

The door is ill-fitting

The door is ill-fitting,
a bit stiff to open,
the wood rough to the hand,
the ground uneven.
A creak, a last shuffling step
and when they are inside,
in the relative warmth
from the cows' softly moving flanks,
the donkey's patient stillness,
with the breathing and the snuffles
of the living animals,
the summer scent of hay just there
beneath the rich pervading smell of dung,
as they move forward
do the dust motes rise
in shafts of golden glory?
Are the figures aureoled
in transcendent light?
Or are the man and woman ordinary,
a little care-worn,
she, kind, with marks of tiredness under the eyes,
the new baby quiet,
the straw he lies on flattened to a hollow
to be more comfortable for him.
They, dazzled by angels in the night,
now before a family,
in the beating of their heart
in the beating of their heart
they know wonder, and certainty, and thankfulness.
They breathe in love,
through their skin,
through their eyes,
they are scoured through with happiness.
The small weight of the creature in their arms
their fingers slide from under the young fleece
a lamb for a Lamb.

It is given.

In return, joy, oh joy.

Susie Gibson, 7th January, 2010