

NOVA NATIVITAS

Men's curiosity is caught between
The cosmic Mother and the girl next door
But only once has contemplation been
Held in both these at one, heaven's foreshore.

Who is she, though, and what is her consent
Ignores the chasm between Nazareth
And mind-dark seas where the great Spirit leant
To chaos the first thought with its own breath?

I ask, and only know of whom I ask
That he will never tell me save in new
Life in a sunlight where the soul will bask
Knowing in flesh at last: it is all true.

You tease us, Mary, with your giving birth
Tailspins our mythy mind down to our earth.

Sebastian Moore