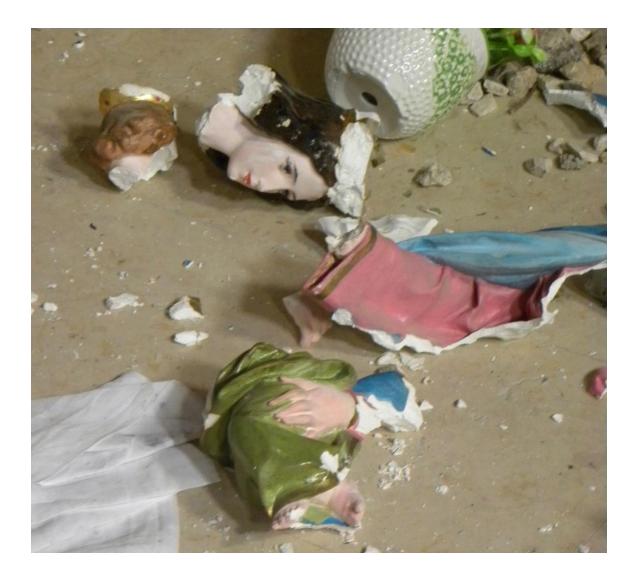
The Threat of Mary's Promise



His mercy is for those who fear him from generation to generation. He has shown strength with his arm; he has scattered the proud in the thoughts of their hearts. He has brought down the powerful from their thrones, and lifted up the lowly;

Luke 45:51-52

Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee even lying shattered on the floor your beautiful face still shines your curled fingers still reaches out to us who behold you in this slant of dying autumn light

between Rosh Hashanna's quiet time of repentance and Yom Kippur's day of shouts and blessings between illegal outposts being evacuated and olive trees ripening and burning

You who live into the future in present tense scare us with your ability to read our broken hearts, twisted minds predict our demise and the kin-dom coming You who sing revolution---how the power arrangements must change lie trampled and smashed yourself now.

We fear and revere you still, Mother of God Queen of the Apostles and Martyrs Mystical Rose Morning Star no longer looking down on us from your heavenly perch head too strong to smash

Pray for us all Mother of our Redeemer Mirror of Justice for your world yet to be born

eye to eye now impregnate us to be your vessels your promised threat