

## Christmas Awakening

From the mantel, stockings  
packed with Christmas  
tinyness and sweets  
dimly hang at 3 a.m.

Cold wind outside  
shakes and snaps the house.  
The dog is asleep on the couch.

This artificial tree, lights off, points  
second-floorward with wrapped  
bounty beautifully beneath it,  
testimony that goods are good  
and glitter is better.

The dog sighs and turns over.

From underneath,  
the furnace exhales warmly  
upon tree ornaments  
livingly aquiver.

All else is motionless,  
and less,  
except for the dog  
now snoring on the couch.

What if this--  
right here, this instant--  
is Christmas?

What if this quiet room  
is flooded with the future?

What if an unseen star  
is shining here,  
lighting the way  
to a new beginning?

What room, I wonder,  
is this? Do we have here  
a manger?

The dog sleeps deeply.  
The room is ready.  
One waits.