

Advent Psalm

The waiting, I cannot fathom
but I know that the water aches

with me to baptise all absence—
it pelts a rooted path,

it quicksteps a sudden sequence
out of the great plain

of aloneness; there will be flowering
jasmine, a shower of figs;

I am certain the torrent announces
the man, outstretched in the doorway—

he is red and white, blood
and bread, the chosen of thousands.

We can hardly foretell or recount
such goodness. His works

are as stars in a sky of frost:
wandering, infinite, constant—

they will spring from the arch
of the mouth of his mother,

guiding through even oceans, after
the rains are over and done—

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