

Eve of Advent

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [December 5, 2018](#) issue

The few remaining leaves
stagger drunkenly, randomly
across the darkening sky.

The wind blows them
where it will, begins to moan
the loss of autumnal color,
mourn the coming darkness.

Christ comes in darkness,
ambiguous gift to a virgin mother.
Not for the likes of them
guiding stars, comfortable welcome,
only alien status in unknown Egypt
the result of an old man's dream
and then a promised piercing.

And yet we hymn them,
these three mismatched refugees,
long for their story's meaning,
for truth not propositional,
not even likely or reasonable,
ungraspable as leaves in the wind:
this radiance in an unlit cave.