

Nativity

Kathy Evans

The eyes of the beasts shine into my own.
The archangel's hair is on fire. I stumble
through the mudprints of cows and ewes
toward the damp side of the cave
where all gods are born. Through odors of hay
and mortared dung, toward a slit of light
that falls onto her arms, I move toward him,
a clean claw out of dark fur; my feet
awkward on brindled straw, I kneel.

Morning comes. The sky, still bright with suns,
shows me the blue of my own veins. The world
is left in the absence of wanting. I walk
among the sheep with new eyes and the reasoning
of an insect. I say to the angels
brandishing the hills, I saw him, the swaddled
fists, the tiny mouth. I heard his cry.

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