

gazing at My Son

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on  
that starry starry  
silent night  
in  
His stone cold

manger pondering  
just what Is It

God hath wrought

in that slightly more  
than a pound  
of flesh, or so

about to be  
some day, soon

in a couple weeks  
or so  
to feel  
the knife's slice . . .

as if some  
sacrificial lamb

He will sometime be.

but til then, on  
this bleak midwinter  
night in the silence of  
His Mother's smile

I see Him there

enwrapped as if  
some Handful of clay  
created "how" . . .

but for now, cradled  
in a swaddling

of Flesh.