

She leaped over shadows.  
She ducked under boughs.  
She hiked up her skirt

She followed them on and on and on  
through the bright night.

and the dust flew behind her.

Across the hills, behind the inn,  
and out to the stable  
beneath the glimmering star.



She slipped inside, unseen, behind them.  
A cow and a donkey stood side by side.  
She squeezed in between their warm shaggy bodies.  
It was a cosy, safe place to hide.

Camel bells suddenly jingled outside.  
The little door opened.  
Purple and velvet and gold swished past.

Then all was silent.  
She smelled incense.  
She smelled roses.



*And everything shone in a soft golden light.*