

Triple A's

He himself is the present he is wrapping
under the starlit branches of the sky.
This, of course, is a truth that needs no trapping:
it is apparent to the naked eye.
Only the clever and the doubly sly
can figure ways around this solid fact.
Most of the rest of us don't even try:
that blinding star we dare not counteract.
But with the truth we make a subtle pact:
acceptance doesn't mean acceptance—quite.
We have believed: now can't the truth show tact?
Why must that one star shed such piercing light?
Why can't Incarnate God leave us at ease?
Why can't his stars be run on batteries?