A Stick, a Carrot & String

mewithoutYou

the horse's hay beneath his head our Lord was born to a manger bed that all whose wells run dry could drink of his supply

to keep him warm, the sheep drew near so grateful for His coming here come with news of grace come to take my place the donkey whispered in his ear "child, in 30-some-odd years you'll ride someone who looks like me untriumphantly"

the cardinals warbled a joyful song he'll make right what man made wrong bringing low the hills that the valleys might be filled

then "child", asked the birds
"well, aren't they lovely words we sing?"
the tiny baby layed there
without saying anything

at a distance stood a mangy goat with the crooked teeth and a matted coat weary eyes and worn chipped and twisted horns

thinking "maybe I'll make friends someday with the cows and the hens in the rambouillet but for now, I'll keep away I've got nothing smart to say"

there's a sign on the barn in the cabbage town "when the rain picks up and the sun goes down sinners, come inside with no money, come and buy

no clever talk, nor a gift to bring requires our lowly, lovely king come now empty handed, you don't need anything"

and the night was cool and clear as glass with the sneaking snake in the garden grass deep cried out to deep the disciples fast asleep

and the snake perked up
when he heard You ask
"if you're willing that
this cup might pass
we could find our way back home
maybe start a family all our own"

"but does not the Father guide the Son? not my will, but yours be done. what else here to do? what else me, but You?"

and the snake who'd held the world a stick, a carrot and a string was crushed beneath the foot of your not wanting anything