

Christmas poem 2020 by tb mcglone

Darby's flying in tonight,
Brendan's already here
The others aren't far behind
Yes, Christmas time is near.

The feeder's full of bird seed
Despite eighteen inches of snow
Expectantly I wait with hope,
Beneath the mistletoe.

And what I hope, my friends, lies deep
Within this Christmas prayer
Because it's easy to feel vexed
When COVID's in the air.

I need to look up to the skies
For those reassuring signs.
Orion tells me, *'Hang in there, bud,
Ahead come better times.'*

He shows up every winter
(At least in Northern climes he does)
Predictably, and that alone
Brings comfort, that's because

We need these things, these patterns,
To help guide us through our day.
The Ancients understood this well,
This celestial ballet.

On the last days of December,
On the longest, darkest night,
The Solstice, over time, they knew,
Was a turning point for light.

This was a time to celebrate,
For you knew what lay ahead.
Warmth of longer days replace
The cold and dark instead.

So like those older wise men
(And wise women, we presume,)
We look to spring with optimistic
Thoughts of hope renewed.

This happened long before the lore
Of Santa and the elves,
Before the Christians coopted
Saturnalia for themselves.

Before all this the simple act
Of giving brought a smile.
With no agenda people rose
Above motives puerile.

It's happening again, right now,
As we leave the dark behind,
Increasing light surrounds us and
Compels us to be kind.

So lift a glass and look beyond
This temporary squall.
You have it in yourself to be
The brightest light of all.

