

HIS GIFT

By Robert Fitt

My Christmas sky is luminous tonight...
The clouds slip silently aside—
Like the grand-drape on the stage
Of a vast world—
And reveal the star.

I gaze upon its glowing form while
My mind, in holy
Contemplation,
Returns in memory to a
Different stage, at an
Earlier time, when an unfolding
Drama revealed the
Christ. . .kneeling in the garden,
Struggling on the cross; giving us
Everything
For Christmas.