

HIM I KNOW

Harried and hurried humans need more
than the Christmas babe the mangled Jesus
 haloed smiling bland
The explorer encountered Him in a wilderness
 hairy hungry tempted
The machinist found Him in a factory
 work-muscled sweat-shiny
 toiling with hardened hands
The soldier met Him on a battlefield
 grimy and grim
 walking on calloused feet
 confronted by confronting
 the cannon and the carnage
I remember Him raising His arm with a whip
I leap to His voice commanding the sea

This now Lord and King sweet infancy past
 man-breathed His last
 and God-looked down
 to say "Forgive them"

--Glenna Holloway