

## Luminarias

Our love  
Was like one of those  
    Luminarias  
At Christmas  
I remember  
As a child fantastic  
Wide eyed  
Full of life  
The path of a Saintly Nicholas,  
The idiom of a coming Saviour  
    Except ours  
        Was burning  
My innocence  
Was its darkish mast -  
A smoldering  
Joy  
Seeking direction  
    Of starry night