

# Poem – Holy Saturday

Awake after no sleep  
I stand by the window,  
broken dawn penetrates  
each crackled stem till the meadow burns  
with risen light.

How did Mary wake that silent Saturday?  
Thick orange light tilting  
across her sorrow, the world forever changed.

Did she also feel the sun's injustice  
and simultaneous comfort?

Disbelief at its cresting when...

...while assured  
by the continued presence  
warming even stone.

Julia Baker (USA), 2020.

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