

VERSE

THE CHRISTMAS COMET

How strangely we awaited you,
Far traveller, as something rare and new,
And plotted your mathematic curve
As though it were the primal nerve
Connecting us to Father or to Father's Ghost
Where He, or It, resides amid 'an heavenly host';
But you, dark star, who hide from sight
And hurtle blindly on through iron night
Bring no bright message with your flight--
You cannot stop, and tied to earth,
Our wise men cannot go to seek your birth:
Whatever news you bring to them,
Their journey ends at no new Bethlehem.
Poor spectacle, much-heralded and oversold,
Return to Chaos and unlighted cold,
It is not yours we yearn for, formless form,
But something finite, known and warm.

— *D. A. Giffin.*