

The magi remember

This year they feel so far - as if we stood
still by a parapet in the blank night
waiting for stars, bearing the sky's sad weight
as trodden earth bears down upon the dead.

This year they hide from us - as on the night
mothers beyond consoling took their place
in dreams from which we fled directionless,
afraid to ask our star-forsaken route.

This year the darkness cradles him again,
shadows his parents, shelters their escape.
Far from us travels our and all our hope,
the morning star of our still distant dawn.