

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.