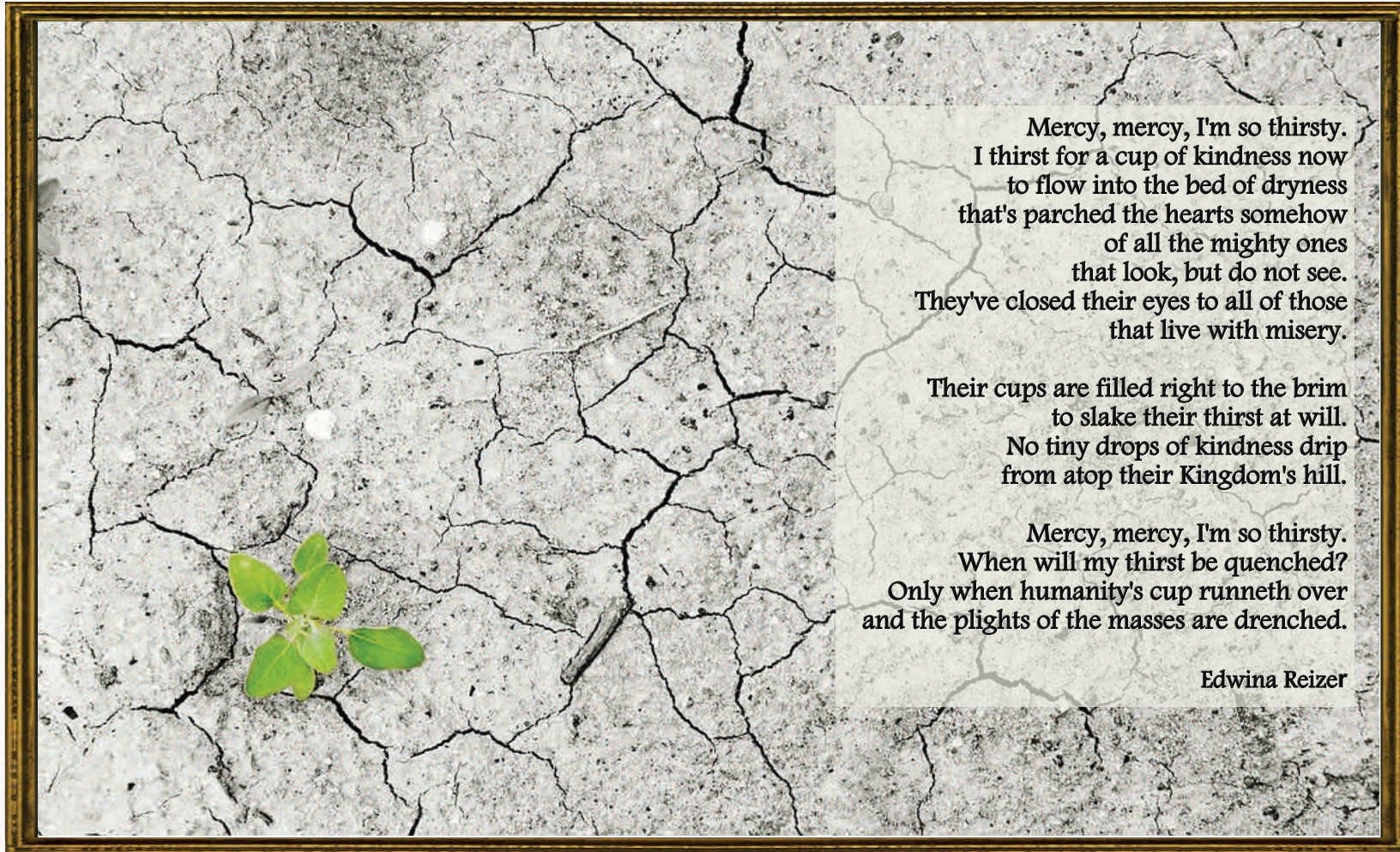


The Gallery of Mercy– Week Six



Mercy, mercy, I'm so thirsty.
I thirst for a cup of kindness now
to flow into the bed of dryness
that's parched the hearts somehow
of all the mighty ones
that look, but do not see.
They've closed their eyes to all of those
that live with misery.

Their cups are filled right to the brim
to slake their thirst at will.
No tiny drops of kindness drip
from atop their Kingdom's hill.

Mercy, mercy, I'm so thirsty.
When will my thirst be quenched?
Only when humanity's cup runneth over
and the plights of the masses are drenched.

Edwina Reizer

Mercy Mercy I'm so Thirsty
Poem written by Edwina Reizer, 2010

In what ways do you “thirst” for mercy?
How might that thirst be quenched?

