

The Trip

It was not doubt
That took her on the road.
The angel's words did not fade
With the passing of days.
No, it was not doubt
That made here exclaim
The question the sceptics
Would pose again and again:
'How can it be, and I a virgin still?'
Not doubt, more like an amazed joy
That soared above the shout of shame.

It was not doubt,
That took her to the hills,
More like a zealous curiosity
To see for herself
How he was working it out,
To skip in the track of each new step,
To laugh at the mound of evidence,
Elizabeth's baby swelling in her dress,
Confounding the critics' common sense:
'How can it be, and she beyond the age?'
To learn that the child leapt in the womb
Just at their presence in the room.

To hear, from someone she could trust,
Who knew that hers was not the bloom
Of some undiscovered, earthly lust,
That through her labour would come rest,
Mercy after such insistence at the breast,
Heaven from this tiny, terrestrial guest.

How can it be, how can it be.

By Mark Greene from 'Opening Night'