

A Poem for the Nativity

By Jerome Klotz

In a lowly manger lay He His head:
a sleeping child come to wake the dead.

His hand without mark, His brow without thorn;
of a Virgin Mother the Christ is born.

His infant fingers wrapped in bands of cloth,
orchestrating sun, moon, and stars aloft.

What heart could prepare for this strange new birth?
Heaven itself has sprung forth from the earth!