

Eve of Advent

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [December 5, 2018](#) issue

The few remaining leaves  
stagger drunkenly, randomly  
across the darkening sky.

The wind blows them  
where it will, begins to moan  
the loss of autumnal color,  
mourn the coming darkness.

Christ comes in darkness,  
ambiguous gift to a virgin mother.  
Not for the likes of them  
guiding stars, comfortable welcome,  
only alien status in unknown Egypt  
the result of an old man's dream  
and then a promised piercing.

And yet we hymn them,  
these three mismatched refugees,  
long for their story's meaning,  
for truth not propositional,  
not even likely or reasonable,  
ungraspable as leaves in the wind:  
this radiance in an unlit cave.