

THE ENABLER

Harried and hurried humans need more  
than the Christmas babe the mangled Jesus  
haloed smiling bland  
The explorer encountered Him in a wilderness  
hairy hungry tempted  
The machinist found Him in a factory  
work-muscled sweat-shiny  
toiling with hardened hands  
The soldier met Him on a battlefield  
grimy and grim  
walking on calloused feet  
confronted by confronting  
the cannon and the carnage  
I remember Him raising His arm with a whip  
I leap to His voice commanding the sea

This now Lord and King sweet infancy past  
man-breathed His last  
and God-looked down  
to say "Forgive them"

--Glenna Holloway