

December 24

Here comes the light,
The world is pressing
Deep hands together on this snowy night
While enthusiastic reindeer rush outside
Leaping a red coat and a wise beard everywhere undressing
Isolation. Wide and wide
The kind and certain fingers on the reins
Spread out and search for hearts beneath the snow.
Here is someone who doesn't understand
How preposterous he is.
Resting his urgent hands
In the sensitive gloves of children,
He gathers reality and through the cold dark
Closing up last year's glowing space
He plunges full of hope, the flooding hands intrude,
The world becomes one tattered but courageous face
That sudden love and peace have overcome:
Hold hold we cry, but the fading jingle of the doubtful sleigh
Has gone and nestled back in children's ears,
Awaiting that night when from the North
An elusive spirit once again defies
His nothingness, his outrageous possibility,
And welds the world together for a moment.