

*A Place  
for All*

A Christmas Poem





Tis Christmas and in all the earth  
a stirring's taking place  
to mark the Christ Child's glorious birth  
in joy; to see His face.



I don my finest livery,  
this festive season's smear:  
red for the blood the Saviour shed,  
white – gladness He is here!

My colours speak excitement bold,  
as this blue branch you see  
conveys me through the convent halls  
towards the Christmas tree!





The beauty that I now behold  
enraptures all my wit  
I pause a sec to trim the tree  
so I may help a bit





I long to stretch my supple limbs,  
extend my body thin  
that I may grasp the prickly boughs  
and disappear within

But that is not the reason why  
I journeyed all this way  
I came to seek a higher ground,  
A tribute to the Day.



I do not sport warm, fuzzy fur,  
nor feath'ry, cozy down.  
No reptile was in Stable seen:  
it makes me want to frown.





But there is something I can do,  
a way to give to Him,  
I'll flash the Babe my brilliant skin  
and climb the ladder slim

No fly or gnat will bother Him,  
no pest will come around  
while I keep watch upon the roof  
to take intruders down.





I'll stay all night, and in my heart  
I'll pray the reptile's way  
A loy'l, unswerving, service rend  
His cradle near to stay.



His love embraces those who come -  
the lowly, great and small.  
Adore and serve your little King:  
there is a place for all!



