

CHRISTMAS
POEMS

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AFTER ALL, THE EARTH MUST WAIT FOR SPRING

After all, the Earth must wait for spring.
No angel ever changed the pace of time.
Goodness is still tucked away below,
Empty as a field asleep in snow,
Like iron in the harshness of that clime
As God is born in frozen Bethlehem.

CALENDARS MAY MARK THE TIDES OF LOVE

Calendars may mark the tides of love;
However, please recall that love's the sea.
Rest easy, then, in Christmas' sweet madness,
Illumined by the pregnant star of gladness,
Serene within the depths of you and me.
There is no pain no happiness can move,
Making room for cherished company,
Antidote for life's incumbent sadness
So long as will and wisdom puissant prove.

CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN THE GLOW OF CHRISTMAS

Can anyone explain the glow of Christmas?
Holidays are candles in the night.
Rebirth comes from family and friends
In one bright blur of food and talk that ends
Still burning as a peaceful inner light.
There is no way to substitute for Christmas.
Miss it and no circumstance feels right.
All my heart's with you, yet I must miss this
Season thick with love and rich delight.

CAN THE WIND ACROSS THE SNOW

Can the wind across the snow
Howl enough of frozen pain?
Return to where the children go.
In love and hope begin again.
So did Christ return to Earth
That lovers might renew their love.
May all your longing bring to birth
A passion that no wind can move,
So strong no wind can stronger prove.

CHARITY BEGINS WHERE INTEREST ENDS

Charity begins where interest ends,
Having little interest but in giving,
Removing self from self, that there be space
In which a much-loved guest might feel at home.
So might one find delight, though ravens rend
The unembroidered fabric of one's being:
Miracle of unrequited grace,
A wave of wonder welling up from stone,
Singing as it breaks of selfless grieving.

CHEER IS NOT WHAT YOU'D EXPECT FROM CHRISTMAS

Cheer is not what you'd expect from Christmas:
Headaches are more like it, lack of sleep,
Raw nerves, rough words, waits to make you weep,
Irritable hours, days, intense, relentless.
So much money, time, so many dreams
Tied to one quick wanton winter's morning,
More an orgy than a merry dawning,
A ritual divorced from what it means.
Still, each year the love within it gleams.

CHRISTMAS IS A HOLIDAY FOR FRIENDS

Christmas is a holiday for friends,
However they may be, or not, related.
Remember that the three wise kings were strangers
In search of one remote, uncanny dream.
So may we all be far more than we seem,
Together bound for dark and haunting changes,
More lovely for the loves we have created
Along the lonely paths from means to ends,
Stumbling towards that star of Bethlehem.

CHRISTMAS IS A TIME OF LITTLE TIME

Christmas is a time of little time.
How we get there is a mystery.
Racing madly mall-to-mall, we climb
Into fields of sunlit harmony.
Shopping, cooking, clearing walks and yards,
Trimming house and tree while working, too;
Making phone calls, wrapping, writing cards,
As all worn out we do what we must do
So that this day of joy might joy renew.

CHRISTMAS IS FOR COWARDS AND FOR THIEVES

Christmas is for cowards and for thieves.
How might they be loved as dearest friends?
Redemption starts where satisfaction ends.
Instinctively, one does as one believes.
So did Christ love everyone the same
That everyone might love the same as he.
Most children that are loved will loving be
As they become the people they became.
So shall you love all creatures in his name.

CHRISTMAS REALLY ISN'T ABOUT TOYS

Christmas really isn't about toys,
However much we love them, young and old.
Reductions in the fat of Christmas day
In time restore its vigor and its health.
So let us not display our absent wealth,
Though children should have ample chance to play.
More sweet and joyous music must be sung,
And thoughts of peace and mercy make their way
Silent and uncluttered through the noise.

COLD COMFORT IN THE CHASTITY OF SORROW

Cold comfort in the chastity of sorrow,
Having turned in pain towards innocence,
Reaching through the madness for the marrow,
Intent, for once, on yielding all pretence;
Sensing the necessity of love
Though feeling none but hunger well within,
Meaning nothing more than one might prove
As one finds little proof in death and sin:
So it was one night in Bethlehem.

