

In Advent

by [Jean Janzen](#) in the [December 12, 2006](#) issue

Among the drift of lists across my desk,
this one—"call the cemetery for reservations,"
a narrow room for my body at final rest.

I will ask, is there an open space
somewhere near my mother or brother? Room
for two, perhaps, among the roots of cedars

under the sod and the one who now rolls
over it on his mower, mustache damp
in December fog, his headphones full of love songs.

We're in the time of waiting for our salvation,
that slow movement toward the final night,
when light is nothing but breath inside

a cave, earth hiding its treasure until
we are ready to receive it. That place
we travel toward like the Magi, weary

and expectant, laying our gifts on the straw.