

THE BABY NEXT DOOR

I saw him the other day
the baby boy who lives next door
His parents are poor Hebrews, like we are
He's swaddled the same way we swaddle our babies
and he cries and coos just like our babies do, yet—

the brightest star I've ever seen
shines down upon *him* every night
and shepherds have left their fields
just to take a look at *him*
exclaiming all the while
about angels singing in the sky

Really? Angels in the sky—

One day I saw wisemen from afar
dressed in finery, ride in on camels
They were bearing costly gifts to honor him
and actually bowed prostrate
before his little cradle

I met his mother at the well, yesterday
Her name is Miriam (Mary)
She told me they've named him, Yeshua (Jesus)

Yeshua is a fine name. It means savior
Savior. We've been waiting for a savior—

Hmmmmm...

Maude Carolan Pych