

“Early Wonder”

We huddled at the top of the stairs,
Five children, teeth chattering, stomachs tight.

Had he come? Was it there?
Off key, in the pre-dawn hours, we sang carols
to the darkness below to wake you.

A lifetime later, a slight shuffling, and the
sudden soft glow of Christmas lights from the tree.

How you smiled at the foot of the stairs.
"He's come," you'd say.
And we'd descend to the wonder.

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