

# UNSILENT NIGHT

*by Annette Andersen*



Deep in this silent, routine night  
the air is dark and cool and stars are sharp.  
I wrap my cloak more closely still  
and lean for warmth and light  
away from shadows and the chill.

How could I know this normal night,  
my fold, the sky would soon explode  
around my homespun cloak and flame  
with unfamiliar song and light  
and I would never see the same.

The dark is different since that night,  
though cloak and flame may warm me still.  
I listen with expectant ear  
and lean into a brighter light  
since Star and Song and Child appeared.