

The hidden life

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [June 11, 2014](#) issue

*There are also many other things that Jesus did,  
but if these were to be described individually,  
I do not think the whole world could contain the books that would be written.  
—John 21:24-25*

He cried when he slid out, a slippery fish,  
his mortal lungs unready for the rush.  
He took his mother's breast like a starved kid.  
He craved meat young, forced his fist in the dish.  
He tottered to his feet when he was one,  
and brought his father to his eager knees.  
He learned to walk, but never learned to run.  
He napped, read books, talked to the trees.  
When he turned twelve, he fell in love with fire.  
He'd light his torches underneath the stars,  
heave them towards the lights in the night sky  
mapping the distance, counting the hours.  
He studied the sun as it rose and fell.  
He envied it, but did not tell.