

The Tree at the Center

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We talk often
of the Son's surrender
His long suffering, His forever
atoning—the shards
of the universe, gathered
to reconcile all
the ways in which God
has been lost
to us.

I want to know
about the surrender
of the Mother, if it felt at all
like a body
laid flat
as creation writhed
shaking the bed
of Earth while Her mind
broke
into shards, into the wilderness
into the wolf. No word, no language
separate from the surging
womb.

I want to know
how death hit Her square
on the meatiest turn
of Her trunk, then dragged Her
from the forest—the embroidered branches
rent from Solomon's temple—
to pierce Her stiff arms
with Her son's.

I want to know
how a forest survives
without trees, how
we will welcome the Son
with the fires
still burning.