

## Advent Poems

2023

### Ben Wilfred

The fading light gave birth to  
darkness, clinging onto the  
last string of hope.  
shivering, fluttering, flowing to  
its rhythm afloat  
not knowing if in control or  
being controlled  
come take mind off me, but I  
still want to remain.

Unexpectedly, the unawaited gust of wind arrives.  
It navigates me, as I flow effortlessly to its will.  
I surrendered and waited patiently for him.  
Letting go of my past life I waited without complain.  
Some foster my thoughts and doubts, others rebuke, tries to break the wall of understanding that I  
lean on,  
that I can lean on.

The light returns like the sunset  
Just like through the acquainted path the returns, The boomerang.  
I was a seed cradled in darkness, embracing the trial of the darkness,  
As I Proudly emerged into the light through the soils defiance,  
I was born and I was reborn  
Like the thunder after the lighting I roared.  
Not to show anger nor to show power,  
But to clasp the tranquillity in my arms.

### Kyrah Nicole Sto Tomas

Reap me fine of my tenderness  
Tatter me so bleakly, proving me dissonant  
But I am the piano and I am the one who sits and plays,  
wanting to be less  
quivering at every touch  
at every decision  
weighed down by unshed tears.  
I know better than most  
that softness only blossoms amidst consuming pain.  
A constant, thirds, fifths, chords, scales.  
How can expression be so tender  
without sharps appearing in frame?  
But must I strike when I am fluent in its silence  
and when the soul  
that latches onto each worn ivory

creates a melody,  
you have reaped me of innocence  
but your ambiguity has rendered me cotton

### **Light will overcome darkness by Oliver Kilburn**

Beggars bellowing,  
Infants mourning,  
Prisoners hollowing,  
And still I hear St Nicholas's bells echoing,  
Light will overcome darkness,

Forest roots whimsical and unseen,  
Stems meander and look pristine,  
Evergreens prick them with devils to pay,  
But I witness a ceasefire, an understanding,  
I see the grin of children infect their surface,  
Presents in hand from under the tree,  
Light will overcome darkness,

Money goes to money,  
Criminals cradle the newborn capital,  
Tipsy troops tinker with offshore scandals,  
And still I brush across battered braille,  
Interpreting its cushioned commandments:  
Don't dwell in the past,  
Embrace the present,  
Mellow in the future,  
Light will overcome darkness.

### **'Light will overcome darkness' By Tanisha Cavell**

The leaves falling. the weather getting colder  
is Christmas gonna take any much longer?  
counting down to Christmas cheer  
light arises from the distance  
overcoming the darkness of the night,  
the lightness helps guide the way to the goodness that advent upholds.  
the dark is shallow  
the dark is scary  
but the light finds its way through  
just like Jesus through advent  
the leaves falling, the weather getting colder  
is Christmas gonna take any much longer?

### **Zaklina Mukstina**

He parades through the streets lighting up kids' faces,  
Gently laying down below their feet you can hear them pacing.  
Can't take his charm or brightness away,  
As I look out of the window, I can see all the couples starting to sway.  
He's so charming with the way he hugs everyone's souls.  
A garden of glitter forms on the grass, with a single red rose  
'Is that for me?' I ask.  
Knowing that he has feelings he cannot unmask.

He looks so pure, like a dove,  
Falling from the sky above.  
Illuminating the darkness of space,  
With a joyful smiley face.  
Forever apart, not being able to hug,  
We're so lonely but he always looks so smug.  
His light will overcome the darkness, darkness of the night streets.  
Every snowflake falling from him are like sweet treats.  
A forever exchanging empty look,  
Like a never-ending love story book.  
A single snowflake falls on my nose  
Gazing at him happily, I froze.  
Dreaming that we could sway like them,  
Prancing in our own snowy den.

I wish we had at least one touch,  
one slow and gleeful dance I just want that much.  
He wants it too I know.  
But I am warm spring, and he is the winter snow.  
Without a doubt he's the most beautiful thing I see  
His light will overcome darkness, don't you agree?

