

Silent Wednesday

Somehow in the strident ring
of markets and limestone
and the effervescent pulse of mid-morning,
the slosh of rejoinders and missed sales,
and the continuous niggling
of those who hunched over the law
like it was their final meal,

you avoided the press
of those trying to translate
miracles into Beelzebub and madness,
of those feigning melancholy
and rectitude among the masses

under the Mount Moriah sun.
You authored the final act
of scribal silence,
your own scroll
untainted, purer than gypsum,
waiting for the heft and diatribes,
taunts and spittle,
hanging
on for the slow march of prophecy,
the work of flesh and earth
alone in the will of the Father,
hidden away in Bethany,
girding yourself
for the coronation
to come.

—Mark Bennion

This poem won honorable mention in the BYU
Studies 2016 Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest.