

## Winter Solstice

Our Christmas cards are sent,  
riding away on ZIP codes and good nature.  
Cards trickle in a few a day  
and say about what we had said  
plus a broken ankle or a bought house.

Our light-filled tree  
with presents around its roots  
gives and gives to the living room.

Soon will be family celebrations  
where ribbons and wrapping paper  
suggest swaddling clothes  
and the heart will say yes, okay.  
Humor will be high and faces flushed  
as wanna-haves come out of boxes  
and druther-haves fail to quite show up.

This drama time is bigger than everybody  
as the kindly solstice breathes love to earth  
in lung-sized packages  
for giving and forgiving onwardly.

Let us have Christmas in all its outer glory  
and, after thinking it over,  
we may inwardly say thank you  
and feel blessed.

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