

## Exhibition Poems

### **“Mary, Mary: Contemporary Artists and Poets Consider Mary” An In-Person and Online Group Exhibition**



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Only a few steps more . . .

\* Denotes recording available.

## **A Girl More Worthy**

*by Kristin Berkey-Abbott*

The angel Gabriel rolls his eyes  
at his latest assignment:  
a virgin in Miami?  
Can such a creature exist?

He goes to the beaches, the design  
districts, the glittering buildings  
at every boundary.  
Just to cover all bases, he checks  
the churches but finds no  
vessels for the holy inside.

He thinks he's found her in the developer's  
office, when she offers him coffee, a kind  
smile, and a square of cake. But then she instructs  
him in how to trick the regulatory  
authorities, how to make his income and assets  
seem bigger so that he can qualify  
for a huge mortgage that he can never repay.

On his way out of town, he thinks he spies  
John the Baptist under the Interstate  
flyway that takes tourists  
to the shore. But so many mutter  
about broods of vipers and lost  
generations that it's hard to tell  
the prophet from the grump,  
the lunatic from the T.V. commentator.

Finally, at the commuter college,  
the cradle of the community,  
he finds her. He no longer hails  
moderns with the standard angel  
greetings. Unlike the ancients,  
they are not afraid, or perhaps, their fears  
are just so different now.

The angel Gabriel says a silent benediction  
and then outlines God's plan.  
Mary wonders why Gabriel didn't go  
to Harvard where he might find  
a girl more worthy. What has she done  
to find God's favor?

She has submitted  
to many a will greater than her own.  
Despite a lifetime's experience  
of closed doors and the word no,  
she says yes.

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<https://www.phoeniciapublishing.com/annunciation.html>

## Magdalena's Awakening

by Jenne' R. Andrews

What is the clamor  
Of the far hills?  
Not the exultation of brethren, kin  
As in the netting of many dolphins  
Who then escape  
In a silver flume of delirium;

Not the euphoria  
Of the warrior bees  
Who rush in to plunder the lassitude  
Of the dying rose  
Nor the clatter of fallen *fleur de lis*  
On the plain.

This is the psaltery of the lost  
We the self-rejected,  
The banished and bruised

Whom God loves in God's  
Maternal tenderness  
Soothing us like camellias  
Hushing our exhaustion  
How we fling ourselves  
Night on night at the moon's  
En-silvered rim

Rather than falling back  
Into the half-dusk  
We are made to withstand,  
Into the satiny curtains of time  
To be tended, mended  
Returned to ourselves.

This is what a celestial mother  
Does: rocks and rocks us,  
Salving our wounds  
With her fingertips  
Singing of returning penguins,  
The cacophony of the flock

This is what a lover does  
Caressing herself  
With the ashes of her beloved  
To feel again  
His touch upon her skin

This is the haven for they who mourn  
Forlorn, in hunger  
God made of the world  
When God bent the wing  
And curved the talon  
Of the snowy owl

And for her  
Seraphic and benign  
In her baroque splendor  
Who flies on high  
To feed her young,  
Eyes to eyes with the stars.

## The Transfiguration of Maria Magdalena

by Jenne' R. Andrews

Once long ago  
in the dusk, the shadows  
of a mud and straw farmhouse  
in the well-grazed hills of Samaria

I, now Archangel Magdalena  
in my Love of Love's arms,  
was in labor;

He kissed my hair and I pressed on:  
then born unto us, the tiniest one  
imaginable, a baby girl with the voice  
of a sparrow, the thinnest cry

I, new mother, could not bear to still  
against my breast  
because it seemed the tremulous high voice  
of a cherub.

We had come to the hamlet in the hills  
to be out of reach of enemies, skeptics,  
persecution, priests and the edicts of Pilate,

wary disciples keeping watch  
costumed as shepherds  
who had been uneasy  
with the carnal hungers  
of our Lord,

for imagine the virility  
of God Himself —  
*et incarnatus est!*  
and the depths of desire  
of I who loved Him.

Oh history, oh sorrow.  
We, you and I, know where this goes:  
in mere hours, having wept in Gethsemane,



so made of love for all the mortal world  
He was lost unto me and we thought,  
unto us all.

Indeed I was that Mary, the excoriated one;  
yet my Lord transfigured me  
with His very touch,  
His hands and fingers of light;

He loved me and I reciprocated  
in bliss;  
we were of each other and I felt all  
that came to pass;  
His stigmata were mine.

