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wonder

I believe I am constitutionally
Incapable of smelling fir trees,
Hearing my feet crunch on snow,
Or seeing all the fair lights without
Being overcome with wonder. Now
I can also be astonished by music
Or a painting, or the sweet conversation
Of friends, old and new, trading secrets
Over a cup of warmth, a glass of bubbles.
I love Winter and its deep Quiet and Dark.
I like childhood tales of fairies and gnomes
And more than half believe them. Why not?
Facts can explain why wondrous things happen
But they don't capture the Wonder and Peace.

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