COULD THERE BE ANGELS WAITING IN THE WINGS

Could there be angels waiting in the wings,
How might we call upon their ecstasy?
Rainbows are mere garnish on the days
In which we are the glory and the light.
So may we hear the songs our sunshine sings,
The words which will the wonder of our ways;
May we know how good it is to be
As we celebrate the holidays,
So much in love we weep as angels might.

GLAD TIDINGS ARE A COAT OF MANY COLORS

Glad tidings are a coat of many colors,
Lest warmth be the only use for clothes.
A moment of redemption is a blessing
Derived from generations of cross dressing,
The product of choice strips from these and those,
In each of which are gnostic snips of others.
Deeper than the doting dreams of mothers,
In seas that lie beneath the ancient floes,
Neither touched nor untouched by transgressing,
Gripped alone by naked grace, one grows,
Silent in the unspent blood of brothers.

GRACE COMES UNEXPECTEDLY

Grace comes unexpectedly
In barns on bitter nights,
Ultimately ordinary
Lest we claim our rights.
Invisible to those who see,
A veil to those who know,
No miracle or mystery
Descends to us below;
Just immanence immaculate
Awake within our sleep,
Salient as a centipede
Out strolling on a heap,
Not strange enough to keep.

HOW LOVELY 'TIS TO TAKE THIS TIME

How lovely 'tis to take this time
To greet our dearest friends,
To wish them health and happiness
Before the old year ends.

Darkness comes late afternoon
And winter lies ahead,
But friendship is a glowing fire
When all seems cold and dead.

Just as in some vacant barn,
Unnoticed in the night,
The whole of human history turns,
So we, too, make things right.

We must keep alive the flame
Though darkness grip the Earth;
For in the love we find in friends
Is our chance for rebirth.

I'M YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE, ALL BRIGHTLY LIT

I'm your Christmas tree, all brightly lit,
Hung with angels, colored balls, and elves.
Underneath my boughs your presents sit,
If you've behaved yourselves.

Why must we wait till early Christmas morn
To open up our brand-new games and toys?
Why gifts for us the day that Christ was born
If we're good girls and boys?

Now listen to your Christmas tree: I'm wise
In all the ways of faith that you must know.
I'm here because of what I symbolize:
Green through ice and snow.

There is a world beyond what we can see
Where, by grace of God, we can receive
God's greatest gift: to live eternally,
If only we believe.

Eternal life is what God gave to you
In sending down His son to live on Earth.
This was His gift, so Santa brings gifts, too,
To celebrate Christ's birth.

The baby Jesus got gifts on this day
Because, like any child, He loved to play.
And so God wants to share this special joy
With every girl and boy.

Believe God loves you as your parents do,
And takes great joy in giving gifts to you.
Live well and love, and evergreen like me,
You'll live eternally.

MAY THIS CHRISTMAS BE THE FIRST OF MANY

May this Christmas be the first of many,
Each more joyous in our growing love,
Revealing more of happiness than any
Riches might provide or pain remove.
Years flow like an unrepentant river,
Carrying the soil of life away,
Holding far more than they can deliver,
Rushing past the certitudes that stay.
In love there is an instance of forever
So shy and lovely it eludes the eye,
The sense of being home when we're together,
More enduring than a reason why.
As love is born of passion, borne by will,
So may for many years we choose love still.

MAY YOU FEEL SUCH LOVE AS LIGHTS THE MORNING

May you feel such love as lights the morning
Even at this darkest time of year:
Rippling through your heart with little warning,
Returning you to wonder and to fear.
You cannot will yourself to feel such love;
Christmas is a gift of unsought grace.
However much you may your spirit move,
Redemption chooses whom it will embrace.
In you may there be radiance and beauty
Such that you might never hope to see,
Taking as its home some common duty
Made lovely by a will sustained and free.
As you become a vessel for this light,
So may you know its pain and its delight.

MAY YOU FIND THIS CHRISTMAS INNER PEACE

May you find this Christmas inner peace
Equal to the patient love you give,
Releasing all the pain you can release,
Renewing all the grace with which you live.
Yearnings may you turn to rhapsodies,
Choosing to find happiness in beauty,
Holding in their haunting melodies
Riches that sustain your sense of duty.
In anger may you find an evening star
Showing you the way to Bethlehem.
The angels that watch naked from afar
May you hear sing of who would none condemn.
As all you love are blessed in having you
So may you feel the joy in all you do.

