

THE COMING.

Dialogue Between the Archangel Gabriel and Mary
(Written in the Tomb of Mary, Jerusalem, 2004)

It has been said that the archangel Gabriel announced to Mary, daughter of Anna, that the Lord held her in favor and would have her be impregnated by his Holy Spirit. She was to birth a divine son. It also is said that Mary modestly accepted such impregnation.

Mary's submissive acceptance would be expected within a patriarchal order. But perhaps a more primal feminine would not have been so compliant. It is held that Anna begot Mary at an old age and that Mary's conception was immaculate, not tainted with sin. These mythic truths suggest, in a speculative manner, that Anna perhaps was a hag, crone, or ancient wise woman secure in her feminine domain. She well could have raised her daughter as daughter of the Earth, in the ways of the primal feminine order, which found its authority in the divinity of nature that predated the patriarchal order.

If the son is essential to the Father so too is the daughter essential to the Mother. It is believed that there will be a second coming of the son. Such is the patriarchal view. However, it can be proffered that if the contemporary era belongs to the Son, then he has had his "day" and the "coming day" might truly belong to that of the daughter. Symbolically, this can be understood with the squaring of the trinity.

In what follows, Mary is not a submissive woman but one who enters into the pregnancy as an equal partner to the Lord. If the Father desires for the Word within him to become flesh as the son, then Mary asks that the son experience the flesh as most men do, that is carnally. She agrees to birth a divine son on condition that the Word, the son, live a full life of flesh, that she educate the son and that the Lord agree to sire a daughter with Mary.

PART I

Hail Mary, daughter of Mother Earth,

the Lord has sent me to thee.

With thee he would have a child.

Thou art blessed among all women

if thou agrees to birth his son.

*

I know thee as Gabriel, angel of the Heavens.

The words thou has voiced I have heard,

but I would ask why does the Word of Heaven
seek the flesh of Earth?

*

Blessed daughter of Earth
the almighty has not disclosed this to me.

*

Angel of the Heavens, why ask he a woman,
what need fills him? Be it
that he too long without woman?

*

Daughter of Earth, the Word
would be made whole.
Fathers would have sons,
until then, the Word incomplete is.

*

What is Word without depth,
what is son without mother?
Would Heaven have son
to continue the reign of Word?

*

Lady of the earthly realm
the Heavens a son need
to fulfill the promise of the Word,
that creative force that Heavens move.

*

Gabriel, Heaven's request crude is;
how lacking the feeling,
how sterile the prose,
how cold the offering.
Why would any woman agree
to lay with thy Lord?

*

Precious daughter of Earth
the Heavens command this of thee.

*

Gabriel, loyal angel that thou art,
here on Earth the Heavens command not.
That illusion the Word creates.
Here, the cycle of Great Mother's rule.
Command what the Lord may wish,
the Word here empty is.
Be this not the reason behind the offering;
a truth revealed: empty is the Word
if it floats in the swell of opaqueness.
Be this not the reason why the Lord
seeks to incarnate the Word in flesh?
Too long the Word in quest of home,
too long the Word in avoiding flesh.
What caused thy Lord to realize this?

*

Woman of flesh and Earth
the Lord of Heaven would a son have.
If not I am to declare woe to those of thee.
The Heavens will strike the Earth.

*

True he remains to his kin.
The Word too much turns to arms.
But again say I
here on Earth the Heavens command not.
If thy Lord is to have a son
it shall be so because the Earth
wills it so. Or does the Lord,
in the mode of Zeus, wishes to violate me?
Fool he'd be to try.
Great Mother would close the doors
to the speaking of the Word;
what then the Word?
The Earth no longer tolerates
the Word's poisoning ways
of narrowness and pettiness.
If I agree to host the Lord's seed
it will be to heal the wound
between Heaven and Earth.
Although a girl child would heal
in a deeper sense, the Heavens

are too small to understand this.

So if I agree, the first a son will be.

*

Lady of the fertile Earth

do I return to Heaven with thy consent?

*

Tell thy Lord commune I will

with Mother Earth to find her centering

from which the answer will come

to thy Lord's crude request.

Return in a time to come

and I will tell thee where I am.

*

PART II

Hail Mary, daughter of the Earth,

time to come has arrived.

Whilst thee host my Lord's seed?

He sends his greetings

and says the time has come

for a son the Father to have.

*

Greetings to thee, angel of the Sky.

Thought I have given

to the words of thy Lord.

But if it be a contract

terms clear must be.

First, the son a life of flesh will live.

Not one denying the carnal urge,

if so, why the seed incarnate?

Unlike thy Lord, the son woman will know

and labor and rear a family.

That be the first term for my consent.

*

Holy woman of Earth

the son's time in flesh short it'll be.

Heaven is his rightly abode.

He is to die to show my Lord's love

to forgive humanity's many sins.

He is to die and redeem the human race.

*

Gabriel strange is thy Lord's way of love.

I care not for the plots he weaves

and resent the son be used as ploy

to rectify what he wrongly forged.

My son his own life to live

no matter the length of his years.

The way of flesh he will live

or no contract will I give.

*

I have been told to accept this term
but his son's hour of death
will the Father dictate.

*

Death comes to all who are of flesh.
So it be as the wheel of time decrees.
Term two for my consent
the son will learn the way of Earth;
of love's magnetic pull,
of love's fulfilling embrace .
He will draw from my breasts
a loving kindness to share with all.
He will learn the way of peace.
Thy Lord's warring ways he will not keep.
On my lap he will learn
a feminine grace to tame thy Lord's craze.

*

Lady of the Earth, teach what ye may,
my Lord cares not.
That he be son is high enough.
When time begins to count,
sons will take to fathers' ways.

*

Truth ye speaks, angel of the sky.

