

Part Two



**The
Godtouch**

**The
Christmas Poems**

1 John 3:18

Love Poem

LOVE

arrows
through
by act and deed
deep
to the heart
and the mind
where words
only
touch
barely.

The Star

Into cold space and endless emptiness,
far within a deep indelible dark
where there was nothing but vacuum,
the dump of despair and death,
a small point of planted light grew.
and came shining slowly
with supreme and certain
brilliance,
infusing a deep day and wide warmth,
overcoming with simple sustaining
surety
the dark despondent depth . . .
then
out of this nether of nothingness
more stars appeared
shining somewhat dimly,
but shining steadily and growing.
burning within and reflecting the original star,
these stars are one with the first
and contain its fire within
and reflect its presence without.

they
are son-stars, children of the original light.
and burning brilliantly,
 breaking from the dark depth,
they spread into the indefinite infinity
 giving meaning and definition and form
 to the limitless line of time
as universes
 galaxies
 and constellations.
they have moved into communities of light
 cohering and commingling
 in cogent cooperation,
bringing white-hot truth and order and beauty
 into the midst of this rank darkness,
 seeking intently to change it
into one shining sheet
 of pure eternal light.

The Shepherds

THE night began as any other night begins with darkness, starred sky, and imploding silence.

But the slow rising moon was followed by a brighter star that settled strangely low over the glowing town beyond the rise. This bright beaming newcomer became the topic of their quiet evening murmuring as they sat glowing around the warming fire.

Then the night dissolved in sudden terror as the star seemed to fall right on them, flashing huge and hovering over their frightened bowed and befuddled forms.

As they cowered, awestruck and trembling against the frosted ground, they heard voices.

Above their disbelieving heads, the star was talking to them,

singing to them,

inviting them to look up to see faces, briefly, angels with a message.

Then nothing but silence blowing over the low Christmas christened hills.

They rose, still trembling, stunned, awed,
and curious. They made their way,
wondering, sensing hope,
toward the soft glow of Bethlehem,
just below the beckoning star.

The Angels

THE presses of heaven
were stopped.
The rumored event had happened,
and cherubim had the scoop.
It was Christmas for the first time.
And as if they couldn't wait
for the morning's first edition,
the angels burst brilliantly
over the front page of the sky
with a joyous banner headline
and a miraculous news story.
And the shepherds, like excited paperboys,
delivered the heralded word
from street corner to stable
as they made their way
to the scene of this sensational event.
And as they gazed at the child,
they kept one ear tuned toward the sky
just in case
late breaking additional information
was to come over the wire
from the choiring heavenly press room.

The Nativity

AS helpless as he was,
he deserved more privacy.
Yet they gathered and stared,
not completely understanding what they saw,
just that they had to see ...

Mary was tired and sore and a little sick.
But she had heard the heralding angels
and knew they would come, that they had to
come.

To see this new small life
that had been holy conceived inside her.
She did what she could to tidy the dusty stall,
putting fresh hay in the manger
and carefully wrapping the child
in her only spare clean skirt. There was no
more,
for the time, to be done. She smiled bravely, trying
to look her best, trying to collect her thoughts
and slow her racing heart ...

Joseph stood by,
beside his beloved young wife,
uncertain how to act, how to stand.
He was a father, yet not a father.
He was proud of his brave Mary, and awed
by this birth. Just moments before
she had been wracked by the shrieking pains of
labor.
And above her screams and sobs, he could have
sworn he heard singing. Voices, sweet like only
voices
of angels could be. Then
the child's first gasping cries

crashing against the impinging darkness.
He wasn't sure he would ever understand
what was taking place, and not sure he wanted to.
Shifting his weight, he stood silent,
his brow creased in thought, watching
the gathering people ...

The shepherds, gesturing from stall to sky,
began talking in quick, excited words
about what they had seen and heard in the hills.
How night turned to noon,
and of angel choirs singing tidings of joy
and birth, and the child, found just as was
promised,
small, red, and wrinkled, sleeping next
to cattle and chickens ...

It was all too amazing. Yet,
he lay quietly dozing, having just been fed,
not totally unaware of the world,
but not more so than any other newborn.
He deserved more privacy.
Yet they would never leave him alone.
But always come to him, time after time,
to adore and obey, or to mock and kill,
as the paradox of Christmas
began burning in their hearts.

The Wisemen

MINIATURE magi march majestically
down the middle aisle of the church
mistakenly placed in the annual
Christmas pageant.
They really came two years later
to give their gifts and long considered
adoration to the patient child.
But in our modern reenactment
of this eternal event,
the kings come to the stable
along with the sheep and the shepherds.
God doesn't mind
this once-every-year-error,
because the message is still clear.
Magic is vanquished by the intense reality
of this fragile fatal incarnation
worshipped in remembrance
at every church that is our Bethlehem.
Bathrobe wrapped wisemen
bearing gifts of gold painted cardboard
and mom's empty perfume bottles
make up an inexact scene.
But draw us just as strongly just the same,
to that holy point beneath the star
that burns His perfection into our hearts,
daily becoming His wisemen.

The Fool

SATAN sank deeper into
his insidious insane stupor.
Ravaging monstrous rage ripped
at the dead flesh of his senseless heart.
He summoned all his forces
to the small congested town.
With each turning away
and shut inn door,
he frothed in wicked glee.
But he forgot the stables
and the empty stalls.

The couple bedded down
and the pains came closer and sharper.
In distant fields beyond the city's glow
angelic hosts were singing praises.
The child was born. Shepherds
and magi were on the way.
And Satan screamed unholy terror
storming shrieking through his
dismal madhouse kingdom,
knowing, but refusing like a fool
to admit that all was more lost
than ever before.

Prayer at Midwinter

GOD

* * * * *

infinitely starred
General
 of my
 celestially aimed
 soul

Please
i pray You, Sir

Command one
sergeant angel
 with white flaming wings
 to come
and touch our humble house
 with warmth,
and
unfreeze
 our useless, insubordinate
 water pipes.

Amen.

Watching Snow

WHITE fat frozen flakes fly flailing,
evading, dodging each other in the air,
trying to find
just
their
spot.

A frenzied dance of pure white madness,
each flake careens insanely, feverishly
to the ground
and explodes into the rest.

In the mind
there is a constant *plssh!*
plssh!
plssh! while watching this
wild ballet.

But outside the skull is only silence,
(like cotton stuffed in the ears)
and white*

And white*

And white*

*

*

*

Winter, Snow & Cold

WRAITHS of vagrant steam
grey into the air
 from gutter drains
and mouths.

 Sounds haunt the blowing silence.
Words hang in the cold
and end.

 Snow sucks all noise down.

When you break the frozen crust
 with a step, it's all released
like the sigh of ghosts.

 Your feet become numb
 as the wetness melts in
 bringing the cold home.