

By the oaks of Mamre

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [October 20, 2021](#) issue

He had been a stranger,
so took in strangers,
today *three*, and
in the heat of the day.
He interrupts my spinning
wool for his new cloak,
orders me to make a fire,
use my best meal
to make *cakes*
for heaven's sake,
tells the servant boy
to slaughter that calf
I've had my eye on.
Of *course* I listened
behind our tent's flap.
How else do we women
learn anything important?
How peculiar of them
to speak of a son
to such as we are,
such as I am who
no longer swells and empties,
with whom Abraham
no longer sleeps, nor
could mange if he did.
His Lord, who does not
even speak directly to me,
questions my laughing?
I should weep or howl,
but have no time or energy,
must clean up after their

feast, from which, perhaps,
they left me cake crumbs,
a bit of meat on a bone,
a practicable promise.