Bethlehem Villanelle

by Quentin Lister, O.P.

"The shawls are warm enough against the snow.
We'll find an inn or two along the way.
My time is nearing—but the Child will know . . ."

"The roads are rough, my wife. The beast is slow . . .
So many register . . . they'll have to stay . . .
A little more! We have not far to go."

"I have the linen bands. He'll not outgrow
Their warmth before we . . . yet, the sky grows gray.
My time is nearing—but the Child will know . . ."

"Look eastward—David's city down below!
There is a khan, a shelter, people say . . .
A little more! We have not far to go."

"What matter, husband, if all tell us, 'No.'
The Bethlehem streets saw many come today.
My time is nearing—but the child will know . . ."

"The last spoke of a cave, a mile or so . . .
A shelter . . . and for bedding there's some hay . . .
A little more! We have not far to go."

"My time is nearing—but the Child will know . . ."