

MARY WAS THERE...

Striding His fingers through the beard,
Waited the God of gods on His golden throne.
At last here appears before in a corner
the two-winged messenger with a smile.

“Found the timorous maid,” said Gabriel,
“Yet unfazed at the task.
Didn’t take me long to find,
For she was there waiting for God to find.”

“Caressing the forerunner in my belly,
I lay on my straw bed, somnolent.
Wishing for a face, familiar,
To stand by me and care.

In the hiatus of that day on the sixth month,
Awakened by a mild knock-‘Elizabeth!’
Opened the door- a thud on my belly,
She is here even before I called.”

“My eyes see unquenched mouths through my tears,
Beckoning for helpless maids.
The disgrace of wine running short waits for me,
I walk up and down-there is no way.

I see a pair of concerned eyes reaching me,
‘Do whatever he says you,’ she mumbles.
My mourning gives way to dancing,
For she was there when when I needed her most.”

“Arms outstretched, I hang here-bleeding,
Betrayed, abandoned by many.
Yet I feel happy and comforted,
For the black robe-clad women-my mom is here.

Dear child, see my mom and learn from her,
Look around to see needy faces, thirsting tongues,
Hungry mouths, naked bodies look at you
Be there for them, for she was there.”