

The gas! come close
to me and listen, for I do remember
now that quiet night when you and I came by
there, came in that first icy winter's falling snow
and saw the holly wreathed upon the door, holly green as
all that grows, as green as life itself in all its fullness
shining like that first splintered dawn when all
the stars just burst out and sang for joy
and all those *bettles*, plump and tick
with *blood* about to spill telling
of a hard, hard winter yet to
come, but look! *provision* here
before we know to need it, and as
you now remember that were thorns
that shaped the crown among the *scarlet*
bettles, thorns to pierce the gap that
lies between what we would be and
what we are, and all bound up with icy's
leaves, always there, bound in one leaf, enfolding
all that holly and its *fruits*, the holly and
its green, and all that *red* and all
those bitter thorns

Hilary Elfick