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Mary's Blood

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Mary’s Blood

It was Mary’s blood made him, her blood sieved through meaty placenta to feed him, grow him, though Luke wrote she was no more than the cup he was planted in, a virgin no man ever pressed against or urged who could barely catch eyes with the towering angel but felt God come to her like light through glass, like a fingerprint left on glass; still, it’s hard to believe she never wanted to be rid of the thing inside her, wasn’t shamed carrying him, the child’s perfect head pointing at the ground and rubbing her cervix like the round earth rubbing the thin wall of the sky that holds it. All women reach the time of wanting it out but not wanting it out, not knowing what’s coming, so she must have spread her legs in anguish because what was inside pressing her membranes for release was both herself and a stranger; and she must have clenched her teeth trying not to yell, small head crowning, splitting her, her pelvis swung wide to push him through the wall of this world, till what came from her was a child lit with her own gore, soiled, everything open so her inside was now outside, cracked open, it means mother to crack open, to be rent by what comes to replace her. Such is love—the only way. It was Mary’s blood made him: his eyes, tongue,
his penis, her milk fattened his legs, made hair on the crown of his head, she grew caul to wrap him and door to come through and nothing, not even crying Father, Father, to the warped blue sky can change it.