



Past the inn with ne'er a vacancy,
raucous revelry, receding...

Around the back to the stables.
Animals stirring... then still,
breathing warmth
in cold night air.

Aloft, a movement of wings.

In a makeshift crib
on a bed of straw
under a thousand stars,
a new born babe...

Gentled to her breast
by a young Jewess.

And by their side
a quiet man of few words,
wondering...

