

TINSEL

The tinsel is not yours –
How could it be?

The desperate extravagance to spend
On almost anything –
With no regard to value.

And all for what, and why?

In misty memory of ancient ritual
Where gods were thanked for bringing to an end
The diminishing of days –
To usher in the growth of light
With all the promise of resurgent life ?

And then some thought to mark your earthly birth
On this most inappropriate of days,
Confusing redemption with the turning of the year.

So sentiment proliferates and obscures
The monstrous fact of incarnation
By wrapping it in myth and wonderment.

Not for you, this synthetic celebration!

You are forgotten in the moment of remembrance
And stand outside the lives of those who use your name.

Dave Taylor December 2019