But then joy of joys,  
after the day of horror:  
when I went to the tomb  
with the other women  
to find it open,

suddenly greatest light poured from it  
filling the village and then  
the firmament  
until all of the angels came singing  
weeping tears of joy —

the great, blazing air  
even filling me, healing my grief,  
cleansing me of sorrow!

And then I knew it as my Love and Lord  
and she who became Sparrow of Magdalena  
would sit near the well at day's end,

even as a child,  
her small face caressed  
by the descending sun.

## **Deliverance**

*by Evelyn Bence*

It is time.  
My body's clock gongs  
Your salvation's hour.  
The water has left the pasture  
and flowed toward the river's mouth.  
Follow or you will wither  
in the desert that remains.  
I will bleed for you  
on this your first dark journey,  
but in time, when life pushes you  
headlong through black canyons,  
the wounds will be your own.  
May you learn early:  
at the end light always shines.  
It is here, child.  
The time is come.  
Breathe.

"Deliverance" by Evelyn Bence,  
*from Today's Christian Woman Magazine, Winter 1982-83;*  
*Mary's Journal, Zondervan, 1992; HarperPaperback, 1996.*  
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## Mary

*(after Henry O. Tanner's "Mary", 1900)*

*by Evelyn Bence*

The mother sits on a rug,  
legs crossed, hands in lap,  
her right shoulder near the wall  
of a narrow, barren room.  
One foot slips outside layers  
of draped linen, white, maroon, white.  
She soberly stares beyond the frame,  
beyond a bundle of cloths  
tucked along a toddler and the halo  
hovering over his shrouded head,  
beyond the light that warms her midday rest:

a Judean sun  
streaming through a deep-silled window,  
and a brighter glow  
breaking through the child's blanket veil.

Back in a dark corner on a nail,  
night cloaks hang limp,  
at hand for a winter flight.

Tanner's "Mary" painting can be seen here:  
<https://artcollection.lasalle.edu/objects-1/info/2687>

## Nativity

*by Jericho Brown*

I was Mary once.  
Somebody big as a beginning  
Gave me trouble  
I was too young to carry, so I ran  
Off with a man who claimed not  
To care. Each year,  
Come trouble's birthday,  
I think of every gift people get  
They don't use. Oh, and I  
Pray. Lord, let even me  
And what the saints say is sin within  
My blood, which certainly shall see  
Death—see to it I mean—  
Let that sting  
Last and be transfigured.

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## 14, Sunday School, 3 Days Late

by Leila Chatti

I'm not stupid—  
I know how it works.

But there was a time when  
she was just some virgin nobody,

small purse of her womb  
and her ordinary eggs

waiting like loose pearls.

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## Mary Pays Homage

*by Jill Crammond*

The art of mothering isn't hard to master;  
so many children filled with the intent  
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

So much depends  
upon

a booster  
seat

sitting on the roof  
of an SUV

while a wrong-shoes-for-the-weather  
mother

searches  
for her keys and morning coffee.

When I say children, I mean  
gingerbread house,  
mean step-mother,  
mean

artificial slate sidewalk  
artfully arranged,  
leading  
to a front door with a wreath,  
a witch inside making dinner.

Lose your family every day. Accept the fluster  
of slamming doors, the mealtime badly spent.

Stand etherized before the crusted sink,  
your hair a half-deserted streak behind you

while the children come and go  
talking (each one) of the one that got away.

After the second glass of wine  
you will know  
what it is you plan to do  
with your one wild and precious life.

After a fashion, the chickens will raise themselves,  
will have sense enough  
to come in out of the rain.

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## **Mary, Her Name Spoken**

*by Maureen E. Doallas*

Morning strips darkness  
from night's hurrying hands

soon to be uplifted.  
The truth of the empty tomb

is called out,  
not from within

ill-rendered stone  
but in Rabboni's presence

before the stunned  
Mary, her name spoken

as if for us all.