### **Adelaide Reynolds**

In Blood we Build Armies, in Dark we Build Light  
When it tastes like the hunger  
We've been taught to ignore  
Like sunlight shining on tired bones  
Like the sweetest iniquity  
Heaven could condemn  
And we sang mercy  
To the tune of the music  
We'd heard when we were young  
To the songs that broke us  
And the ones that bled  
A different shade of sin  
Through broken teeth  
And bloodied mouths  
To forgotten prayers  
And loosened restraints

We raised a rebellion  
(darkness of difficulty /oppression /pain to create the light of community, hope, rebellions)

### **Mia Lomotos**

Faith hope and love

where can one ever find purpose  
in a world that constantly never ends  
if I am to die one day  
there where do I stand,

Now what to do with myself  
what is all this for  
a greater purpose that forever extends?  
one day our time will come  
to dust we become

calculating the probability of heaven and hell  
you can't help but question  
each waking day.  
but perhaps that's just another cup of coffee  
maybe the sweet bitter taste will satisfy me  
and maybe that's all I'll ever look forward to.

but if that is simply the truth of being human  
then let us experience one more time,  
let me write down my thoughts in a poem one more time,  
it seems that the big moon that hasn't given up just yet  
it still continues to shine,  
and behind each weather it's faced  
whether or not we see and feel it's love of light,  
it is there.  
I see it nature all around me  
they don't have time question their existence.

we aren't very far from them ourselves,  
for we are made up of the same things  
from the same atoms birthed  
from the same point of time.

so,  
may I never give into the final question  
may I be the reason why  
consciously chose to be the reason  
the reason people realise they are not on the boat alone  
alone or drifting away from the shore  
and the idea of a shared chance of hope.

every period of time in history  
I come and go

look, there's love in the trees  
feel it, take it and accept it  
the animals that roam in the fields  
the buttercups that don't question a thing about themselves  
the dogs that yell and bark to no end  
stuffing their faces in one another's butts.

you take it for granted yes  
It's so easy to put us humans above all  
but down to our core  
we are blissful children  
just like the rest of creation  
and there no time in worrying  
and although with the burden of anxieties I may feel  
we all feel inevitably, all in ways we cannot express  
there's hope just right around the corner  
there's the love of God in the wind  
the words, the hands, the eyes of all whom I love  
have loved  
yet to realise I love  
let me strive for this  
for this is humanity  
although simple  
isn't living supposed to be simple?  
love in the poems of such writers  
who clearly tell us that we are never alone  
may we find comfort in literature  
in the simplistic ways of loving  
I've seen it again and again  
'what a funny class'  
'what a great match'  
we need each other more than ever  
and amidst all bodies of human beings  
although I still find it hard to question the reality of such heaven  
maybe today I'll start to learn to live in the moment  
and learn to live in the tightly knitted body of my beautiful friends  
why why  
do you really believe that this is all for nothing?

just another day to listen to the truth of art  
to listen to the warmth of my friends  
to feel human again  
and in the end  
again and again  
through hatred and hell  
the only 3 things that will ever reign  
that has always present since the dawn of time  
subtle amongst all of creation,  
forever  
peace, hope and love.  
Each day I wake up

there just seems to be  
another glimpse of hope,  
that never seems to give in.

### **Diana Oprea**

In winter's glacial grasp, the world turns cold, where shadows lengthen, and nights unfold.

But in this bleak and sombre expanse, A flicker of Christmas spirit begins its dance. For even in the deepest, darkest night, A spark ignites, glowing pure and bright. Amidst the snow, a beacon's gleam,

A promise of warmth in the frozen scene. The light will conquer, its rays will spread, Chasing away what darkness once led. Through frosty air, it bravely shines, Guiding the way with radiant lines.

As winter's grip begins to wane, The light persists, it will remain.

With each dawn breaking the night's hold, The brilliance triumphs, bold and gold. So, in this season of frosty embrace, Let the glow within your heart find its place. For in the coldest, darkest night, Light prevails with its enduring might.

### **Veronika Illiashenko**

When the day turns into the night,  
You were the light to my darkness,  
You made me smile more than anyone ever could,  
Your laugh was contagious, caring and sweet,  
It gave me the euphoria, my sense of relief,  
Our memories I held onto with all of my heart,  
But do you know what hurt the most?  
Knowing that I will never hear your laugh again,  
When mountain streams flow into rivers,  
The moon illuminates their path,  
While my hand is looking for your hand,  
Somewhere the light is lost, somewhere the moon is lost,  
I'm waiting for the dawn and the sun, remembering how you held my hand when I was five.

