

Advent

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [November 27, 2013](#) issue

Hands can catch
water from a stream

for drinking or the gathering
of stones, or the feel of something

cold, pure, elemental.
Grasping the dark is harder.

Winter's rough air
slips through outstretched fingers.

Unembraceable night
fills with wisps of wanting,

thoughts of old lovers, the dead
and dying, falling through space.

Our open palms hold only
lamentations. We await

the promise of fire, receive only
darkness,

and bow under it, bow to it,
the unseen star.