## **Introduction in Indigo Children (After a Consult with a Medical Intuitive)**

*by Jeannine Hall Gailey*

*For K.A. Agodon*

You kept making posters of women with  
rose petals across their eyelids, then went blind.  
I consulted a medical psychic who told me  
I was an indigo child, great with promise, that  
a star entered my body at birth. A clue-cloaked  
Virgin Mary whirls above me in the air  
like a dancing queen. Like Nelson Mandela and  
Joan of Arc, I should expect both grand work and suffering.  
Indigo children, like Ragdoll kittens, may or may not be  
part alien, with independent natures and high IQs.  
We usher in the Age of Aquarius (and here all I can picture  
is the musical "Hair," you with daisies over your eyes  
and around your blond locks a halo and me glowing blue  
in the dark, letting the sunshine in.) Never mind my little brother  
is the actual Aquarian, typically diffident, not at all  
the whirling dervish. We decide spinning Mary's are better  
than angels with flaming swords, an icon of music and celebration,  
and hope I can, unlike Mandela and poor Jeanne, avoid prison.  
We pray for epiphany, a star to light the way and stumble,  
Unmindful, on a path twisted, littered with mystic trouble.

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## **Dolorosa**

*(after Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio's "Death of the Virgin" c. 1601-1603)*

*by Luisa A. Igloria*

Death may have taken its time coming,  
lending a slip of pallor to the clay, idling  
among the stones and furrows in the orchard,

wringing the towel with the body's water  
and effluvia into the pewter dish— It's still here,  
in this room where the light tenders its departure,

a weight that causes Magdalen to double over.  
Her coiled braids make me want to sob, her dress  
the moldering tint of peaches in summer, her nape

caught in the last rays of sun falling from a high window.  
Grown men with balding pates and pilgrims' beards  
stand under a canopy, leathered red muted with sienna,

that Caravaggio paints as an inverted triangle  
suspended from the ceiling. They know  
whose death they grieve, who were themselves

expelled from out of that first small paradise  
between their mothers' ovaries. And so  
they weep open-mouthed or into their hands,

forgetting shame. John the Younger  
can barely hold up his head. The body  
in death, so difficult to behold—

the seamed bodice (also red) drawn tight  
over the liver's cloud ampules and perforated  
kidneys. Her peasant's feet, unshod and

bloated with edema. Here is the brown and careworn face,  
the tangle of hair and its brittle halo, the thickened arms  
outstretched along the plank, exhausted fingers—

Fingers still shapely like my mother's, many years ago  
when she held me before a camera after Sunday mass,  
smoothed her skirt of cotton voile and tossed

her veil and rope of hair behind one shoulder  
—so young, so unafraid of what it meant  
to have conceived her child out of wedlock.

*~ in memoriam, Crescencia Rillera Buccat*

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## Welsh Pieta

*by Julie Kane*

This Mary  
has no composure.

Her nose is lumpy;  
one suspects it runs,  
despite the magnitude  
of grief.

Not even her hands know  
what pose to hold.

Blame the sculptor,  
unskilled in the basics,  
the rippling of cloth;

no sure-fingered Michelangelo  
would strip her of grace  
and leave her

puzzled and dwarfed  
in that vast choreography  
of thunder and angels:

her son  
dead and awkward  
on her knees

as some strange fish  
she must clean and serve.

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## The Virgin Mary Appears in a Highway Underpass

by Collin Kelley

Mary pops up in the strangest places,  
usually as a window stain or sandwich,  
but yesterday she dripped down the wall  
of a Chicago underpass, brought the faithful  
running with candles and offerings, blocked traffic.  
I saw the pictures, couldn't see her face,  
saw a giant, gaping vagina instead, just failed  
my Rorschach Test, going to hell for sure.

If this is Mary, she sure gets around,  
recasting herself as a Holly GoLightly,  
popping up where you least expect her,  
causing trouble for the locals.  
But why would she choose to appear  
in condensation, burnt toast or ditch water runoff?  
Some will say it's proof that she still dwells here,  
runs like an undercurrent, manifests in the mundane.

I say, cut the parlor tricks, Mary.  
If you want a little respect, come flaming  
out of the sky on a thunder cloud,  
ride it like a magic carpet over Middle America,  
speak in a voice like Diana Rigg or Emma Thompson,  
command attention instead of this sleight of hand,  
a stain to be cleaned with soap and water,  
so easily erased.

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## Displacement

*by Laurie Klein*

I can almost hear the shadows  
gather, the life I have known  
sliding toward dusk. I picture

the folded wings, the terrible  
luminosity speaking, replacing fear,  
rinsing her room with light.

