

Candles for Advent

Reg Down

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Advent:

one candle lit and wondered
on its greeny wreath
as oak leaves wither
and waste themselves
upon the stony mantle.

Advent:

the white light twains
as an ill wind blows
and the river drives its dark metal
over the bitter land.

Advent:

the Trinity speaks in flames
only the One remains —
above my head
thrush and blackbird
flock their thirsty wings
to the broken bread.

Advent:

Four candles sear my soul —
Christ himself is near
as the pale dove
rides the wind.

The winterlands
hard with hail
scourge the oak and ash
— the earth broods —
the acorn rests
within its grail.