

DISTRACTIONS

Come
Bright light:
leave
your echo
in us

*Pamela J.
Fulton*

Christmas Knight

Both pain and light
Clamber into my eyes,
They are open for the first time
Since birth.
I recall my many misgivings
And for them
I am sorrowfully regretful,
Like a thief caught in the act;
Apologies mean nothing
When to eternity they fall short.

But on this generous midday,
A gift was left under our thoughts
By a soul in red and white,
His pale flesh
Steaked with forgiving blood,
He met a false death,
Uncovered by only those who
Believed in His royalty.

His Holy confident tongue
Gave it to us directly,
And yet clumsy hands
Still fumble to open
The potential in this parental present,
As though we fear another Troy
And not the peace promised
By this Christmas knight,
In both His death, and birth,
Each one a half of
Our Father's gracious gift.

Jason Meldrum

A Secret in the Wind

An ode of love in dedication to her,
the one I dream of, Pamela Doucet.

I sit here,
The blowing wind
Runs gentle fingers
Through my hair,
Softly caressing my face and neck,
Making me imagine
Your gentle touch.

I listen to the trees
As they whisper hushed secrets
To each other,
Mocking my loneliness
By their conversation,
And making me wish
You were mine.

I watch the clock,
Each second laughs
At my wanting you so quickly,
The laughter gets
From cruel to anxious
Making me realize that
You will be mine.

M.J.