

A WINTER'S TALE
or
THE CHRISTMAS TREE

What common things rejoice the old or young,
the rise or setting of a moon or sun,
the lyric chime of bell in fog or storm,
blanket of snow or meadow-flower bloom,
the wonder of departure and return,
of tinsel vines, glass fruits in the cold of the year,
season of artifice, lighting the dark and the sere.

“I see this is the time the unjust man
doth thrive.” But virtue’s cultivation prunes
away unruly freedoms, works a ban
on light and color, fruit and flower, ruins
that logic of redemption out of tune
with just deserts and fair rewards of strife:

If life holds seeds of death, might death hold seeds of life?