I wonder which questions  
she swallowed. Dear maiden,  
so many of us still await

our becoming. Vision falters.  
Weather lobbs another grenade:  
the sky rushes in, supplanting

steeple, rooflines, shattered  
foundations. Women stagger  
through rubble on twig feet.

So many questions  
engulf me; I cannot speak,  
air thins to a shiver.

You, little house of water  
and bone, married  
dread's magnitude:

for us, you carried  
the untold weight of Yes,  
a body most holy.

## The Seven Sorrows

*by Marjorie Maddox*

I.

Yes, she knows/doesn't know:  
those small lips that suckle and cry,  
hiccup and sigh, will one day scream,  
"Eli eli lama sabachthani." Her mama heart,  
already crowded with ponderings,  
has only enough room for nursing and burping,  
for counting the toes of the Sacred—  
such human rituals a daily salvation. But this talk  
of suffering made real by old Simeon,  
by ancient Anna, or her heart  
pierced with such reminders of Death  
(hers/ours) cut down and erected as cross  
on which her wee one, her darling,  
her beloved boy will resurrect such grief.  
Even in her faithful acceptance, she weeps.  
Oh, she weeps.

II.

That envious "King of the Jews" afraid  
of a baby. Even as they are fleeing,  
she knows his shadow stalking their footsteps,  
his power-hungry arm raised in slaughter,  
his soldiers bathed in the blood of innocents  
she might know. All day, she holds her son close,  
covers his ears at each painful howl of the jackal  
so like an infant's cry, so like her haunted dreams  
that keep them cowering in caves  
all the way to Egypt where, even then,  
she wakes to the scream of those other  
mothers, the ones not warned,  
the ones cradling their dead.

### III.

Three days dead/not dead. Not even  
the beggars have seen him. She lives  
between death and resurrection, his absence  
precursor to Golgotha, the dank tomb  
come early. Twelve years he'd listened,  
followed them from here to there. Now  
he is gone. Surely, she prays, he is somewhere  
on these dusty roads, bouncing between  
families on the long caravan to home.  
Surely, he can hear her cries,  
can call out to heal their dis-  
-ease. No.

When  
they turn  
back  
to Jerusalem  
and the silent sun,  
she cloaks herself in worry.  
“Why,” he asks  
days later  
at the temple  
with his surprised eyes  
“did you not know?”

### IV.

His whip-stained back, his blood-striped brow,  
the splintered heft of the world that betrayed him  
balanced now on shoulders too weak  
to carry even his own bludgeoned body—  
it all crushes her. On the long road  
to Place of the Skull,  
crowded with jeers and accusations,  
they stumble together.

### V.

It is too much and not enough  
—his thin chest heaving—  
to see his sunken eyes see her,  
grieve for her grief for him.  
“Behold your mother,” he says to John,



and it will be his emaciated arms  
also that hold her into old age,  
just as they hold her now  
even at the moment of his dying,  
even at the moment Death loses  
its gruesome sting below the dark  
mourning of the lonely, broken sky.

VI.

And now she  
cradles him—his bruised  
flesh stretched across  
her familiar lap, stretched across  
his unbroken bones, limbs limp  
in the pitch-black mid-day  
of the soul, the bloody moon blinded. No  
polished marble, this *Pietà*  
before the *Pietà*, all that is  
left of her tears streaming  
from his pierced side, from the now  
un-nailed hands she holds  
and holds.

VII.

All her sorrows lead here:  
clean linen, heavy stone, dead son.  
There is only this garden of grief  
stinking of myrrh and memory.  
When the soldiers seal the sepulcher,  
her spirit is the shroud that clings  
to the slaughtered sacrifice who once  
was her joy, who will be again  
in time. She tries, with her crucified heart,  
to believe this. She tries.

“The Seven Sorrows” by Marjorie Maddox, previously published in *Heart of Flesh*,  
Issue Two (<https://heartoffleshlit.com/issue-two/marjorie-maddox/>);

Forthcoming in *Begin with a Question* (Paraclete Press, 2022)

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<https://www.marjoriemaddox.com>

## The Grace of Full Mary Hail

by Marissa McNamara

At our hour, Pray for us,  
our muffled whisper words  
slipping out of windows like smoke,  
our plastic love cups in black console holders  
offering bent red straws.

Come to us, Our Lady,  
Vanilla Car Freshener of Guadalupe.  
Dangle from the rearview.  
Sway at stops. I look backward with you.  
I see you on the skipping yellow lines.

