

Advent Poem – Week 2 – Mary

After visitation by living light,
she went where roses grew wild.
Held a layered bloom in her trembled hands,

to be still

while a shaft of sun swirled through each petal—
lit as if from within.

This pulsing not just her astonished heart.
This pleasure not just breeze on bare skin.
This stir within her velvet womb

in resonance with the song
she has always heard
rippling through warmed roses.

Julia Baker (USA), 2020.

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