

# Advent

tonight the moon  
hangs like a censer,  
sifting clouds of prayer.  
The stars swarm  
as if to a fire  
outshining 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