

Denise Levertov

1923–1997

She bathed deeply in God
And rose a zealot
Against hunger, war and all the ways

That each of us
Will treat another carelessly,
To stand in challenge before tank and armoury;

Rose to bless each birthing moment,
Celebrate love's presences,
Rail on love's absences,

Sit like Mary
In a beam of gold,
Welcome the world onto her lap.

Trinity

The sea by itself is water merely:
Its miracle is in its beating against the shore,
Spreading out across flat sands,

Shifting shingle and stone,
Flowing over piers and jetties,
Halting before rock

And falling backward on itself to try again,
Leaping high in the storm,
Quietly attacking the very base of land.

And God and God and God are love merely
Until they find foolish us
To take love's overflow.