

Wisdom Sits Alone

Wisdom cannot be contained or nailed down. But maybe in our modern busy lives she has been ignored. Maybe she is found forgotten and alone; in the crone who sits in the empty house yet always has the kettle on.

Alone in her house
unnoticed
unloved
she sits alone and waits for time to finish its journey
from A to B
cradle to grave
alpha and omega.

Time writes its wisdom in the lines on the old crone's face,
shining and beautiful,
each stroke carved with a sculptor's eye for truth.
Truth and beauty
Beauty and truth.

Beauty and truth sit together
alone in their terraced house,
facing each other
across the table;
spinsters,
left behind
by the important people
who have all gone now.

So she sits in the window
across the table from her sister
watching
as the busy
important people hurry by.

She has so much to say
so much to share
but her sister has heard it all
knows it all
by heart.
So they sit
comfortable in companionable silence
watching
as the busy
important people hurry by.

Time's beautiful lines
of poetic wisdom
shine for no one.
No one caresses her craggy cheek
or strokes her dappled face.

Wisdom sits alone.

In another place
in another time
Wisdom's voice was heard
crying
crying out
from the mount
from the plain
in the wilderness
by the river
on the water.

Wisdom's voice was loud
dancing and singing
through the streets
leading a merry parade.

Even the busy, important people
couldn't ignore it.

But instead of listening
as the little people did
the busy, important people
nailed her to a tree
fixing her hands
and her feet
to try to stop the dance.

So,
in the bread we eat
we see Wisdom's feet
dancing
the old crone's dance.

[share bread]

And
in the wine we drink
we taste Wisdom's lips
singing
the old crone's song.

[share wine]

Wisdom will not be nailed down.
Wisdom cannot be contained
or controlled.
Alone in her house,
where the busy, important people leave her,
Wisdom has the kettle on.
Let's leave this place of worship,
and go round for a cup of tea.