

**Amy Jeffs**

**[In my Grandmother's homeland]**

In my Grandmother's homeland,  
The Christmas room is readied  
By the mothers and God's angels  
The evening before Christmas day.  
Men and listening children  
Wait for the ring of a bell,  
hush, presents, crib, Christ Kind:  
tree aspark and fizzing, in a cavern  
so unknown but home.  
Ah but before little hands can tear at tissue  
Stille Nacht must be sung before the crib,  
Two verses, slow as moonrise  
Sung beside the candled tree.

It was so for my childhood too  
When my eyes searched frantically,  
blotted with beads of light,  
for shadowed gifts. As slowly  
the strange words were sung  
by few, familiar voices.  
For some reason I remember this,  
Not the torn tissue or even the treasure beneath.

My Grandmother says she saw  
Angel's feet once, through the key hole.  
That was before she was old enough  
To join their business in the living room.  
She does not see them now.  
After all, it was in the wait that we glimpsed magic.  
We witnessed in the silence, the darkness and the secrecy  
When to sense was to make ourselves believe.