

Birthday Card at Christmas

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Got a birthday card at Christmas: it made me think of Jesus Christ.

It said, "I love you" in small letters. I simply had to read it twice.

Wood smoke curled from blackened chimneys. The smell of frost was in the air.

Pole star hovered in the blackness. I looked again: it wasn't there.

People have showered me with presents. While their minds were fixed on other things.

Sleigh bells, bearded red suit uncles. Pointy trees and angel wings.

I am the shadow in your Christmas. I am the corner of your smile.

Perfunctory in celebration. You offer content but no style.

That little baby Jesus. He got a birthday card or three.

Gold trinkets and cheap frankincense. Some penny baubles for his tree.

Have some time off for good behaviour. Forty days, give or take a few.

Hey there, sweet baby Jesus: Let's share a birthday card with you.