

The Offer

It was an offer
She could have refused,
A life she could have used
In some other way.
To grow great with child, for example,
After her wedding day;
To forego the knowing looks
And the slur of slut;
To defer to another the chance to tell a father
And watch the word twist in her fiancé's gut;
To make way for some noble's daughter
To bear the cause of innocents' slaughter;
To allow some other to cradle a son
Pale from his pinioned death.

She could have said:
'All things considered,
And though I am flattered,
I would really rather not.
I am just a village girl,
Not fit for such matters.'

Of course, there was the sigh of angel's wings,
The words with all his promises ripened for now,
The chance to do something extraordinary,
To let what was ordinary become...
But afterwards would it not all seem such girlish fancy?

She, turning from the safety
Of merely human possibility,
Marvelling at how could it be,
That He should choose her to bless,
Welcomed truth to her womb, and said 'yes'.

By Mark Greene from 'Opening Night'