

No Joy

By Glenn Currier

Worldwide they sing of joy
at the birth of that baby boy
but I have to say that this day
I feel as empty as a holey vase
from which all the water has leaked
dry, unable to feel,
lifeless as a brown fallen leaf.

I wish I could feel his life inside
this empty vessel
feel his tiny beating heart and collide
with angels hovering around
hear their celestial sound
but on this day - of all days
again I feel a sadness
as silent as the night
he breathed his last breath
empty as a cave of death.

But a small crack on the side
lets a beam of light
in this night
so maybe a particle of hope will abide.
Let it be enough
to help me rise
to make another start
and give some life
to this dry heart.

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