

Mary replies to the angel, ask me again

by [Rebecca Edgren](#) in the [October 10, 2021](#) issue

—not asking my ears  
which like shells still surge with your silence.

Ask me this time with your tongue  
touching mine. Give your words

to my mouth, let me swallow.  
Let me tongue, and taste, and spill

my frail and almost unformed yes  
back into you. Let it grow

as will the life I'll let you plant in me.  
So may I know as I'm consumed

that some slip of me is taking root  
and strengthening in other soil—

that whittled down I'm not diminished.  
My yes runs deep and rises, breaks

into the bloom of your body, as yours  
is borne in the long unforeseeable branching  
of mine.