

Elegy for Patrick Hart (1925-2019)

By Michael Woodward

And has your time, Patrick,
come round at last,
to join Jonas
in the belly of the whale?

Mercy within mercy within mercy

Our shy camphor tree,
stretching gentle fronds;
years of healing shade,
over a weathered prophet.

Mercy within mercy within mercy

Quiet keeper of memories.
No more lay hold on time;
set your burdens down,
and take a slow walk
through the woods
to the beckoning shore
that calls you home.

Mercy within mercy within mercy

Faithful brother,
you have done well.
Set your currach's sail
for the rising sun.



Michael Woodward

Michael Woodward, who met Patrick Hart at the 1998 Oakham Conference of the Thomas Merton Society of Great Britain and Ireland, served as the second editor of *The Merton Journal*, the official publication of the TMS. A former primary school principal, he founded Three Peaks Press in 1997, specializing in spirituality and poetry, including Bonnie Thurston's first two collections of verse, as well as the essay collection *The World in My Bloodstream: Thomas Merton's Universal Embrace* (2004). His own poems have been published in *A Place to Stand* (1995) & *Thirst* (2000).

Mercy within mercy within mercy

On the Trappist breeze
I hear trumpets sound for you;
and a raucous laugh
of welcome bellows

Mercy within mercy within mercy

from the other side.