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## Advent

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Before we knew a savior, we saved ourselves.  
We bled and sweat and died for each other  
We sacrificed for love  
We hung for innocence  
We died for pride  
We taught for our children  
We healed to live  
And when our tears would not cry,  
when the dead would not rise,  
when our flesh touched flesh  
and grated like sandpaper,  
we became words.

And we sung and we shouted and we danced and we told  
stories.  
And this is how we got to know each other  
This was how we got to know God

We wrote.  
And weaved  
And spun ourselves  
into survival  
becoming sanity  
becoming  
Alive.

Striving to be part of our own making

And the colors of our words were oral prophecies.  
Incantations  
Divinations  
Libations  
Blessings  
Curses  
Histories  
Geographies  
Prophecies

The flesh becoming words

They told our stories  
And they healed us  
And taught us to heal  
Ourselves

And the words became flesh  
And dwelt among us  
A beating heart  
rough callused hands  
soft baby footprints  
a sun-warmed back  
nurturing bosoms  
unyielding calves

Looking just like  
US

So we could feel each word  
Breathe its incense  
Smell its stench  
Touch its scars  
Nurse its wounds

So what we heard then, now we could see  
And what we knew then, now we could feel  
Now we could feel  
Now  
we could  
Feel

And know  
that love will  
not die

And God is in everything  
The flesh and the words