

Christmas poem

by [Charles Hughes](#) in the [December 9, 2015](#) issue

This house I have stands deep,  
Dimensionless in me.  
Here I can sing and weep.  
Here God can come to be.

Flimsy as an old stable,  
It's a porous place to dwell.  
I've proved hopelessly unable  
To seal it off from hell.

The Holy Innocents  
Are growing every day  
In number. Someone repents  
And, turning, turns away.

This house I have stands deep,  
Dimensionless in me.  
Keep Christmas here, Child. Keep  
Your weakness bright to see.