Mary’s Hands

Mary’s hands are all that are needed now.
Her voice and lamb-like face recede.
Hands alone and only hers become God’s upon my shoulders, now uncrossed, perform their act of mercy to transubstantiate my grief.

God’s body once undone became itself a burden to be taken down swallowed by death yet rose; so mine world weary and torn is hosted by one who breathing Love in his Name consumes my pain.

She is Mary gentle tender of wounds by whose strokes I am healed.

Margo Swiss’s poetry appears earlier in this volume.