

## The Wake

Impudent laughter sought me shrinking  
The indigent corpse bathed in light  
Some spilled their tears unceasing  
Pushing the incongruous view from sight.  
(The meeting house is full tonight.)

Yes, shudder for their jealous grief  
Would snatch from dull oblivion,  
Bereave the silent corpse of sheath  
To fill an unknown interim.  
(After me, dear fawning minion.)

Still decorum's firm denial  
Urged polite and smothered words  
Whispered, yet, their strange avowal  
Swiftly turned to bitter curds—  
(Please sign the guest book, spoke the dirge.)  
Claire Gaddy.

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## A Child Is Born

Joan Myers

**A**mong the stories of Christmas that are related, there is one that is seldom remembered, perhaps because it is such a simple story of the shepherds who watched in the hills on one cold, celebrated December night. It is also a story of children—one of them a wonderful Child and the other a little shepherd named David.

At the foot of a gently-sloping hillside in Galilee on this cold, wintry evening, David cuddled a lamb close to him. Its long legs dangled helplessly over his lap, almost reaching down to his numb ankles, about which he had wrapped strips of cloth. The lamb's breath and David's mingled in a frosty cloud, and, seeing this, the boy held the lamb closer to him, warming himself by the heat from the soft wool. Close by he could hear the sheep still grazing and moving about, their sharp teeth tearing at the frozen grass blades. Though he felt very alone in the world of sheep and stars and sky, he knew that his father and his brothers could not be very far away—big men and rough they were, but their hands were kind. If he looked down into the wide valley he could see