

Woman, behold your son

by [John Leax](#) in the [April 12, 2017](#) issue

So much my son, I think on in the night.  
You are beloved. I've hidden fearful words  
In my heart. Some, double-edged as swords  
Inscribing silver arcs through morning light,  
Can pierce the midday dark. I knew delight  
At the angel's voice, but when the Spirit stirred,  
I was as water tossed by wind. That Word  
In me became our risen Son of Light.

My sorrow would be risen too, but oh,  
The awful joy that finds its hope in grief  
Is joy that shatters me. My given son,  
Upon that heaving sea, when he was slow  
To waken, what shored your disbelief?  
Shore now my hope, my world is still undone.