

### **Third Day of Christmas: Earth Air Wood Water Fire**

Solstice past. Julian New Year's in the offing.  
Late evening. Dark. Light wind.  
Thin overcast. Thin waxing crescent moon.  
No turtledoves, hens or partridges in sight.  
Two nearby owls exchange information.

Snug in the schoolbus I came here in  
— '51 60-passenger Bluebird  
International, dual rears,  
two-speed split-gear rear end,  
BLD 269 straight six —  
and fifty years later still read, write, sleep in

and in certain moods think how it might be  
someday a kind of tunnel tomb replete  
with bric-a-brac, tools, utensils, books:  
emblems of a life once lived aboveground.

Too many missing from this year's mailing list.  
Looking back I'm humbled to remember  
how many stupid things I've done and survived  
how many people I could have done better by  
how good so many have been to me.