

Epiphany

by [Pamela S. Wynn](#) in the [January 2026](#) issue
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My mother was born on Epiphany
ninety-six years ago

Her life soon to be a phrase or fragment
added to the history book

Struggling to stand this morning she uttered
“How strange to be here at all”

Year after year snow falls on snow
branches bow shagged with ice

Today in a tangle of branches
a burnished brown doe and buck sniff about elegant and easeful

How strange to be here at all
Evergreens straight and strong

Shepherd’s star splendid bright
A frozen moon spreading silver sheen

Shifting my weight
twigs snap and shatter the scene

Doe and buck bolt deep into wood
How strange to be here at all