

*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!



