

# Advent calendar 1st December

There were times I could have shaken him warmly by the throat when he was actually in post as Archbishop of Canterbury, but now he is retired (and his disappointing successor has to face the wrath and sorrow of the congregation) I can appreciate Rowan Williams's academic and literary merits. I rather like this poem entitled Advent Calendar.

Advent Calendar

*Rowan Williams*

He will come like last leaf's fall.  
One night when the November wind  
has flayed the trees to the bone, and earth  
wakes choking on the mould,  
the soft shroud's folding.

He will come like frost.  
One morning when the shrinking earth  
opens on mist, to find itself  
arrested in the net  
of alien, sword-set beauty.

He will come like dark.  
One evening when the bursting red  
December sun draws up the sheet  
and penny-masks its eye to yield  
the star-snowed fields of sky.

He will come, will come,  
will come like crying in the night,  
like blood, like breaking,  
as the earth writhes to toss him free.  
He will come like child.

*I have taken the poem from an Australian church resource*