

The Bleary Cows

Nativity scenes grow rarer by the year,
like snow, and in the wake of godliness
the trolls return - with neolithic fear
not quite disguised by grinning ugliness.

We miss the question and the cosmic yes,
the oddly reverent goat and the shy goose,
the high and haloed ones, the gentleness
of heaven with earth in Giotto's lights and hues.

But still they come, the partridges and pears,
the penguins, pokemons and polar bears,
the tartan reindeer and old mother time.

And like the audience at the pantomime,
'Oh yes he did!' we yell, 'Look - in the sight
of bleary cows - he came and there was light.'