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Somewhere

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Somewhere

Sydney I. Portia-Diggs

Somewhere between the Normangee and New Waverly exit,
Past the Yellow Rose R.V. Park and Arena
Traveling west on I-45 on Christmas Eve
I contemplated the meaning of Christmas
and tried to visualize a bearded and red-suited
elf riding in a sleigh filled with toys and holiday spirit
drawn by tiny reindeer over snowy rooftops
Rarely is Christmas white in Central Texas
No picturesque winter backdrop
When most winter skies are
a drab gray as if someone
Took my mood and smudged it
Across a blue steel sky
No bright baubles of red and green
Spreading yuletide cheer
But that year, two days
Before Christmas it sleets
I drove over an icy bridge and
Saw an 18-wheeler slide into
an SUV sending it spinning ahead of me and
Towards me
Coming to rest facing ongoing traffic
My car eased to a shaky stop while the cars
Behind me kept coming and coming
While the stranded vehicle tried to turn
around on the treacherous overpass
I sat watching the car turn around slowly
With tentative starts and stops before
Parking on the shoulder
I inched my car alongside praying

A Different Perspective on Christmas

Jessica Hughes

That no one hit me as I checked to see
If everyone was okay. As I drew nearer
And leaned forward hoping my face displayed
Some of the concern I felt
the startled faces of the passengers
Who said they were okay – did not look
Okay to me but seemed more
Interested in waving me on ...
I supposed that
Some people didn't seem to recognize
Compassion or show it often ...
So when
I contemplate the meaning of Christmas
And I imagine a heavily pregnant
Mary and a concerned Joseph
Searching in vain for a place to spend
the night searching
for holiday spirit in short supply
for a little compassion
I imagine the people
they would meet

Victory Celebration

Olivia Olson

