

"And the angel left her"

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [December 1, 2009](#) issue

Luke 1:38

So there she stood alone amid a stillness
as loud as any earthquake she had heard,
the eaves creaking in the absence of wind,
the hiss and tick of radiators warming
the house along with a soon-coming sun.
Her hands touch her belly, swelling already
like dough cupped close in an earthen bowl.
She knows it won't be long before she shows.
What to do with all this sudden silence?
Phone her boyfriend: *Joseph, I have news!*
E-mail St. Anne: *Dear Mother, I'm afraid.*
Drop to her knees, now weak with recognition
and kiss the space he filled a moment past
in answer to the question he had asked.