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Elizabeth to Zacharias

Cara Bullinger

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Elizabeth to Zacharias

barely heard Mary's steps outside,
For she moves like a light wind
Through leaves. She blooms—
A desert flower in time of rain.
Her eyes are bluer than I remember;
They are the blue of a sky beyond the one
We know. I heard her young voice
Calling me as doves call the morning.
I dropped the bread dough on the table
And rose to meet her.
I stood still, for our child moved
Beneath my wrinkled hands. I felt the pulse
Of Moses and Abraham. The promises live within us,
The priesthood moves in our dark sanctums,
A glimmer of prophets' words in the night
Of my coming age and the centuries of wandering
Our people shall know.

—Cara Bullinger