

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.

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