

**Give us this Day...**

It's a question of Mercy - its very shape  
and form- that which strips branches  
and kills quick. That kind of Mercy.  
The kind that takes no quarter  
but uses you up the first time  
then makes you do it  
again...  
Is that the kind of mercy we want?

It's the kind that forces you to lower your fist- to  
shatter the chair... The sort that makes you fall  
to the floor with grief.  
The kind that gives you the courage  
to drop that first shovel-full of dirt.  
Do we need that kind of mercy?

It's is the sound of a room with all breaths held.  
The thrust of a clean blade. Mercy is not the shake  
that leaves you hysterical after the words you hold back...  
It's the thing you fear most. Mercy is the agony of a deed  
left undone.

Go ahead.  
Ask for Mercy.  
But I tell you —  
fear it  
the way you do a famine  
or a slow fire.

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