

Rain and Mercy

In the ice you can see my hands—clinging to the briar.
Big and blue, unyielding—
Brushing every fire; dousing every pyre.

When the dawn comes will they softly move?
Will the sun help?
Will the newborn sky?
Will the cool blue in the eye?

If He brings the Rain,
And if Mercy is Her name.

In the desert you can see my heart—rolling in the sand.
Dry and cracked, dusty—
Denying every demand, ignoring every command.

When the night comes will it softly move?
Will the water help?
Will the tropical sky?
Will the cool blue of the eye?

If He brings the Rain,
And if Mercy is Her name.

In each cave you can see the soul—defined across the land.
Trapped and wrapped, forgotten—
Explaining when it can—to the heart and to the hand:

“When the day comes I will try again.”
Will the earth help?
Will the natural sky?
Will the cool blue in the eye?

If He brings the Rain,
And if Mercy is Her name.

--Stacia Mellinger