

Advent Poems

Kimberly King rscj (USC)

Week I

Now
that the world has broken open
and sparks can reach the bedrock,
now Love
arcs across the Earth;

The fire of hope,
caught up in galaxies and mystery,
is loosed, is born; the fire of hope
has come.

What hearth do I give,
what tinder do I offer,
that this fire
may feed, may flare, may save?



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Week II



A match is enough
to distinguish nighttime from hopelessness
so I listen for the strike against stone,
the orienting words of the seemingly unkempt prophet,
when the woods close round and the sun is eclipsed
by purveyors of maps going elsewhere.

Let there be light. Let me bear light.
Let me turn toward you always:
My grounding, what calls to me,
my origin and All.

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Week III

I dreamed of touching darkness
with the fire of Word.
Cradling fear in my hands—
each finger a ripple of light
woven into an embrace,
a space,
where silence is balm,
where hope can breathe,
where wounds are tended;
Where joy flares fresh
in the company of Love
and cannot be held back:
Amen! Go Forth into the stumbling glory.
Remember this!



Image Credit: NASA, ESA

(image used with permission, and is of Barred Spiral Galaxy NGC-1073, as taken by NASA's Hubble telescope)

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Week IV



Come, fire-child,
to the cracks and fractures
of our humanity.
Make plain
the one hearthstone,
the common foundation,
for what burns,
consumes, creates
anew, Heaven;
anew, Earth.
Come, fire-child,
comet of Love,
to the galaxy
of our hearts!