Anna the prophet

Lillian Bouzane, St. John's, Newfoundland

Listen, it was an ordinary day.

For no reason I put on my violet dress, my green cloak, my red shoes; left my house, and pushed through the throngs that were flooding into the Temple.

As I passed near the pillars, I saw there a young couple doing for their son according to the law; the two turtledoves cooed pitifully.

Moved by so meagre a gift, I stopped and looked into the delicate face of the child. As I pondered a voice within me cried out:

This is the One who has been proclaimed from ancient times.

This is the One who will go before the Face of the Lord for the redemption of Israel.

This is the One who will make the early and later rains come down on us.

Marvelling at what I had heard from my own mouth, I left the startled young family and went into the Temple and remained there, in contemplation of that voice that proclaimed the knowledge of the Living God.
Amos

*Lillian Bouzane, St. John's, Newfoundland*

Amos, the goatherd
dresser of sycamore trees
came down from Tekoa
in the Judean hills
crossed the broad steppes
went roaring up to the Temple at Jerusalem
and prophesied there
that Yahweh would sift Israel
as corn is sifted in a sieve
because she had crushed the poor
lessened the measure
taken the shoes from the dispossessed.

He repeated all this
a third and a fourth time
then he went back to his goats and sycamore trees.

What he prophesied came to pass
And that remnant of Judah
picked up the stones of the fallen Temple
and the broken stones of the city
and began again.