

Christmastide / the Texican Border
Jan Seale

Mild, sheep weather,
star-harboring skies,
a travelers' moon;

stones to pile up,
sit upon, make a fence,
roll away from a tomb;

cicadas singing glorias,
flowering olives for prayer,
fig trees cursed and blessed;

Palma Christi for donkey feet,
for sparrow homes,
for Solomon's sweets;

the passion flower of cacti,
sand to write a message in,
posadas to journey in hope;

and a river, wide and deep,
where, crossing to either side,
we are baptized anew.