

## A Blessing or a Curse

Called Mary of Magdala  
I was possessed by seven demons.  
They subdued me,  
trampled my body, invaded my soul.

Held me down  
used me  
for their will,  
at their whim.

No, No, no please.  
Leave my body be  
for me.  
Let. Me. Be.  
Please.

My broken, polluted body  
no longer my own,  
I carried their odor.  
I bore their curse.

Called Mary of Nazareth  
My savior, shared my name,  
shared my pain.  
Washed my feet, let me cry.

Took my hand, held me tight.  
A virgin and a mother,  
now my sister,  
she too begged to be left.

No, No, no please.  
Leave my body be  
for me.  
Let. Me. Be.  
Please.

She too,  
given a choice in the absence of choice,  
responded  
“Let it be as you have said.”

We two,  
thrust into womanhood with a blessing or a curse,  
vessels  
their will made flesh.

“A Blessing or a Curse” first appeared in *Untold Volumes Poetry Series*,  
a feminist theology poetry series, December 2021.  
Mary Barbara Walsh