

CONCH SHELLS WITH MARY

By Sara Kumar

I heard a conch shell on stage
With an actress who needed a mother
Because this was a story about a woman
Who loved two men

Jingle bells on a silent night
And what do we listen to this Christmas, dear Mother Mary?

Strangs and strangs and strangs
And the actress had no strings
But a heart that wanted to know
What it wanted to know

Was there a conch in Bethel Town, dear Mother?
I know it weren't no stage.

An airplane flies up above
A crow calls outside my window
And let there be no pain on Christmas Day

And a woman sinless like you
Can feel the cold still
"And you are not alone," says the Blessed Mother

An actress sorts through ash
At the end of a play
And we needed a mother
To think about husband and Christmas

And bricks and mortar
In a Connecticut home this Advent
And looking in a window
Where a crib used to be

And mailing a letter to an actress, saying,
“What do you hear now?”

And Baltezar placed the bell by Our Savior’s crib

And a silent night, and a silent night
And a blue tinged bell with ash

And let’s be at home for Christmas, and Jesus lives.



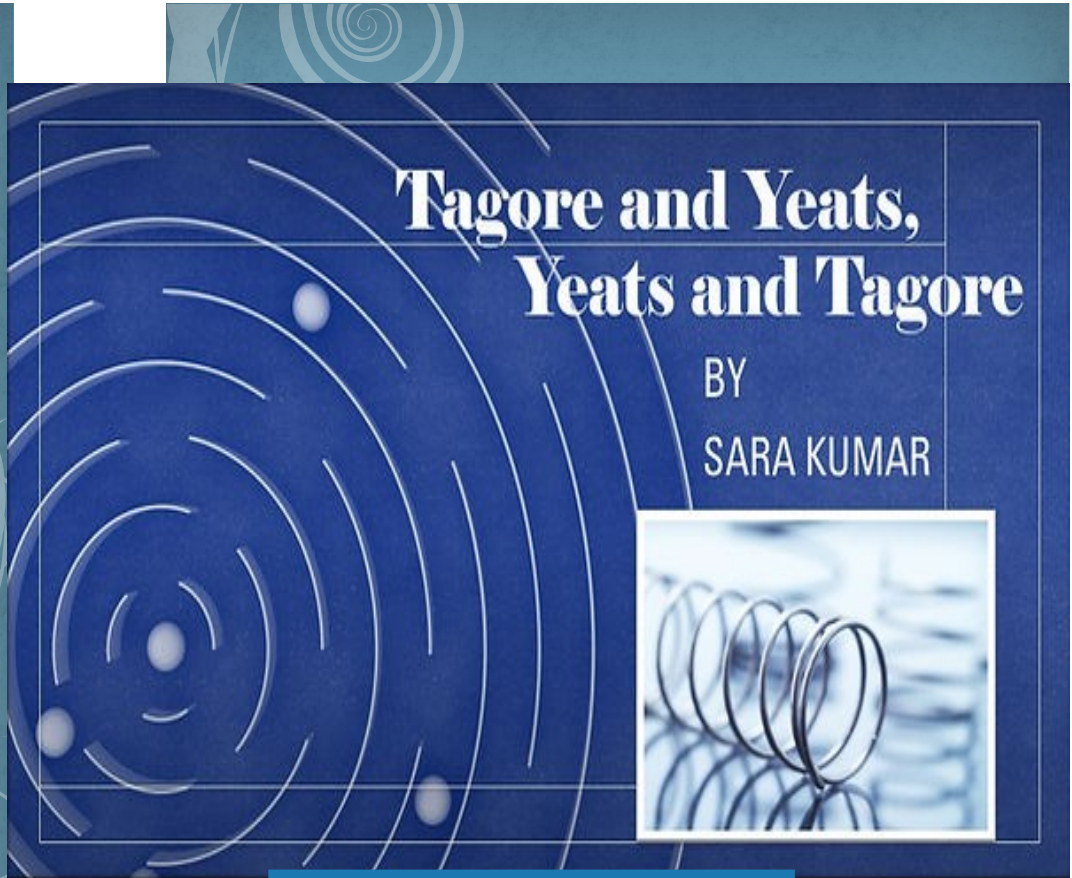
CHRIST IS
BORN!



CHRIST IS
HERE!

BOUND
Blue
BOOK
NO
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CHRIST IS
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CHRIST IS
HERE!



CHRIST IS
BORN!



CHRIST IS
HERE!

Arise, a Wake-aby

By Sara Kumar

Arise brave dreamer, there are things you do not say
Open the window, and ask me about what is under your feet
This I heard in a dream, my children, and this I want to ask you too

What do you see under your feet when you close your eyes?

Have you pennies under your feet?
Or marshmallow pies, or Chinese numerals?
I have a rug I bought from near the Taj Mahal

And so I'm thinking I need to keep this rug
And ask the Creator why I have this rug in my dream under my feet

Have you watched a reason push from your heart
Down through your veins of love and into your feet to move?

I cannot watch the sun find its place in the sky,
But this sun moves also, and has reason to move to a notch

If you see something that moves when you open the window
Let your eyes come to this thing

And see where progress is advancing toward a place of Beauty
Children, there are so many nightmares that go down paths where the heart finds no notch
Catch stride with the reasonable patterns that shape images of Truth
And let your heart sit with these images as the author of Beauty writes his words

And move, with placement of hands that don't tremble
And feet that are ready for comfort

And when feet are too heavy to move, don't worry
There are places to rest by fields of pasture and water

