

The Gospel of Mary

(The Disciples) said to him, "Why do you love her more than all of us?"
... *The Savior answered and said to them, "Why do I not love you like her?"*
—The Gospel of Philip, *The Nag Hammadaï Library Gnostic Gospels*

My brother Peter, Do you think that I thought this up myself or that I
am lying
about the Savior? — The Gospel of Mary, *The Nag Hammadaï Library Gnostic Gospels*

I was not alarmed when the doves continued to coo
though their wings were burning.

I was on fire too. It was morning. I was there
with the eleven, gathered in the vestibule

of the upper room. Our breath thickened, colors
deepened. For just one instant I saw the root of love

staked through everything. But few of them
received the vision at its core. They tried to *think*

it through. It was not for thought. It was more
for holding and becoming. Light

brandished from our fingertips
like swords of warrior angels.

When it extinguished, I flashed
my ordinary hands and we all laughed.

Because they asked, I told them what he'd said to me
in private, didn't say he'd kissed me on the mouth.

I told them how I met the savior *inside*
my head. How our thoughts entwined

together like bean stalks
through swatches of cloud.

How he said *thought created matter*,
and fear is ingenious for damaging

the world. He said *Here is the soul, here
the Spirit*, the mind— a naive child

between them. I drew a diagram in air
of the soul's escalation, my fingers sparking

the seven heavens. I tried to show
what rushes naked leaving the body

like a city one no longer cares
to visit. How the soul, small and homeless,

remembers then, and rejoins Spirit.
How, in the aftermath, oblivion

is transient, darkness, illusion. Both
habits to be broken. Peter and Andrew

debunked my "strange ideas"
and woman that I was, I wept.

Levi stepped in and calmed the others
the way the savior woke in the rocking

boat and calmed the sea. They all looked
at me in wonder. I spent the rest of my life

on earth infused with his apparition
because I thought that I was worthy.