



Alone at Christmas

Reena George^a

^a MD, DNB, FRCP Edin., Department of Continuing Medical Education, Christian Medical College, Vellore, India

I longed
to give you
a gift,
a pearl
of great price.

Crafted
within my wounds
and nourished
with body and blood,
the pearl grew
lovely and luminous.

Tenderly wrapped
in gentle hues
the lovely blues
of sky and sea,
it waited beneath
the Christmas tree.

Christmas came
and went.
You were busy.
I understand.
I always do.

The tree and I
continued sitting
by the window
with smiling
fairy lights on.

Then it was Lent, and I
had to put away
that old tree.

The neighbours
were sniggering
you see.

But the pearl and I,
we sat waiting
for you, my beloved,
Prodigal daughter.

And then you came!
and I ran,
holding my walking stick
and your gift.

You opened
the silken blue
box, saying,
“Beautiful, thank you!”

But then you saw
that Graceful glow
and stopped, “No,
I can’t take this.”

“Please,” I begged.
“It was made for you
with all that
I Am.”

“But I am
not worthy,”
you whispered.

Only then,
My heart broke,
and I wept.

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Correspondence: Reena George, Christian Medical College, Vellore, India.
reena.vellore@gmail.com

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