But this son of mine will the Father teach
the ways of man filled with love.

Term three for my consent
that thy Lord give again his seed to me.

A daughter I will have and rear,
who in time to come
will herald the blessed new day.

Our son he but be
the messenger of the coming truth,
the bread and wine to prepare
the human race for a transformed face.

The son will open the door,
the daughter will fill the keep.

The son will soften thy Lord's reign,
the daughter will plant in every heart
the mark of unstrained love.

*

My Lord may be open to sire
a daughter for thee. A son he will have,
daughters he cares not,
yet may agree to comfort thee.

*

Return Gabriel to the house of thy Lord
and tell him a daughter I shall have
or no son will he.

I care not what of daughters he thinks

A daughter, I repeat, I'll have.

Simple is the term.

With his answer return in a time to come.

*

PART III

Blessed Lady of the Earth

the time to come has arrived

and the Lord has asked me to say

that he agrees to sire a daughter

with thee on condition

that the son's blood be his.

*

What condition be that,

the son's blood be his?

Oh Gabriel, angel of the Sky

his blood comes from me.

What does he with my blood?

*

Woman of the eternal monthly flow

the Lord will have a flow of his own design.

The son's blood will eternally flow.

Through the ages his blood

will sweep away the sins of the world.

Ever redeeming his blood will be.

*

Gabriel, thy words speak a tone

I like not. Of nature my blood spills.

How spills the son's blood?

What madness in the Father's craze?

*

Peace be with thee, most fair Lady.

Only blood purifies the stains

humanity inflicts on the sacred domain.

Only blood cleans the filth

of humans' earthly desires.

*

What sickness suffers thy Lord

is it not this earthly state

the purpose for the Word becoming flesh?

This flesh of earthly desire

is but part of fulfilling life's design.

Equate not desire with decadence.

Desire is that on which love blooms.

*

Oh most gentle woman of Earth

my Lord needs blood in the firmament.

There a different law rules.

What ye tolerates the Lord does not.
Desire pollutes the heavenly space.
Blood we need to rid this earthly grime.

*

Canst thou see, angel of the Sky
how pale thy heaven shines,
how sterile thy abode is.
Is it blood ye need to color invite
to set the pulse beating again?
If such be so, gladly I endorse
transfusion of the son's blood.
But if the use of the sacred blood
is simply to clean thy house,
thy Lord commits murder, no other deed.

*

Lady of the verdant Earth
thou too accustomed to human grime.
In heaven that stench doth soil.
Thy play of Earth a sin in heaven is.
We tolerate not the breech of law.
Blood is what we need.
Only human blood cleans our realm.

*

Madness again say I, oh angel of the sky.
Blood is for the living.

Why distort Earth's live-giving blood
to pander to thy Lord's endless fears
of the explosive urge to create?
Why not he also incarnate?
Then better he would grasp the role of blood.

*

Fairest woman of the earthly realm,
my Lord will not incarnate.
Since the hour of the son's dead
the Father controls, from that point on
the son's blood to the Father belongs.
What we above will do with it
no longer concerns those below.
He wills a son to have his blood
and keep the heavens everlasting clean.

*

Grotesque thy words, messenger from above,
how much better they would be
if spoken in an incarnated voice.
The condition thy Lord demands
is no easy one to agree upon.
Come back in time to come
and I'll give onto thee
my answer of where I am.

*

PART IV

Hail to thee gracious daughter of Earth
the time to come has arrived.
Dost thou agree to my lord's demand
that the son's blood be his?

*

Gabriel, loyal messenger from the Sky,
the condition turns me pale.
Blood is for the living.
When life gone, blood's value also gone.
The son's blood he can have
but he again will unto me
give his seed to sire
the daughter the world must have.
But again say I,
the son will live the life
of flesh of all breathing men.

*

Holy Mother of the God to be born
the Word incarnate will be.

*

Gabriel, a tension I feel
between thy Lord and me.
Why incarnate at this late date?

What is his scheme?

What occurs that flesh he needs?

*

Mother of God to be,

all in my Lord is not known to me.

*

The way of flesh many joys do bring

but also many heart felt aches

and sorrows ring out.

Is this what thy Lord wishes for his son?

I fear thy Lord's call for blood

means a harrowing time for his son.

Speak to me Angel Gabriel,

what know ye of this?

*

In truth, most reverent Lady,

I know not what's in store for the son.

But what ye fears may well turn out.

My Lord at time harsh may be

and blood does attract him so.

His worshipers are wont to offer

blood no matter what the pain.

*

Gabriel, I sense an ominous sign,

the way of flesh is not one of pain,

although pain accompanies the joy.

To incarnate is to live

the wonders of the Earth:

to touch, to taste, to smell, to see,

to hear, to feel the love

and fullness of sexual embrace.

The flesh emotive is yet reason

guides its steps when predicaments ascend.

Spilling of blood an abomination is,

it's all what the way of flesh is not.

*

Dear woman of the growing fields,

below my Lord blood has seen

and desires some for his own domain.

*

Gabriel, who truthful is,

blood is not for spilling but for living;

this incarnation's gist.

Daughter's blood naturally spills

as part of a creative drive;

no wound inflicted here.

All other blood from wounds do come.

Tell thy Lord blood is not the goal.

Let the Word incarnate

to fill itself with ample love.

Have thy Lord heap not the Word
with human blood.. I will teach
the son the way of love
and not that of spilling blood.

*

Woman who walks under the moon,
my Lord in his ways is set,
yet incarnate the Word he'll do.

*

Gabriel, a clash is in the air.
Will the Word, once it incarnates,
restrain the way of the flesh
or will the flesh enrich the Word?
Thy Lord a gamble takes.
To incarnate the Word
the son must walk upon the Earth.