

Day VI: The War

And the dragon stood before the woman who was about to bear a child, that he might devour her child...
Now war arose in heaven.

Revelation 12:4, 7

*This birth's a signal for war. Lovers fight,
Friends fall out. Merry toasts from flagons
Of punch are swallowed in the maw of dragons.
Will mother and baby survive this devil night?*

*I've don my share of fighting in the traffic:
Kitchen quarrels, playground fisticuffs:
Every cherub choir has its share of toughs,
And then one day I learned the fight was cosmic.*

*Truce: I lay down arms; my arms fill up
With gifts: wild and tame, real and stuffed*

*Lions. Lambs play, oxen low,
The infant fathers festive force. One crow*

*Croaks defiance into the shalom whiteness,
Empty, satanic bluster against the brightness.*

From *The Twelve Days of Christmas*
By Eugene Peterson