Oh, Mother of Waiting,  
of family trips unfinished—  
Stop with us in yellow diners,  
Anoint us with griddle grease,  
Raise us up with plastic forks!

Steel is the blessed womb from which we rise,  
standing to kneel at your feet  
heading home past curfew  
to Our Lady of Perpetual Waiting.

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## Sweet Child

*by Audrey Mlakar*

Dear Mary,

Blessed Mother, may I call you Mary?  
As a baby, I was baptized in a church with your name,  
and we have shared more than sixty Christmases;  
so, we are old friends

It is the season when the nights grow long,  
and again, the ancient love story comes to life  
You are a teenager, and pregnant with the Son of God

*Imagine that*

My maternal instincts tell me to gather you close,  
to pat your back gently,  
to whisper over the top of your head, "You've got this, child,"  
and you do

"You've got this," my Queen of Peace, my sweet dear Mary

## What Child is This

*by Audrey Mlakar*

She was trying to buy wine without ID,  
and because she was so young,  
the police picked her up and brought her to Social Services,  
they brought her to me

Now, I listen to her and wearily fill out the paperwork:  
*Mary, last name unknown, teenager, pregnant by her Father,*  
*she says He lives in Heaven, and He loves her,*  
*and now she's married to a guy named Joe,*  
*Joe is older and thinks she's a virgin,*  
*she says he's going to take her out of town for a while,*  
*and that's why she was buying the wine*

I watch her as I write,  
there is something about her, an innocence,  
a brightness, in her eyes, maybe,  
*I am blessed among women, she proclaims*

I see red flags everywhere

## **After Luke 2:19**

*by Michelle Ortega*

She took it all in: the shepherds and the royal and learned men with their prophecies and proclamations. Resting among common beasts, nipples sore and womb-ached, she smiled at their praise—but her awe had begun with the angel's decree. At the mysterious life-pulse deep inside her. When flicker-kicks strengthened to rolls and turns, elbows and heels in her ribs. As buttocks bounced on her bladder.

The brightest star above them—a wondrous sign, but no more miraculous than when, far from her mother and the other village women, the flesh of her depth awakened and she willed the baby from contentment into a harsh night. His cry pierced the darkness, then quieted as, pressed to her breast, he found her heartbeat again.

## Annunciation: Triptych

by Anne M. Doe Overstreet

I.

The half moon caught in the orange tree  
swaying, a slant husk on the windowsill  
facing the Dead Sea. Who can say what  
embodies a vessel? What strange messenger  
finds his way between limb and the leaf-cast  
shadow, filling the hollow clay?

II.

Waking, I begin to shape a bowl large enough  
to hold three blood oranges still in their rind.  
The lip curls like the crest of a dune  
where wind leaps back into air's embrace.  
It may take months to find the particular language  
of the wheel, letting the silk of clay cover my hands.  
All the time filling up, becoming less and less Mary.

III.

My bed is empty, lamp blown. Sharp and acidic,  
I taste him among the peculiar appetite of night,  
taste him like the salt of the sea  
miles from this room. I miss Joseph,  
who has gone back to board and nails,  
closed to these arms. Though hollow as a bowl  
inside, I am vast and humming.

“Annunciation: Triptych” by Anne M. Doe Overstreet,  
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<https://www.tweetspeakpoetry.com/book/delicate-machinery-suspended/>

## Stopping at a Starbucks in Egypt

by JC Reilly

Mary lifts her feet to the stool beside her,  
swollen like little Glad-bags filled with water,  
as Joe hands her a decaf latte, extra foam.

He sits down, sips his two shots of espresso  
and says, *How are you holding up?*  
He looks at her belly, shakes his head. Not long now.

*Oh, you know how it is,* says Mary. *He's kicking  
and it's a long way to Bethlehem.*  
She chugs down her latte, detonates a belch.

Joe winces. *Sorry hon,* she says, grinning.  
She's been like this ever since that guy  
with the wings. Joe's dad had warned him:

*Son, he said, when your Mom was round yon  
with you, all she wanted was wine and gyros  
with extra peanut butter, and she farted enough*

*to start the hole in the ozone layer. That's the way  
with women. Once they got matzos in the oven,  
their manners go straight to Gehenna.*

So far his wife hadn't been as bad as that, but Joe  
stayed in the shop as much as possible, building  
shelves for sale and a cradle in his spare time.

