

Advent

by [Steven Peterson](#) in the [December 4, 2019](#) issue

Around December first, the summer people
All have gone. Some had stayed to see the fall
And some for hunting season—all have gone.

We walk deserted roads. The first snows came
But dried away to traces in the ditch
And snowy patches on the forest floor.

In town the Christmas lights are blinking bright,
The tourists few. The locals are subdued,
At peace with what some still call Advent time.

It's dark by four. We light a fireplace fire.
We have a drink and share a meal and read
Until it's time to go to early bed.

Outdoors to fetch tomorrow's wood, I stand
Beneath the stars. It's moonless, clear and cold.
The constellations reach like outspread hands.

Star bright but not at all a silent night,
There seems to be a constant trembling—
Someone surely there, someone almost here.