## On a Theme by Thomas Merton

Denise Levertov

'Adam, where are you?'

God's hands

palpate darkness, the void that is Adam's inattention, his confused attention to everything, impassioned by multiplicity, his despair.

Multiplicity, his despair;

God's hands

enacting blindness. Like a child at a barbaric fairgrounds — noise, lights, the violent odors — Adam fragments himself. The whirling rides!

Fragmented Adam stares.

God's hands

unseen, the whirling rides dazzle, the lights blind him. Fragmented, he is not present to himself. God suffers the void that is his absence.

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