

So much

by [Muriel Nelson](#) in the [December 24, 2014](#) issue

At year's end, when all is sad and done in,
we gasp as clouds of smoke appear.
But it's only the yews spewing pollen, outdoing
chimneys as if it were spring. That
and speech about Mideast peace as juncos
reseed themselves, the Christmas rose
flops open to cold, and Barney the cat
perfects his new trick—he unbars our door.

He stares.

(He prefers indoors.)

But right there's the morning star,
just like the chorale's. And up close, trouble—
a pup hunting kibble and warmth. And there's more. Mt. Rainier
shows up in pink and blue bunting. So clear. Such fresh-powder glory.
The sleepy volcano seems suddenly haloed, huge, and near. So much
for our little stable.