MAY YOU WALK AMONG THE STARS OF MORNING

May you walk among the stars of morning,
Eden waiting silent for the dawn,
Ready to unravel without warning,
Restless with the urge to be reborn.
Years of longing pale into beauty;
Christmas is a never-realized dream.
However much devoted to your duty,
Remember that the flow is not the stream.
In my heart you wear a crown of glory
So radiant that time must turn away.
The vision rises from the untold story
More lovely than what sees the light of day.
As you can never know just who you are,
So let my love become your eastern star.

MAYBE UNDERNEATH THE BED IS SADNESS

Maybe underneath the bed is sadness,
Even in the ecstasy of life,
Rejoicing in the gift of man and wife,
Reveling in existential gladness.
Yes, maybe at the heart of things a madness
Cuts through the flesh of pleasure like a knife,
Harrowing the soul with inner strife,
Replacing good with unrepentant badness.
If so, reason not with your despair;
So deep a wound requires deeper healing,
Too deep for any deft divining rod.
More than meaning, you are simply there,
A wonder steeped in incandescent feeling,
Still wrapped in swaddling clothes, the child of God.

MAYBE WE NEED ANOTHER MIRACLE

Maybe we need another miracle.
Each epoch ought to have one of its own,
Reducing skeptics to a single groan,
Renewing faith with evidence empirical.
Yes, we need fresh testimony lyrical,
Changing hearts that else would change to stone,
Healing those who, hearing, would atone,
Replacing reason with a canticle.
If only God would visit us again,
Showing us for sure His patient love,
Taking on our sins a second time!
Maybe we could be quite certain then,
Ablaze with what our faith would outright prove,
So for ourselves to witness the sublime.

MEANING HAS NO MEANING WITHOUT LOVE

Meaning has no meaning without love,
Elevating sentience to desire.
Reason has no reason to approve
Revelation unsustained by fire.
Yearn, then, with the recklessness of burning,
Coming hungry to the Christmas table,
Holding tight the objects of your yearning,
Ready to find kings within the stable.
In you there is a love that brings to being
Such beauty as you cannot hope to see,
Too simple and too glorious for seeing,
Making it a sacrament to be.
As love gives wings their will and words their song,
So may it give you faith your whole life long.

MEANING IS A MEASURE OF REPOSE

Meaning is a measure of repose.
Each clarity extends our comfort zone.
Reason understands what reason knows,
Rendering its verdicts on its own.
Yet if God did descend one frosty night,
Child emergent from a mortal womb,
How can we comprehend so strange a sight,
Reason still incumbent in the room?
Ideas must answer more than we might ask,
Seizing not our wisdom but our fire.
The wonder must be equal to the task,
More consumed by passion than desire.
A truth must be a stone that breaks the heart,
Shattering alike our faith and art.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO THE ONE I LOVE

Merry Christmas to the one I love,
Even on this day of love for all,
Remembering the love of one whose call
Redeemed all those whose hearts his love might move.
Yet only one love does my spirit prove,
Chosen in a passion like a squall,
Having in such ecstasy withal
Rejoiced in what we were created of.
In such love do we find our way outdoors,
So to be drawn to love of flesh and soul,
Traveling beyond our village green,
Moving towards the wash along our shores
As our love joins the greater love unseen,
Shining with dark passion on the whole.

MIDNIGHT MIRACLES MAKE QUIET MORNINGS

Midnight miracles make quiet mornings.
Even God sleeps peaceful on the breast.
Restless nights result in dreamy dawns,
Revelations ripe for sunlit rest.
Years of love lie drowsy, slug-a-bed.
Choices seem to snuggle, sleeping in.
Holiness is happiness instead,
Rich in all that gathers grace within.
In love of God or man, the Earth must turn.
Songs of angels come in troubled times.
The miracle of witness one must earn,
Moving to transfigure one's own crimes.
As faith and love require restful sleep,
So, too, must they their midnight vigils keep.

