

DECEMBER

As children close their eyes
And fall back fearlessly
Into plush white snowbanks
Then plow with their arms
To make contours of angels,
Angels lean forward
Into a cold sky
Falling
To make imprints for believing,
Faith, you might call it,
Which is the world's most graceful,
Groundless kind of flight.
Only the sky is not impressed.
I'm afraid it may be too deep.
Galaxies disappear in it.
My stars! Those poor angels are
Still falling! falling!
Who can save them?
I'm afraid the sky is too cold,
And deeper and purer
Than I could ever entrust
With my little heart.

-- Adam LeFevre