



Here are a few poems from different traditions celebrating light in the winter darkness:

A poem for Diwali

Diwali

The sweet smell of flowers
The array of colours
Diwali is here
Firecrackers are heard
Candles are lit
Children play
Presents are given
We pray to the gods
Diwali is here.

Suprina Balasubrumanian, age 11

Bagatelle cont.

A poem for Hanukah (Chanukah)

Chanukah Dreams

Chanukah I think most dear
Of the feasts of all the year.
I could sit and watch all night
Every twinkling baby light.

Father lights the first one—green;
Hope it always seems to mean;
Hope and Strength to glow anew
In the heart of every Jew.

Jacob lights the blue for Truth.
Pink for Love is lit by Ruth.
Then the white one falls to me,
White that shines for Purity.

How the story of those days
Fills my wondering heart with praise!
And in every flame one sees
The heroic Maccabees.

Judith Ish-Kishor

A poem for Solstice

[night leads into day]

night leads into day
the void into creation –
solstice crescendo

Laurie Kaz

Bagatelle cont.

A Basque Christmas Folk Carol

Gabriel's Message

The angel Gabriel from heaven came,
his wings as drifted snow, his eyes as flame;
"All hail," said he to meek and lowly Mary,
"most highly favoured maiden." Gloria!

"I come from heav'n to tell the Lord's decree:
a blessed virgin mother you shall be.
Your Son shall be Immanuel, by seers foretold,
most highly favoured maiden." Gloria!

Then gentle Mary meekly bowed her head;
"To me be as it pleases God," she said.
"My soul shall laud and magnify his holy name."
Most highly favoured maiden, Gloria!

Of her, Immanuel, the Christ, was born
In Bethlehem, all on a Christmas morn,
and Christian folk throughout the world will ever say,
"Most highly favoured maiden." Gloria!

Traditional

Get into a reflective Christmas mood and listen to VOCES8
do a gorgeous version of [Gabriel's message here](#).