Children never born,
loves you thought were lost,
nothing missing.
The night holds them all.

Would it break you?
All the tenderness, the particularity,
each small thing more than you could bear?

You stand.
The fullness of time, for all its power,
is remarkably gentle.

Love and mercy,
already here.

*Audio readings of each poem are available at
livingfromgood.com/hammer-and-dew-audio*

About the Author

William Britten is a curator of wisdom — a gatherer of patterns and harmonies from the great contemplative traditions. For more than a decade he has moved through the teachings of Cynthia Bourgeault, Maurice Nicoll, Valentin Tomberg, Jacob Boehme, and the Gospel of Thomas, listening for the resonances that emerge when ancient voices are held together in contemplative awareness.

His practice and writing live at [Living from Good](#), a place for contemplative practice and weekly reflection rooted in what he calls Lectio Harmonia — the discovery of sacred harmony across wisdom streams.

He lives with his wife Sarah, a fellow traveler on the Wisdom path, in the mountains of western North Carolina.