

Jeanie Thompson

Elizabeth's Song

*And how has it happened to me,
that the mother of my Lord should come to me? Luke 1:43*

It was in the morning, just over
the swell of hills spread out before me,
you came walking, a small, steady figure

brightening the landscape. *See!*
you cried, your breath
coming steady, *Do you see?*

In that moment, belief
was a small foot knocking hard
at my ribs, the earth

made her slow circle, the wide world
brought sharply to relief, a voice
welling from the child

inside me: *I am with you,*
wonder no more. I took your hand.
Grace lit you

and the fire no man
has felt leapt
through us, forming breath

through flesh to speak
one to the other.
Men wrote later that the babe leapt

in me for joy, but it was
power, mercy
at the source, the error

forever made straight,
steady as one pulse tuning
itself to another: *heart of God:*

heart of man:
heart of God:
heart of man.