

CHRISTMAS LONGING

What is it, yuletide lad and lass,
That thirsts beyond the bottomed glass,
That whispers under wrap and band
But disappears with gift in hand?
What child is this within the soul
That craves surprise, as if a goal,
Yet once desire is quenched in time
Seeks on for wonders more sublime?

With drying boughs and dying scents
The tree that shadowed presents hints
Persistent longings we perceive
As time ticks by toward New Year's Eve.
Bright ribbon dreams unleashed with glee
Postponed the real expectancy—
It lingers, yearning deep inside:
“What have I missed at Christmastide?”

We knew it in the token care
Both cards and presents meant to bear,
A Love Divine the season brings
Just whispered in the gifts and things.
These kind thoughts stay on shelf and wall,
Or line a drawer or deck a hall,
But are not quite the heart's delight
As wrapped to strains of “Silent Night.”

Eternity with Endless Love
Is what our hopes were thinking of—
A heaven-wish for where God dwells
Reverberates in Christmas bells.
God's Gift of Love in human wrap,
Who laid in Mary's gentle lap,
Completes the dream within our hearts:
The longing ends, fulfillment starts.

— *David L. Hatton, 1/6/1991*