

December

As the year dips into December
night lengthens its dark tentacles,
wrapping them around the dying day,
squeezing the light from the sky.
Christmas lights glow dimly
through the greyish gloom.
A star twinkles tiredly,
a forlorn beacon
guiding wise men - and foolish
to the shopping centre
where Santa sits snugly
in his garlanded grotto.
Fir trees flaunt their finery
hidden in heated houses,
while bald branches bow bleakly
Over brown muddy fields.
Mist swirls moistly around
the scarf-wrapped shoppers
as they look towards tomorrow
and, beyond, a brighter future.

Margaret Hardy, December 2020

