

## 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.

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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.