

And so, like a kind of molting

by Carl Santoro

And so, like a kind of molting,
my radio stations leave behind
the songs of Christmas.

No more words in the air
about deer and trees and snow
Bells and angels and a baby's glow.

The naughties, the nice and Santa caught kissing,
The chestnuts , the warm cozy fireplace, the cold outside
Just more I'll be missing

Being jolly and merry and, oh, those jingling bells!
A white Christmas turned blue
as many yearn to get home to be with you.

The drum beat of a little boy
wakes a silent night
with a rump a bum bum and a starry light

Kings and little towns and joy
under mistletoe
A Christmas we hoped would be
a wonderland for all

So for now, let the snow fall, but
let it fall gently,
each flake as a soft piano note

I'll miss these beautiful songs
meant for kids and for old,
until next December
when their tales are retold.

Yes, it is like a kind of molting,
the songs of Christmas left behind
An abrupt abandonment, they are left
to age like fine wine.

I'll hum them as they still linger in my memory.
That month, that date now holds on to January.

