

Advent

I'm tired of tinsel, colors, songs,
Pretending just to get along.
Advent's themes to watch and pray
Just make me want to go away.

Away where needy hands and cares
Don't break the focus of my prayers.
Away to where I cannot see
The holes that gape inside of me.

Advent is the time, they say,
"Prepare to give and give away
The things that make for crooked paths
For tiny holy feet and hands."

I've done those things, and now I'm spent,
The Eve of Incarnation's feast
Has left me worn, bowed down and bent
To other hollow calling beasts.

So here I am, with nothing left
Except this tired and weary heart.
In one last great and final heft,
I lay it down, my last true part.

The silence of the emptiness—
It soothes my heart surprisingly.
A shining love so brilliantly.
Has burned away my tired mess

What, ho! For so it had to be,
That only with my final gift
Could emptiness I thought was me
Sustain the power of holy birth.

Preparation, yes indeed,
This time of Advent has become,
But more than me preparing me,

I've been prepared to welcome home—

The advent of our God!

prm 12/21/14