

An other Christmas story

by [Helen Marie Casey](#) in the [December 18, 2019](#) issue

One small deer, perfectly still, pasture barren today and cold.  
Three hawks circle overhead, searching. Sudbury's sky dull  
charcoal. A lone coyote crosses leaf-filled yards. Turkeys fatten  
and stroll, cautious as they forage. Fragile songs in the trees.  
Winter's whispers sigh in the wind and I am listening hard,  
Christmas coming as it does, nuanced steps in the darkness.  
Those Wise Men of old no longer travel. The man and his wife  
are coming. Their baby will arrive in the night while, all around,  
other mothers and babies are slain. This is a modern telling  
of an old story that repeats itself—killing and then, somehow,  
rebirth of hope. We set out soup, milk, cookies, blankets, pillows.  
We will not sleep until we hear the bells, wings of angels, children  
catching stardust as they reach, we two in the moon's shadow,  
shepherds watching in the cold, cold starlight, beginning to sing.