

That night the priest slept fitfully. At dawn  
he woke, then closed his eyes. Withdrawn  
this side of dreams, he saw new scenes unfold  
as once again the old words were re-told:

While herders watched their flocks and wished for light  
From their twin suns to change thick gray to green,  
To put the viscous rime to shallow flight,  
A practiced angel came and blessed the scene.  
His message quickly calmed familiar fear:  
I bring you wondrous news from Paradise!  
Transmit the holy words for all to hear.  
Your Savior's born in Chalgors cave of ice  
Beyond the fiery gonfalons of Chark.  
You'll know Him thus-- a baby in blue fur  
Asleep in borrowed nests of frostbirds. Hark!  
Celestial choruses draw near to stir  
Your souls with love on this young asteroid.  
The angel vanished like echoing chimes  
To travel through the next galactic void  
To where more planets whirl, and wait their times.