

Christmas Eve Service

How do you open the window
Sealed with your own mental glue,
Panels covered with inside frost,
Shutters warped by reason's whispers?

When did underlining make the pew squirm,
The hymnal a glowing coal for contemplation,
The pulpit the nest of the loon,
The cross a web for witless butterflies?

The wise man follows the star.
The rational man is swallowed by his electric blanket.

The once a year challenge to your withdrawal
In the candled voices of Christmas Eve.
They surround your prism of rejection
In consuming sounds that rouse your pickled past.

Still the shepherd you can't become.

There, erect in your logic,
The hymns toll for mankind,
But you quell
The momentary inward urge
To join.

You find the window latch,
Capture yourself,
And sideline the collecting sound.

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