

# MARY'S OTHER SONG

**WENDY SCOTT**

*"Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."  
—Song of Songs 1:2*

When Joseph and I first lay together,  
blessed fountains:

his, mine.

Jesus was sleeping,  
beside our bed.

Sweet burn of Joseph's tongue  
circling my nipple  
while my tongue found his ear.  
sliding across my breast

His palm, a fire, sliding slowly  
along my thigh.

Splendor of this life:  
running water from our own well  
like a sea

rising, cresting, parting.

A million flowers rushing to open.

A star exploding where the Son had opened me.