

Something to be said

There's something to be said for starlight
even when the moon-before-Yule
is up and lit and pasted across the sky;
even when the strings of reindeer-sleighs
loop through the city streets, and the flare
of Christmas-gift windows never dies down
throughout the hours of darkness; even though
the little colours of decorated trees
flash on, off, on, in suburban gardens.

Among all this merry brightness, there is still
something to be said
for the quiet stars, that delicately cast
their memory of light across
our oblivious festival,
and indicate without a doubt
the stable, the moment, the miracle;
that recollect tonight, as every night
that other light, still shining through the dark.

Stella Davis