

Winter Night

Small red wreath,
single candle light in its center,
adorns our frosted-farmhouse window
that watches the gravel road.

Its light sifts softly,
over the snow and through the grove,
to Aunt Minnie passing by,
and to me, alone in our front room.

In this peace of darkness,
I hear angels singing,
see Joseph touch Mary's hand,
feel Mother Mary's love,
hear a baby cry.

By Arlin Buyert