

While the World Turns Worldly

Mary's tired:
the donkey, the journey,
waters breaking, an un-silent night
of carousing sounds over the wet yard,
and one bright, new light;

her newborn God is swaddled deep
and safe and fed and cozy.
She's between awake and asleep
while Joseph's dozing,

so that scenes arise before her
of great stone streets
buildings high as temples
of wet concrete;

grey forms, prone in great doorways,
of people who own no space.
A feeling of sameness is on her
and a two-ness of place.

And a notion kicks inside her
where the baby used to be
that while the world turns worldly
those are who He will have to be.

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