

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/4

James G. Piatt
Christmas Day

Christmas is here; beautiful garlands are hung,
The children are anxious for presents and fun,
The pine tree is laced with colorful decorations,
Many are faded and aged, from long gone relations.
The turkey is baking; the room full of sweet odors,
The kids are arriving now I can hear their car's motors,
Soon Christmas dinner will be on the old pine table,
Stomachs will be filled as much as they are able,
A blessing will be said, and a toast will be made,
Then eating will begin and the talking will fade.
After dinner, the air will be full of happy voices,
Then presents will be presented, all their own choices,
Once the unwrapping is over and appreciation shared,
Talking begins concerning events of the past year,
And, all will be filled with Christmas spirit and good cheer.

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Wintry Visions

My thoughts draw together like
Flacks of snow falling in a lea, like
Frosty wishes, they amass in
Hidden places in my drifting soul:

Misty glass panes peering into
The stormy wintry sky obscure images in
My eyes as the fading moon peers
Through clouds laden with rain:
Hidden in the caverns of my mind,
Images, sealed behind the closed
Entrance to past Christmas seasons
Splinter into beautiful wintry visions...

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Christmas Mass

The bronze bells in the old tower pealed for Christmas mass, the faithful and unfaithful alike streamed into the apse like pebbles being carried downstream by a slow moving stream. Some walked in silence, others with muffled words hanging onto the ears of others. The wintry wind outside chilly... inside welcoming warmth.

Rows of shinny oaken pews separated by the red carpet sea beckoned tenderly to parishioners. The nave decorated with pine boughs, colored lights, and ribbons, brought warmth to all.

The lights dimmed, minds hushed. The hour approached then stopped for a breath as the cross, held high, started down the aisle.

All stood in reverence as the Priest in his bright gold alb walked behind the cross. The old man and woman in the second row bowed as Jesus looked down on them from the cross.

The woman, pure as the linen on the altar, stood beside her husband holding his hand, both aware of that which was ending and that which faced them in the near future.

Their hearts held the keys to the past, their souls to the future. Like thin crystal statues spellbound under the holiness of the word, they knelt upon the padded kneelers and prayed for a wonderful Christmas day.

Their fears disappeared down the caverns of their imaginations as they listened to the Priest's incantations concerning the Christmas message, their bodies purified with the body and blood, put their minds at ease.