

Matt Temple
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Silly Jazz

Through a cozy window—a small child looks and dreams
The owner of a wicked voice then at the child does scream:
Get out of here, vile wretched filth, you know this ain't your place
And slam-bang goes the heavy door—closed in Jesus' face.

Holes are wearing through the shoes that cover up his toes
And where this child will find a shelter no one really knows
The best he has to cover up: a raggedy old shirt
So little baby Jesus lays his head upon the dirt.

Wrapped up in a blanket, clothed in Dad's old jeans
Scraping out the remnants of a cold tin can of beans
Unwanted is he now, and shunned off by the rest
The pains of hunger poking at his belly and his chest.

Oh, what a winning welcome from us does the Christ Child get
While sultans feast on lamb and veal—in poverty he sits
But have no fear of anything you Righteous Little Man
For all this silly jazz is part of Daddy's master plan.

And now a little local girl, a girl about his age
Enters—yes, she's passing by—a modern female sage
Out from her only pocket, she pulls a plastic bag
And it is so chock full of gifts that it begins to sag.

From it she takes and gives the child a stem of purple grapes
And on his weary shoulders the girl's own coat she drapes
Now come with me, says she, my house has got some room
Please, Jesus, stay no longer on the street, amidst this gloom.

He starts to speak to her, and then with joy she weeps
You have done well, he says, for what you give you keep
And those who take a step outside their worldly comfort place
Will never be the losers—for they have won good Heaven's race.

So have no fear of anything you Righteous Little Man
For all this silly jazz is part of Daddy's master plan
No, don't be scared of anything—you'll never have to run
'Cause always there is God the Mighty—God the Living One.

-Matt Temple