

The year begins & Christ hides hushed

by [Angela Alaimo O'Donnell](#) in the [January 9, 2013](#) issue

in the brambles and in the brush,  
in the long shadows on the long street,  
in the creases of the faces that I greet.  
Dryad of my back yard,  
Apollo of my morning,  
bell tones hefted heavenward,  
musk of hardwood burning,  
my wild hand that guides the pen,  
my tame heart that wilds when  
all cries Christ! and Christ! again.  
O beauty, O fast friend,  
your touch upon my parchment skin,  
yongs it new. The year begins.