

Let it be with me

Luke 1:38 (NRSV)

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What else could she say?

An angel floats into town, greets her with prophecy and light.

One painter depicts her paralyzed by fear,

recoiling on her bed at her guest's declaration, his bouquet of white lilies,
his descending dove. To another artist, she's serene,
remarkably composed, though her neck is craned inelegantly up

from her devotions to get a good
eyeful of the strange-talking, broad-winged cherub in yellow.
Sometimes, she simply looks sad and lonely,

and the poor saintly fellow is pleading, not proclaiming.
In the story, the writer says she's perplexed, troubled,
but, maybe, she is surprised at the turn life is taking. Maybe

she's been praying for something interesting
to happen, but she sure did not expect it to go
like this?