*Hey babe, Mary wheedles, get me another?  
I'd get it myself but . . .*

Joe slouches back to the counter, buys her a grande,

another quarter bushel of wheat he won't see again.  
When he gives her the drink, he expels a sigh.  
So much work for someone else's prodigy.

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## Mary at the Nativity

*by Tania Runyan*

The angel said there would be no end  
to his kingdom. So for three hundred days  
I carried rivers and cedars and mountains.  
Stars spilled in my belly when he turned.

Now I can't stop touching his hands,  
the pink pebbles of his knuckles,  
the soft wrinkle of flesh  
between his forefinger and thumb.  
I rub his fingernails as we drift  
in and out of sleep. They are small and smooth,  
like almond petals.  
Forever, I will need nothing but these.

But all night, the visitors crowd  
around us. I press his psalms to my lips  
in silence. They look down in anticipation,  
as if they expect him to spill coins from his hands  
or raise a gold scepter  
and turn swine into angels.

Isn't this wonder enough  
that yesterday he was inside me,  
and now he nuzzles next to my heart?  
That he wraps his hand around  
my finger and holds on?

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# Mary at Cavalry

*by Tania Runyan*

## I. Friday

Just below the nail head  
on his left wrist —  
the birthmark.  
I see it through the blood.  
We called it his storm cloud  
when I bathed him as a child,  
tracing the blurred edges.  
I kissed it as he fell asleep,  
watched it quiver  
as he fastened boards,  
saw it disappear  
in the desperate grip of lepers.  
The world waits  
for my son's lungs to collapse.  
I fix my eyes on the cloud.  
It seems just a sunrise ago  
I saw it for the first time,  
a beautiful imperfection  
resting on my breast  
when our lives hung still and eternal  
as this darkening sky.

## II. Saturday

All night I dream he is trudging  
through sin, stepping over the carcasses  
of stolen cattle, kicking piles of coins  
withheld from laborers. He stumbles  
over the bed linens of rape, the tattered clothes  
of widows left to shiver on the streets.  
He winces most at the bits of my fingernails  
sticking in his feet, my midnight preoccupation  
that he should have come down  
when he had the chance  
and be sitting here with me.

### III. Sunday

Nothing loves here. Guards stand still  
as cypress trees in the thickening heat.  
The disciples' footprints fill with sand.  
God creates women for no reason but grief.  
He can't cry himself  
and needs a thousand vessels for his tears.  
If I dug into this cracked earth,  
I would find the piled bones of women  
who lost husbands in battle  
and children at birth, who breathed out their last days  
with darkness on their backs,  
no commandments, visions, or thrones.  
Grief will be my legacy, too,  
until I am forgotten. Like these lizards  
scurrying over the tomb's stone.  
The last star sinking into the light.

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## Questions for the Holy Ghost

*by Claudia Serea*

Did she say yes?

And were you gentle  
when you descended like dawn  
upon a closed tulip?

Was she ashamed  
when she opened her petals  
just a little?

Was she afraid?

Did she ask why?  
Why me?

Or was she happy  
and humbled to be chosen  
to wear her pain proudly,

a necklace of fire  
around her neck?

Did you lie next to her  
without a word, knowing  
this cannot be undone?

And did you tell her  
her son will die a violent death  
to save some strangers?

And still, she said yes?

Knowing all,  
how history unfolds,

would you do it again  
for us?

Would she?

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## **Only a few steps more . . .**

*by Diane Walker*

The wise men are traveling,  
They've come so far;  
Surely their feet are sore.

The wise men are traveling,  
Come, Balthazar,  
Only a few steps more.

The shepherds are herding  
Their flocks by night;  
Surely their feet are sore.

The shepherds are herding  
Their sheep, seeking light,  
Only a few steps more.

Only a few steps more, my lamb,  
Only a few steps more.  
Fresh straw and a stable, bathed in light —  
Only a few steps more.

Mary is birthing  
Her babe in the night,  
Arcing in pain on the stable floor.

Joseph is coaching,  
Holding her hand —  
Only a few steps more.

