## The gift of myrrh

## by Gracia Grindal in the January 3, 2018 issue

The third sage brought us myrrh for his mortal flesh Wrapped up in strips of cloth to ward off the stink Cadavers make in the grave after death, Harbingers for my son, unlikely king. Bitter its fragrance, filling that house of birth. The odor of death mixing in with old perfume, Graves dug into the side of humble earth. Later inside an unused marble room Swaddled in linen, ready for us to lave His familiar limbs with costly oils The scents, omens the third wise man gave Now rising up from Eden's garden soil, Covered up my son in the linen shroud, All faith and hope drifting around my doubt.