

# 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

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