Season of the Child

Through the knots and green fleece towns of growing up,

The end of the years always come with a green-red Amen.

An ageless and unsustainable quench of seasons well up in them,

‘Without Christmas it is only winter ’.

There is no cure, for thinking is archaic amidst confectionary

That magically churns nine-times-tables into pickles,

And pretzels and porcupine shoes. Children are the only

Honest men I know.

First, Christmas is for children - then women follow pleased to

Teach mankind how children love what conjures up nostrums

Of chocolate bowls dispelling chaos or magic of circuses

Between the snores they implore.

They sleep bopping about the brimming tide of evening stars,

Mid the universe of their bed. Venus in the western skies

Glimpes their half-op’d eyes. And on the tip of angels’ sleds

Dance those northland helpers neath’ Santa’s red

And white-edged snow caps and pillowy gloss.

Santa knows that now honor the bed of a child -- he waits and builds all year-long.

(There are no Christmas-neutral children that I know.)

We begot a house where color was born on a magnificent

Street where little giants minded the growing morning trees

After blue and silver moons. The possibility of waking

Is too great for a child when clocks astound the minutes

After midnight.

There’s time when rumors of dragons and unrequited gifts

Abound in little ghosts at work among the denizens

Of vanishing dairies, journals, and undone homework,

Found surreptitiously by crowing and curious parents

Unbound by suspicion and sole missions to navigate

Their fictions by captains of messengers in coal-filled

Stockings of red and white woolen spying things.

It’s been told that wisps and vapors and crystal-like tears

From the eyes of children get saved in little glass bottles in heaven.

The geese, and cats, and singing raccoons toast a child’s astral arrival,

Tossing about the half-buried trees like cinnamon sticks in ice creamy

Snows, the child frolics in empyrean clouds before it all goes,

And our visions of earth turn sugar-free, wishing for plums and purple homemade things, While before we are told, no permission is granted, refusing to grow old.