

Epiphany

by [Marjorie Maddox](#) in the [February 24, 2021](#) issue

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And so they rush the steps and bash the doors.
With windows smashed, the winter light breaks in.
Forgotten is the frankincense, the myrrh,
the gold the wise men brought. Instead, our kin

or neighbors storm the halls. We recognize
their faces, tense with hate. In different form
they look a bit like us. Yet we surmise
this mob that waves its flags, together swarms

toward House or Senate, cannot live so near.
We say hello on walks? They guard our homes?
This is the hard epiphany we fear:
the ones we loathe and love might be the same.

And that bright star? We find the manger bare
except for all our anger swaddled there.