

We Don't Sing Carols in Our House

Came slowly to me,
how I loved
the songs and worried
not a wit
about the occasion.
I savored
a sleeping baby –
couldn't resist
almost
a baby myself.
Calm, bright, silent, night
Misunderstood
manger. Rocking to and fro
in a whisper I sang and sang
vibrations of melodies
filling me out.
My mind's eye
saw *gifts'* shiny boxes,
really bright *stars*, and
the word swaddle,
even when
I didn't understand
swaddle,
I mused
soothing and safe.
Oh relish the
Singing –
Heaven knows
I never knew
anything
of the conceit,
of The God.

Carol Levin's chapbook *Sea Lions Sing Scat* is due from Finishing Line Press in May 2007, and a chapbook *Red Rooms and Others* is pending from Pecan Grove Press. Her poems have been published in *The Massachusetts Review*, *Rock Salt Plum Review*, *Third Coast*, *The Seattle Review*, *The Comstock Review*, *Seattle Woman*, and the *Cortland Review*.