

What we heard on Christmas Day

by [Julie L. Moore](#) in the [November 27, 2007](#) issue

Silence like early morning, like indigo
Deepening at the bottom of the sea.
For hundreds of years.

No voice to say *this is the way*.
Or *tomorrow, he comes*. They raised
Their questions, rose each morning, found

No answers. Unless you count
Wait. But after the hush
Of prophecy, the long line of law,

Exile centuries ago just a bitter aftertaste
In their empty mouths, sting
Of dust on their ribs dulled, almost imperceptible,

A baby wailed. And if you listened close,
You knew your ears did not deceive you.
He had entered the ebony tomb

Of Earth, loosening at last his long-held tongue,
The star a halo of song blaring overhead,
God is not dead, nor does he sleep.