

The Divine Image

*For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.*
—William Blake, “The Divine Image”

For H.

LAST NIGHT AS I FELL INTO SLEEP, I saw my son's
Face, filling the whole frame of my seeing. He was all

My awareness. His was the face of god, and I was
Whom he loved, and my love for him was what shone

His lighted face. He smiled, and his face was the Buddha's
Face, and we were—he smiling my way and I smiling his—

The mind of all things, the way things are. We were
And always will be, I knew then, all that can be known.

All that is divine is what we were. I woke, if I had fallen asleep,
Laughing, and there could be no doubt anymore.

My thinking stilled,

My worry wandering the 84 temples, all I knew was Being,
And my Being was with him, and my Being was in him,

And his in mine. All thought in that moment was silenced
By truth, and no words but the words we can never find

For which laughter's prayer stands in. His smile was the way
We will all be forgiven. The way he turned his face to mine

Was gratitude, a love undeserved, he wanted me to know,
Which, nonetheless, his eyes wanted, too, in their laughing,

To tell me, I had, like a heaven, earned. These words are falling
Short, as all words will, of the mercy of that moment,

Which was a promise already fulfilled, a vow nothing
Could break. All my life and all his, and the life of the children

And all whom I love, come home in that instant, the amber
Light of a fire somewhere, a hearth, finding us like the first

Day. No earth but our laughing together, the end of all
Suffering. No heaven but this love between us. The mind

Of all matter and all manner of things agreed on this one thing:
It is love that spins the worlds around, and love that will not stop.