

Artistic Truth



When I held you, Jesus,
I did what every mother does,
offering you warmth, protection, and nurture.
You received what every young son needs:
scents of love, sensations of care, reassuring heartbeat sounds.

We wore no earthly crowns or halos,
nor sat upon a worldly throne.
We were not carried upon the shoulders of priests;
no one knelt in prayer at our feet.

Given time, levels of truth mingle.
Invisible can become seen.
Physical may bow to metaphysical.
When I held you, Jesus,
angels knew what people later sought to express.