

**JERUSALEM STONE WALL HEART**

**MAY 2011**

*My voice proclaims*

*How exquisitely the individual Mind*

*(And the progressive powers perhaps no less*

*Of the whole species) to the external World*

*Is fitted:--and how exquisitely, too,*

*Theme this but little heard of among Men,*

*The external World is fitted to the Mind.*

**The Recluse, William Wordsworth**

*If I should be, where I no more can hear*

*Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams*

*Of past existence, wilt thou then forget*

*That on the banks of this delightful stream*

*We stood together; and that I, so long*

*A worshipper of Nature, hither came,*

*Unwearied in that service: rather say*

*With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal*

*Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,*

*That after many wanderings, many years*

*Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,*

Jerusalem Stone Wall Heart

*And this green pastoral landscape, were to me*

*More dear, both for themselves, and for thy sake.*

**LINES WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE  
BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR, July 13, 1798.**

**William Wordsworth**



*The Walls of the Jerusalem*

*slowly slowly*

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*Intimations of the Other*

*in the cool Jerusalem air*

*facing those ancient stone walls*

*I feel the presence of the Mystery*

*on this bleak sunday morning*

*church bells clanking in competition*

*(clouds do not fit well the landscape)*

*but here*

*now*

*I feel an overwhelming sense*

*of the passage of time*

*my father's decline*

*my own creeping aching age*

*yet- being present in this moment*

*to the ageless Presence*

*despite everything changing*

*even the stones.*

*Maybe this stone heart*

*can melt a bit?*

*Is the Thou then possible?*

Jerusalem Stone Wall Heart

*I feel like praying now*

*but how?*

*and to Whom?*

*and what?*

*In the stillness of the early morning Jerusalem air*

*as yet fresh before that burning orb rises in the East,*

*I find comfort*

*a sense that, for this instant*

*all is as it should be*

*despite the raging sea back home*

*and the anxiety of the foreboding of the ending.*