

Tree Lighting Poem 2025 or This Is What I Found

by Fawn Parker

I parked by the lighthouse after dark.
At the base of City Hall stood this figure:
green and cloaked, with long feathered arms.

It was the Mayor's tree, un-decked and dusted
with snow, lit faintly by the heavy-lidded shops
on Queen Street. Upstairs, flickers of red and green.

Apartments like small dioramas, erecting silver
tinselled trees. Apartments parked like sleeper
train cars in the night. In branches threaded with

telephone wires, a bird, another bird, and their young.
A nestled Nativity Scene in a crosshatch dish of twigs.
The city resting in the warmth of the light

of the shimmering Wolastoq. The procession of cars
over the bridge, to see the lights in St. Mary's.
The full Cold Moon over an inflatable

Sisyphian Grinch climbing a chimney
all twelve nights of Christmas. I hurried home,
to write it all down. Tomorrow I will return again,

when the Mayor will light the tree. A soft glow
will rise, revealing our neighbours, our teachers,
the bookseller and the barista, the lawyer

and the surgeon. The man with a sling. The butcher
and the mother. They will gather and lift their steaming styrofoam
to the season. To the glimmer of the approaching new year.