



Annunciation & New Years

CREATIVE COLLECTIONS

Rita Powell

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Annunciation

(after Serendipity, BTS)

I am Gabriel.
Galaxies expand in my iris.
The world is different
than it was yesterday.
I am scared by your joy.

We spoke
in a small room.
The curtains billowed
water shook in the glass
waves crashed on no-shore.

All the stars assembled
to receive your surrender
soft fall through space
back to the sunlit bed.

New Years

I awake, refreshed.
Palest light, I turn
to the sun gleaming
impossible orange orb
push aside the curtain to see
oh- not sun.
Streetlight, still lit.

Keeping me
company at my desk
not the curled body of the Siamese
who died last fall
but the long caress
muscular floral reach of the scent
of flame-throated freesia
proud among star of Bethlehem
and purple rose.

We bloom until we ache
 sings the beautiful Jimin.
I am not now
 and never was
alone.

Artist Statement

These two poems were inspired by my work as a priest and life as an artist. The MV Serendipity caused me to think deeply about the Annunciation, Epiphany, and the role of ecstasy in Christian theology. The short film, Awake, inspired me to reexamine my artistic ambition.

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