

Advent

tonight the moon
hangs like a censer,
sifting clouds of prayer.
The stars swarm
as if to a fire
outshinning themselves.
Hold this night
to your ear,
like a shell:
you can hear
cherubs
strumming the pastures
to fresh tunes,
blowing the seas
to praise.

The day will soon follow:
barns will unlatch,
the inn will empty
like a tomb.
But tonight, angels
dishevel the dark,
scouring the air
with music
whose chamber is
the universe,
where it is
always
night.

—Michael Hicks