### **Phoenix Ly**

Light will Overcome darkness

The gloom is here,  
I can't breathe  
Each step makes a crease  
There's a thumping in my heart  
I don't even know where to start

The darkness reflects in your expression,  
I close my eyes and feel your tension  
Why'd you look so unhappy?  
When you were the one who cut me,

into a thousand little stars  
just to tear me apart

The ink that you splattered,  
still leaves stains  
Why'd you love to cause me pain?  
It feels like climbing but never moving  
Sometimes I wonder how you're still standing

The pit is deep, the pit is dark  
The memories latch onto me like a mark  
My words shiver as I speak,  
when I see your soul turn bleak

I turn away,  
the breeze pushes my feet  
The light is hovering, dancing as it waits  
I open the door and let it in

The light is here to stay  
I can finally breathe  
Each step makes a crease  
There's a thumping in my heart  
This is my new start

### **Kyra Davey**

Light will overcome darkness - inspired by the Christmas Day truce

My flesh retreats against the cold needles of December,  
Powerless against the thorns of the subzero temperature.  
I feel my frown forming as I scowl,  
And blame my mood on Mother Nature.

Never quite letting down my guard, yet,  
I think of those rosy smiles back home.  
Smiles of those I loved, those I left,  
Now spending my winters cold and alone.

Of course I'm not alone, yet it feels so,  
These men aren't friends,  
Merely acquaintances, colleagues,  
Fighting for king and country, rolling orders in tens.

A general approaches muttering,  
'Merry Christmas', as I've heard many a time before,  
Yet the jolly connotations of the words,  
Linger no more.

The fight seems unnaturally still,  
Yet I tell myself I must not falter,  
To remain focused I must do,  
For my country to win and conquer.

Christmas sorrows are getting to me, however,  
I fear as my mind starts,  
To recite merry Christmas jingles,  
I heard within my past.

An odd version of an old song,  
My pops used to sing to me,  
As if the words jumbled and were sang right,  
Just with nonsense and mystery.

Quizzical looks shot amongst,  
The frost bitten faces of the soldiers.  
And I realised that that dear old memory,  
Was a memory no longer.

The other side, the enemy,  
Singing songs of merriment,  
I make out the tune of 'silent night',  
And fear I'm stuck in some sick experiment.

Some form of festive spirit,  
Overcomes me suddenly,  
I'm not sure what came over me,  
Perhaps the comfort of it, the bittersweet reminiscence  
Pushed me.

No one says a word,  
Yet their eyes I feel like daggers,  
As I slowly rise, turn around,  
And start to reach out for the ladders.

The gloved hand of a general,  
Goes to grab my khaki jacket,  
A feeble attempt to stop a man,  
Full of optimism about a simple racket.

I mount and approach the field,  
Feeling on top of the world,  
Yet my heart sinks as I see the rifles,  
And think back to my girls.

The three ladies who wait at home for me,  
Wish to spend a Christmas at a later date,  
A better one, one not of fear,  
A wife, two children and a man- not late.

I flinch as I see the movement,  
Coming from the other side,  
My arms shoot up in fear,  
But my actions are reflected.

A single German, a former enemy,  
Copies my exact movements,  
A million seconds pass in just one,  
My pessimistic mind starts to see improvements.

We slowly approach, both apprehensive,  
About 20 metres in front of the chap I freeze,  
Not the weather this time but the fear,  
But him moving closer I see.

I feel my face retract as I see,  
Another gloved hand reaching out to me.

'Frohe Weihnachten'

Without thinking, my mouth answers for me,

'Merry Christmas sir'

Our hands touch and the,  
Fear I felt is relieved.  
As I feel the firm handshake of the other man,  
I am reminded of the humanity.

The day goes by like a blur,  
Games of football occur.  
We sing and laugh and remind one another,  
We are all men after all, despite the thorough,  
Conditioning we undergo to hate the other.

A simple nod is all we need,  
We accept it knowing,  
The men we made a truce with today,  
Could be our murders tomorrow morning.

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Powerless against the thorns of the subzero temperature.  
I feel my frown forming as I scowl,  
And blame my mood on Mother Nature.