

December 10, 2024

Thy King Cometh

Advent
filled with the twinkle of candles
when it is dark;
the wait for the coming Prince of Peace
when the sea and waves roar;
the word of encouragement
when heads have drooped,
for the signs are
in the sun, and the moon, and the stars.

Advent,
my advent
is a flickering candle flame
on a windy windowsill.
From midst the snow arch
the fragile lake grasses;
they bow;
the red of the setting sun remains
as if it would wait...

The flickering candle flame,
a fragile stem.
in the bosom of snow and ice,
filled with expectation
to see Him
who has power in Heaven and on earth.
Hosanna!

Teuvo Aho

This poem was originally published in 1992 Christmas in Zion. Translated from Katselen katesi kirjoitusta.

