

Holy Sonnet for Mother's Day

Judith B. Curtis

No need to pierce my side with soldier's sword
Or bleed from every pore as in Gethsemane;
Designed by Thee to shed blood naturally
Cycling with the menstrual moon. Lord,
In accordance with Thy holy word
This fragile body, too, is offered freely
To give others life. Speak to me,
Banish fear, let me be assured
As I descend to Death's dark realm
And drink the solitary, bitter cup
That I will be filled with peaceful, healing balm
And, at last, with Thee be lifted up.
I give birth to you, my brother,
And in return am born of Thee, Christ, Mother.