

## Another Annunciation

Imagine, a story that didn't make it in,  
But it must have been part of the story behind  
The story we have.  
Poets have to guess at these things.  
While the other women bearing spices stood, bewildered  
In the empty tomb  
Knowing together what was really true  
Wondering how they would explain  
The light that had come to them,

Another scene must have been playing out.  
Mary, his mother, living with his friend now  
Sweeps the floor as dawn breaks.  
Finally, blessedly alone, she lets the tears flow  
As she remembers  
The pitiful lightness of His dead body,  
Down from the cross and stiffening in her arms,  
Absurdly light, and helpless, the beloved light  
No longer in his eyes  
Gone.  
Remembering again, his tiny body  
Held to her breast, in a stinking, swept-clean stable  
Remembering the day when it all started,  
Herself a growing girl, sweeping the floor, as today  
Staring at a pile of sweepings  
As the room filled with light and the angel's voice said  
"Hail, favored one!"

Now, again, she stares at the sweepings,  
Glad of her tears, glad of the women who said  
We'll go. You stay here. It has been enough for you.  
And as her tears wet the dust, she knows  
She is not alone  
A voice says, gently, "Hail, favored one  
Your Lord is with you" And she turns and sees  
The twinkle in his eye that was always just for her.

He is laughing, delighted at her surprise  
Yes. Really. I am here.  
You knew I would come. I told you I would:  
Remember?  
She knows that body. Has held it in her arms.  
Now she has to touch every inch of him  
Count, as she did when he was new born

Every finger and toe  
All there. There are wounds now. Dried blood  
Deep holes  
Her fingers linger tenderly

But when she asks, "Does it hurt?" he simply laughs again  
As a happy new mother would laugh, holding her child,  
If you asked her, "Did it hurt?"  
And you saw in her delight  
The absurdity  
Of that question.

He says to her:  
If you asked a mother, gazing at her child  
About the birthing moments before. If you asked her,  
Did it hurt?  
What would she say?

Woman, what would she say?

