Mercy

Mercy is a woman of indeterminate age
and unremarkable appearance.
She is not fussy about the company she keeps
and tends to be full of excuses for her friends,
having seen life from their angle.

Her heart like her pocket is capacious.
She has a voice rich in tender understanding,
but is at her best in silence when she sits alongside
the grief-stricken and the guilty
and their sorrow seeps into her soul.

Curiously she sees herself reflected in the eyes of
both murderer and victim,
so sits not in judgement but companionably.
She is a subtle teacher.

She makes strong cups of tea, cup after cup.
Her hands are worn by work
but eagerly sought by the dying.
Her feet are calloused from long hard roads –
trudged with refugee and beggar.
She is an endurer of all horrors.

Mercy has a face wrinkled by kindness
and worn by the cost of living.
But even in hovels she has been given to laughter,
and awareness of simple pleasures.
She has a store of love and wisdom
but is never heard to complain that she’s heard any story
a hundred times before, believing each teller to be entitled to
a hearing as if to the one and only.

Mercy is a lady comfortable to be with –
the safest and soundest;
blessed in her being,
with the indisputable reality that she is true daughter,
in manner and in mind,
of the maker of the universe.