



# One Moment of Magic

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Baby stars hang in garlands above our heads, Smudges of rainbow amongst the fir boughs That twinkle in dozy merriment. Like the passersby in the icy streets, They are oblivious to all but their own mirth. But we, we two, Beneath this scented tree, Cloying pine spiced with Spiky-cloved orange, Cinnamon sticks dancing with candy canes, Swathes of burnt sugar vapours From toasted marshmallows, And the fragrance of each other's skin Is our delight. A day of wonder and laughter Has seen us slide into this shining night. A walk in the ice-bound woods, With silver flashes from the cameras, A hot drink in the little cafe, A slide on the pond And bruised bottoms on the tumble, This night is beauty to our tired, joyful bones. Peace beneath this tree, Light in each other's eyes, Love upon our lips As we kiss And savour the taste of Magic floating on our breath. Flurries of snow race up and down the streets, Searching for hollows to drift in. The heavy clouds are lost in the darkness, But they will bequeath their burden Throughout this night. The blackened world bemoans The saviour it once called for, But here, In this tiny space, This single breath of joy, We are two and one, Sliding together, Blazing starbursts of wonder That fill our little sky with light. And all our sharing of what this Night means for us, And what we wish it meant, And what we hope it can be, Is wondrously manifest in the Gentle brush of lips on lips, All that exists in this soft, gracious kiss Is this single moment of magic That is each other.