

## The Visitation

By Rita A. Simmonds

Our souls leapt  
suddenly sanctified  
at the voice of the Virgin –  
her hidden divinity  
swelling inside.

At the sound of her voice  
the heart  
we didn't know  
beat a solid pound,  
hit a kindred note.

She came to us  
“in haste”  
like the wind  
carrying the sea,  
and poured  
into our laps  
the teeming gifts  
she couldn't keep.

She is a voyager and star –  
the brightest of our race.  
she grows our harbored hope  
beneath her billowed cape.