

## Stella Nova

*Christian Heftel*

From where He kneels,  
Bleared with blood,  
Still shaking,

Mired in the mud of his making,  
He sees a wavering mote of light:  
Judas's torch.

This wandering star  
Will guide Him westward,  
To the place where man will be borne.

A babe no more,  
Tonight he is made Mary. But not Mary alone:  
He also is Joseph, is Bethlehem, is magus and myrrh  
and incense and gold.

He is adoring shepherd and spotless lamb and  
triumphant angel chorus,  
Reigning monarch and Holy Innocent,  
Virgin vessel and siring God.

And above all, above it all,  
He is Jacob's star, burning fierce and bright and joyous  
Despite the darkness of the earth.