

# Poems

by David Scott

## **The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary**

“And the Angel came in unto her”

*From a painting by Sophie Hacker*

Like an artist, she was always seeking  
to make more room for light, and from herself  
abandon all that blocked the strange bright thing.

It came as fire and moon and stars at night,  
and touched by brightness she saw the dust ignite,  
dancing in shafts of geometric light.

She read by it. It was the silent parable  
on her skin. The texts were named in turn  
as the shadow moved through the slow room.

Then came the day that Gabriel called her name  
and to the light she swirled. Then wordless both,  
the light enclosed her, and she all light became.

The wonder; for what before had never  
been, never inched so close  
to any human being, was done for ever.

## The Christ Child in a Flemish Landscape

Saviour of the world,  
wherever the sails turn on the windmill  
and the rivers run between banks  
then disappear; where a pedlar  
sets off early with his tied pack  
on a long stick over his shoulder,  
and a hat; there you sit on your mother's lap,  
noiselessly weighing the world  
to a poise.

## One of the Wise Men

*from a pastel by Craigie Aitchison*

one of the Wise Men  
one of the three  
his coming in  
his entry into  
the way his sandal was coming in  
how his head inclined a little  
how his nose inclined as well  
how the right hand held a gift  
how the right hand held a box  
how the box was offered up  
how the left hand held his robes down  
how the right hand held the box out  
how the memory stays so still

**David Scott**, a founder member of the Thomas Merton Society of Great Britain and Ireland, lives in Cumbria. His next collection of poems, *Beyond the Drift*, will be published in 2014 by Bloodaxe.