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Prayer for an Aging Widow, Christmas Eve

Kimberly Simons

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Prayer for an Aging Widow, Christmas Eve

The tired late gray light of hollow worlds Submits, so spiritless, to quiet snow Which blankets brittle grass or tortured burls Of barren trees or man's abandoned hoe With restful refuge, innocent and old. Thus all the taut, tried earth is hidden deep From storm's impatient tread, careless and bold; Beneath the snow all weariness may sleep.

Tonight the world's children dance, embrace, In radiant, pulsing circles brimmed with life; But you, you gave so much with silent grace That now, a sapless tree stoic in strife, You stand aside and cannot watch them sing: Your heart must pause and rest before the Spring.

> Kimberly Simons WC '93