MIND IS NOT THE MEDIUM FOR JOY

Mind is not the medium for joy.
Each word should be a bell within the heart,
Ringing like a wind-tossed, wave-tossed buoy,
Restless in the grip of polished art.
Years should be a cry of sculpted stone;
Christmases long past, an oak-voiced choir,
Harmonies that hollow out the bone,
Rich with longing, reckless with desire.
If meaning but had meaning, words would be
Salient as the resonance of brass,
Tearing chunks of glory from the sea,
Melting steel with love for things that pass.
All I would, I could to you convey
Should I find words that might such non-words say.

MIRACLES HAVE A WAY OF MAKING NEWS

Miracles have a way of making news.
Even skeptics stare at parted seas.
Religious or not—Christians, Muslims, Jews—
Resurrection brings them to their knees!
Years ago, miracles were in vogue:
Christ and Moses wowed the willing crowds;
Holy icons healed both saint and rogue;
Rare wonders were ascribed to cups and shrouds.
In our time miracles are everyday,
So few can hope to grab us, or astound.
The mysteries that clutter up our way
May seem much more perplexing than profound.
And yet life is miraculous: to be
Surpasses any wonder we might see.

MOTHERS MEAN MUCH MORE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

Mothers mean much more on Christmas day,
Even though they're loved the whole year round.
Rich memories lie knee-deep on the ground,
Recalling years when gifts unopened lay,
Years of Christmases near wild with play,
Christmases of dreams unwrapped and crowned,
Happiness with wings and joy unbound,
Reveling in myths time would betray.
In you there lies the spirit of pure giving,
Sweetness that finds pleasure in my smile,
The gift I can reopen every year.
More than my own, I find your heart forgiving,
A home where I am welcome all the while,
So I can rest assured, for you are near.

MYSTERIES ARE OFTEN MOST MUNDANE

Mysteries are often most mundane.
Every child is a child of God.
Revelation tends to come roughshod,
Rudely lying in, in Bethlehem.
Yet if God walked the Earth and then was slain,
Coming, like us all, encased in sod,
His holiness wrapped wholly in a clod,
Reason could not such a case sustain.
In faith alone can miracles be true,
Summoned to a certain time and place
To crack the mountain open to its well.
Mysteries hide Being from our view
As some go out to greet it face to face.
So it was one time in Israel.

NO CHRISTMAS FOR MY CHILDREN

No Christmas for my children,
No husband for my bed,
No money for tomorrow,
No place to lay my head,

No tree with mounds of presents,
No ornaments or lights,
No smiles on Christmas morning,
No feast on Christmas night,

No toys to ease the boredom
Of hours before closed doors,
No family celebrations,
No trips to crowded stores,

No fireplace, no Santa,
No games aglow with friends,
No fire but feeble fury
As Christmas slowly ends.

For me I have no pity,
My sorrow stronger proves,
Because for my sweet children
I've nothing but my love.

NOTHING IS, BUT WHAT IS EVIDENT

Nothing is, but what is evident.
In truth, the truth appears but to the eye.
Could one but understand what might be meant,
Opening one's heart to pure intent,
Love the answer to one's what or why,
Angels would towards Bethlehem be bent:
So one might believe, though gingerly.

PERHAPS IT WAS THE WIND
THAT SANG LIKE ANGELS

Perhaps it was the wind that sang like angels
Anchored in a star-besotted sky,
Ululating round right-reasoned corners,
Lunging at three kings careening by,
Abroad with wonder, not quite knowing why.

TO YOU A SEASON
OF MELODIOUS TIDINGS

To you a season of melodious tidings.
In darkness may life be a lovely flame.
Now the year turns back towards warmth and passion
As all our dying dreams are born again.

WHEN DEATH MUST COME AT CHRISTMAS TIME

When death must come at Christmastime,
There is a special grief,
A mourning that must mix with joy,
A pain that must be brief.

There is an anguish underneath
The labyrinth of light
That longs for simple emptiness
To contemplate the night.

But life must bubble on its way
And pleasure be put on,
For neither sorrow nor delight
Is ever left alone.

And, like the Virgin, we must smile
With enigmatic grace
As we receive the fragile gift
That nothing can replace.

