

Two Sonnets on Mary
From 'Sounding the Seasons' by Malcom Guite

Christmas time

Mary

You bore for me the One who came to bless
And bear for all, to make the broken whole.
You heard his call, and in your open 'yes'
You spoke aloud for every living soul.
Oh gracious Lady, child of your own child,
Whose mother-love still calls the child in me,
Call me again, for I am lost and wild
Waves surround me now. On this dark sea
Shine a star and call me to the shore.
Open a door that all my sins would close
And hold me in your garden. Let me share
The prayer that folds the petals of the Rose.
Enfold me too in love's last mystery,
And bring me to the One you bore for me.

The Visitation

Here is a meeting made of hidden joys,
Of lightnings cloistered in a narrow place,
From quiet hearts the sudden flame of praise
And in the womb the quickening kick of grace.
Two women on the very edge of things
Unnoticed and unknown to men of power,
But in their flesh the hidden Spirit sings
And in their lives the buds of blessing flower.
And Mary stands with all we call 'too young',
Elizabeth with all called 'past their prime'.
They sing today for all the great unsung,
Women who turned eternity to time,
Favoured of heaven, outcast on earth,
Prophets who bring the best in us to birth.