

*Our hands fumble blindly
in the same box, grasping the same
ball. 'For me', she says, mildly
'For me', I say, a bit wildly*

*A peak crowns a Christmas tree
but how many balls add up to a Christmas?
And how much other stuff
does it take to make a house festive?*

*We do what it takes, and then so more
We decorate our house with light
While stepping out of that other light
Filling up a tree, building a Christmas*

*No pressure, no nothing
No news, no need of something new
Only this question: is it warm enough -
in our house, in us?*

*I say: please come in my heart
Come, and hide here
I turn it **Christmas red**
and give it a steady rhythm*

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