Poems

Christmas
wrappings

Green
and gold
noëls, red
paper, blue and
curled silk bows.

Harsh tremor of
relationships concealed,
generations of love, joy
and irritations controlled,
wrapped in finery of once-a-year
robes. So now tear them off! Reveal
the naked gift, wind it up, move its
wheels, click its clocky things, flap its
fragile wings, smell perfumes of unvisited
boutiques, scan pictures on the pages of
books you will never read from tangential friends
and rels that shelved are neat. Gifts of the season,
wrapped in perfection tell how things might be if
we lost weight, did not drink, spent less time
at work, were different — drastically —
bathed in perennial noëls amid the
plasticry of a snow-clad
summer Christmas
tree from Coles!

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