## Star Song

We have been having epiphanies, like suns, all this year long. And now, at its close, when the planets are shining through frost, radiance runs like music in the bones, and the heart keeps rising at the sound of any song.

Old magic flowing, the calling of bells, round high and clear, flying and falling, re-sounding the death knell of our old year, the new appearing of Christ, our Morning Star.

Now burst!
all our bell throats.
Toll! Stun the still night! Jesus himself gleams through our high he (it is no fable).
It is he whose $s$ in each song sung and in all of
in the true together

vi Nise,
(0) ienly, our eyes.

Shaw - from WinterSong 146










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