

## Travelling Light

It wasn't much to go on,  
You might say,  
Obvious enough to the naked eye  
But still just one more glimmer  
In a glimmering sky.  
A clue easily overlooked,  
A sign easily passed by  
In the bustle of familiar days.

So, they, alone of all those who saw, set out,  
Leaving behind friends who must have thought them mad:  
This time, this time they were going too far,  
Just a tad too intense about the rightness of their view;  
And families fearing for their lives  
On a long journey to who knew where.  
Certainly they didn't,  
Having no book to say it was this, then and there.

So they, alone in all the world, set out.  
A relief it must have been just to be going and gone...

Almost at the end, up to a king's court,  
Seeking some answer to their destination,  
His wise men told them precisely where:  
Just a few miles down the road.  
But the wise did not care  
To join them.  
Of course, they had seen the star  
And the book had told them just where,  
But five miles, five miles is just a tad too far.

So, as at the start, alone, persuading no one along the way,  
They, who had left friends, family and sanity behind,  
To find: a few animals, a man and his wife, and in the hay,  
A child who had no words to say, no gifts to bestow,  
No way to show his pleasure at their adoration,  
They did not exult that yes,  
Yes, all along they had been right  
But bowed down, for here,  
Here at last was the light.

*By Mark Greene from 'Opening Night'*