

Magi

Pamela Porter Hamblin

Through Perean hills and Arabian desert,
pacing our journey by the pulsing star,
we come here, finally, to this quiet shelter
that houses the holy—to Bayt al-Lahm.

Past the portal of wood and clay,
into the dimlit room, like night
we bow to the immaculate light
rising in the tiny Christ.

The child watches from his mother's lap.
His gaze, beyond our gifts, rests on us
and bids us lay our wisdom in the dust
to follow him—
through other deserts to another hill,
where Mary's birth pains touch her still;
follow to our own nativity
when new birth throes, begun on Calvary,
will burst our hearts.