

Denison Witmer

"Christmas time"

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Christmas time
In the busyness around that time
I could not lift my head enough to see
The face that I wanted to see

Through the door
Where the packages lie on the floor
Evergreen and incense in the air
There was a year I didn't care

With my voice I sang this before
That grace would come and sorrow would be no more
With my ears I've heard this before
That grace would come and sorrow would be no more
With my knees bent to the floor

Christmas day in the stillness that protects this day

String of lights were strung into a tree
String of light were strung inside of me

I felt at peace and fell asleep
I felt at peace and slept

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