

Advent

“In this way Our Lord Jesus Christ, the spiritual unicorn, descended into the womb of the Virgin, and through her took on human flesh.”

—*Physiologus* (9th century)

Night tips toward the solstice,
the lunar shutters preparing to open,
to welcome the wandering sun's return.
Already, the third Advent has flamed
and been extinguished in its greens.
This midwinter, I turn forty-seven.
Another year has grown to fullness,
round like the Lebkuchen that nuns
baked at Christmas on holy wafers,
moon-shaped cookies, dark and spiced.
Cancer has not yet killed me.
I have drunk again from the unicorn's
horn; it has healed me, for now,
enabling me to reach this season.
The unicorn has worked wonders
for our ancestors, at this time,
in generations past. God kicks
against the cradling womb, waiting.
The door will swing, the merciful
light will enter my body again.