

The Heart-in-Waiting

Jesus walked through whispering wood:

‘I am pale blossom, I am blood berry,
I am rough bark, I am sharp thorn.

This is the place where you will be born.’

Jesus went down to the skirl of the sea:

‘I am long reach, I am fierce comber,
I am keen saltspray, I am spring tide.’

He pushed the cup of the sea aside

And heard the sky which breathed-and-blew:

‘I am the firmament, I am shape-changer,
I cradle and carry and kiss and roar,
I am infinite roof and floor.’

All day he walked, he walked all night,

Then Jesus came to the heart at dawn.

‘Here and now,’ said the heart-in-waiting,
‘This is the place where you must be born.’

Kevin Crossley-Holland
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