

INCARNATION

So limited, so tied by his infinity,
Unable to be in as well as over,
Made powerless by the freedom he had given;
Omnipotence made impotent by love.

The puny will power of created man,
Not strong enough to stand the least temptation,
Yet bastioned and reinforced against its own Creator;
Determined to be self and proudly free.

To take that form, embodiment of futile insurrection,
To fill it full with uncreated love,
To live at last the life creation yearned to see
Then bury it, in loving hope of harvest.

The grain was lost but found again with increase;
Not just one shoot, nor yet a dozen seedlings;
But field on field springs up towards fruition:
Each grain an image of the Son of Man.

Dave Taylor 7 May 1991