12/22

GOD IS BORN

The history of the cosmos is the history of the struggle of becoming.
When the dim flux of unformed life struggled, convulsed back and forth upon itself,
And broke at last into light and dark;
Came into existence as light, came into existence as cold shadow,
then every atom of the cosmos trembled with delight.
Behold, God is born!
He is bright light! He is pitch dark and cold!

And in the great struggle of intangible chaos when, at a certain point,
a drop of water began to drip downward and a breath of vapor began to wreathe up,
Lo, again, the shudder of bliss through all the atoms!
Oh, God is born! Behold, He is born wet!
Look, He hath movement upward. He spirals!

And so, in the treat of eons of accomplishment and debacle
From time to time the wild crying of every electron:
Lo! God is born.

When sapphires cooled out of molten chaos: See, God is born!
He is blue, He is deep blue, He is forever blue!
When gold lay shining threading the cooled-off rock:
God is born! God is born! Bright yellow and ductile He is born.

When the little eggy amoeba emerged out of foam and nowhere
Then all the electrons held their breath:
Ach! Ach! Now indeed God is born! He twinkles within.

When from a world of mosses and of ferns at last
the narcissus lifted a tuft of five-point stars and dangled them in the atmosphere,
then every molecule of creation jumped and clapped its hands:
God is born! God is born perfumed and dangling a little cup!

Throughout the eons, as the lizard swirls his tail finer than water,
As the peacock turns to the sun, and could not be more splendid,
As the leopard smites the small calf with a spangled paw, perfect,
The universe trembles: God is born! God is here!

And when at last man stood on two legs and wondered,
Then there was a hush of suspense at the core of every electron:
Behold now very God is born!

And so we see, God is notuntil He is born.

And also we see: There is no end to the birth of God!

Merry Christmas!

Love,
Karen