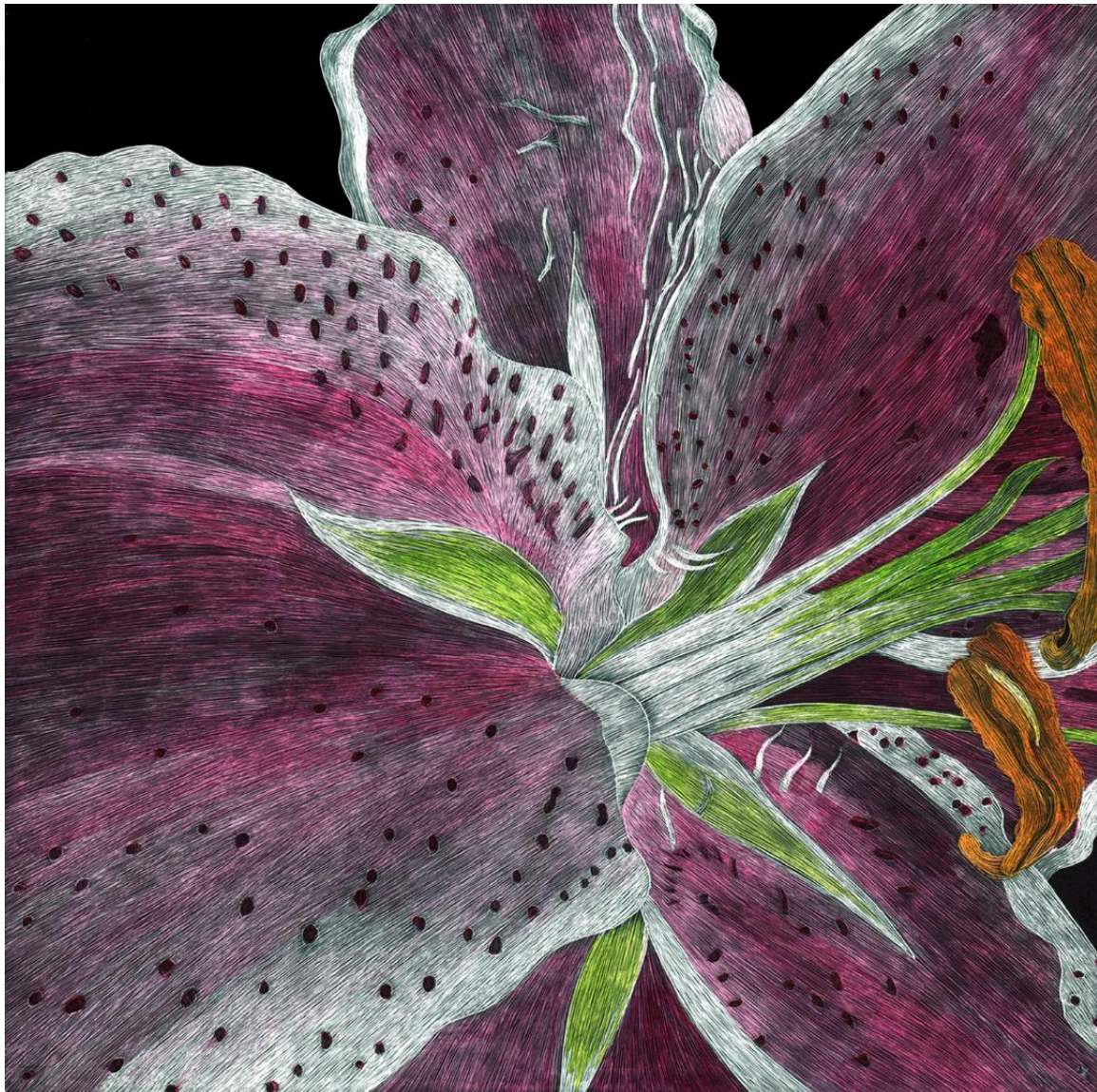
Only a few steps more, my love;  
Only a few steps more.  
Till the Christ Child's cry enlivens the night —  
Only a few steps more.

Soon Mary will teach  
Her sweet babe to walk,  
Coaxing with outstretched arms,

Just as God calls us  
Into the light,

Coaxing with outstretched arms.  
Only a few steps more, my child;  
Only a few steps more.  
Promising safety, joy, and delight —  
Only a few steps more.

Only a few steps more, dear ones,  
Only a few steps more.  
The world will rejoice at the end of night;  
The mountains of dawn will be bathed in light;  
The lakes and the rivers will laugh with delight —  
Only a few steps more.



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