

‘A Christmas Poem’

by Ben Banerjee and Elias Murray Whelan

Fires they roar
In an open hearth

As particles of ice
Dance with the patterns of the heavens

The crunch of snow beneath
A book of winter

Unto the jubilation the morning brings to all

Carollers running
Door to door

Bells ringing in their wake

None to heed the pleading
Of those without homes to their name

Jubilation of the season
Misery to some

Those without a fire to warm them
Without shroud, without crumb.