

Oh, December

Oh, December, how'd you come so fast?
Seems like yesterday when I saw you last.
The year's rushed by in a time so brief,
Not yielding to happiness or mournful grief.

Oh, December, you're flagging year's end.
Into a relentless future this memory we'll send.
A new beginning, as well as an ending of the last,
Your winter solstice separating future from past.

Oh, December, days draw to the shortest of the year,
Then lengthen, faintly signaling the future's near.
The past is the past, and the future we must await.
A chapter closes; an awakening future's at the gate.

Oh, December, your closing and opening of the gate,
Prove that "time and tide on no man wait."
Certain calls I wanted to make again this year.
But those to be called are no longer here.

Oh, December, above all, you bring great cheer.
When you arrive, soon Christmas will be here.

People of faith celebrate with voice and chime

A birth from which the world dates time.

Gene W. Wood

December 2016