

## Week's First Day

This virgin chamber  
like rock-hollowed stable  
is a briefly borrowed room.  
The table chisled  
to lay linen-wrapped dead  
today becomes a birthing bed.  
Earth travails. A shudder  
breaks sealed silence  
of womb-dark tomb.  
Like lightning attending angels  
split death's gloom  
to witness this Resurrection morn—  
the cavern's mouth is opened.  
The triumphant King is born!

—Sharon Price Anderson