

Nativity figure speaks

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [December 11, 2007](#) issue

I felt it, riding through the afternoon—
the nights are getting shorter and it's cold
and then the baby shifted in my womb
and the innkeeper sent us to his sandy field.
I did what I was made to do. And now
who knows what else is possible? God's breath
moves against the soft nose of the cow.
The moon shines on this shed and on the path
where you lean, watching us. Who are you?
I am the round yon virgin of your song.
You are the sky the light is passing through,
and you are the iron moonlight. You're sweet fresh-
smelling hay. You're Bethlehem, the tall kings.
Reach out, release us from this wooden crèche.