

poetry

## What non-sense is this? (A Christmas poem)

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God comes to fight all evil's command  
with tiny fists and gurgling cry;  
heaven's glorious standard  
veiling himself in dimples,  
ready to be held tightly  
in vulnerable, poor-girl arms.

What precarious ambush is this?

That dares to conquer darkness  
with an obscure birth;  
quietly plunging  
Light's most piercing hope  
right behind enemy lines  
under cover of virgin's womb.

What terrifying odds are these?

To deliver the rescuing deliverer  
gift-wrapped in helplessness;  
needing so much protection himself  
from weak, fragile civilians  
desperate to receive  
his rescue themselves.

But this child; this plan –

this battle – begun today  
will win the war of eternity;  
in thirty three short years  
and three long days  
as, held up once more,  
his finishing cry will defeat death's very self.

So I need fear no evil,

not through power,  
nor even peace on earth;  
but because Light himself  
left perfection  
and loved down  
the gates of hell.