

The Gallery of Mercy– Week Eight

To lie back under the tallest
oldest trees. How far the stems
rise, rise
before ribs of shelter
open!

To live in the mercy of God. The complete
sentence too adequate, has no give.
Awe, not comfort. Stone, elbows of
stony wood beneath lenient
moss bed.

And awe suddenly
passing beyond itself. Becomes
a form of comfort.
Becomes the steady
air you glide on, arms
stretched like the wings of flying foxes.
To hear the multiple silence
of trees, the rainy
forest depths of their listening.

To float, upheld,
as salt water
would hold you,
once you dared.

To live in the mercy of God.

To feel vibrate the enraptured
waterfall flinging itself
unabating down and down
to clenched fists of rock.

Swiftness of plunge,
hour after year after century,
O or Ah

uninterrupted, voice
many-stranded.

To breathe
spray. The smoke of it.
Arcs
of steelwhite foam, glissades
of fugitive jade barely perceptible. Such
passion—
rage or joy?

Thus, not mild, not temperate,
God's love for the world. Vast
flood of mercy
flung on resistance

**"To Live in the Mercy of God" Poem by Denise Levertov
From *Sands from the Well***

This poem contains a collection of rich visual images. Which image speaks most profoundly, most deeply to you?

Sit with that image a moment. How does it connect with your experience of Mercy given or received?

