

## NO ROOM IN THE INN

*by Robert Fitt*

*The innkeeper speaks:*

How could I know...  
(my tears betray  
My sight...)  
That Jesus, too, had  
Pled before me  
On that fateful  
Night?

From dawn's first  
Rays, until night's darkest  
Gloom, the multitudes  
Had longed a  
Place within my  
Crowded rooms.

And one by one, until  
My eyes were blurred, and  
I was malcontent,  
I told each lonely traveler  
I had no room  
To rent.

Then Mary came;  
The mother of my Lord. One  
More expectant mother  
Among a thronging  
Horde.

Yet, could I know? I am no  
Prophetess! Could I  
Perceive the mother of my  
Lord in her  
Distress?

And yet, I saw her pleading  
Eyes, and lovely  
Glowing face,  
And knew, not understanding  
Why, that I must  
Find a place.

So through the darkening  
Shadows, 'mid conditions  
Dim and raw, I led  
Her to the manger, and a  
Bed upon the  
Straw.

But later on, I  
Watched as Christ was  
Railed upon, and seen as  
Worthless dross.  
Although He lived and  
Died for them . . . they  
Nailed Him to the  
Cross.

Remembering that  
Fateful night, when  
First their plight was  
Pled, I knew that  
Mary should have  
Known the warmth of  
My own bed.

Though memory dims, it  
Rankles still—how  
Exquisite my pain, for  
Even now it plagues  
Me—sharp barbs of  
Guilt remain.

Yet now, to those  
who justly claim that  
Every debt be  
Paid . . .  
Had you been  
Standing in my  
Place . . .  
Which choice would  
You have made?