

DECEMBER

The sun has spun the year around
To shortest light
When faith alone keeps promise of the spring:
Though the buds are warm wrapped.

Soft candles push the heavy dark
A foot away.
Such frail envoys of the prince of peace
Carry hope in brave show.

New life believes its human clothes
Protection give.
Our lonely selves cry out to find a way
To sense again the life blood.

Hands of warm flesh inspire
Our fragile hope;
Shield from the gales despair and doubting send
And let the flames catch hold.

Time takes us on through cold space,
Circling our life.
Love at the centre holds its place and glows
To warm us and reach out.

William Hallidie-Smith