

# Incarnation

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [December 16, 2008](#) issue

Suppose I scooped the whole sky in my hand,  
I couldn't hold it. Yet hearing a goldfinch,  
I feel, well, yes, that tiny song might clench  
the whole primordial rumpus of the wind.

I wonder if she felt the fearful flame  
fly into her womb? What did she hear?  
Or maybe when God enters time,  
he's quiet. Is the child in the manger  
meek so He, who fills all place, won't scare  
us?

After my mother's death, I stood in darkness,  
bereft and tiny on an ocean pier,  
a spent coin. Night opened its purse  
and flung me up, expanding toward the stars.

From what I know, I reason in reverse.