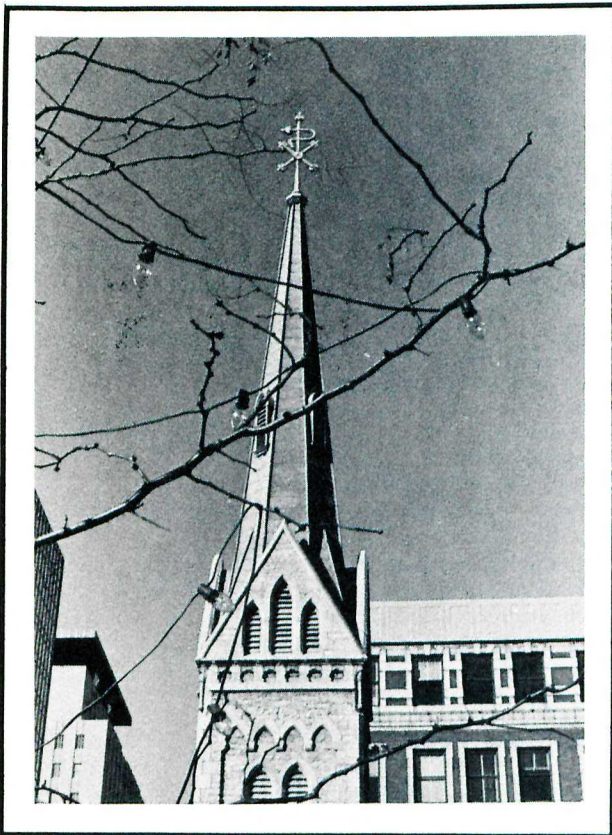


**IV.** *Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

• • •

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*

--Dylan Thomas, Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night



## In the House of the Old

*by Janet Renard*

On this silent night,  
I sit  
and watch my candle burn  
while listening to  
the far off  
(O Come! All ye Faithful!)  
verses.  
I think  
of what is on the shelf,  
too high for me to reach.  
It is the gift for  
my daughter's daughter,  
whom I see -  
never.  
It gathers the dust of  
three long Christmasses  
passed.

The carol's notes, now louder,  
seem to me to melt  
and change form from  
sound to sight.  
And I see  
Girl Scout  
Angels.  
(Hark! The Herald Angels Sing!)  
They have carolled through the  
endless  
corridor of  
identical doors.  
To mine, they have come. Come  
in, I ask.

These girl-shaped angels,  
curious of my starched bed  
linen and musty comforter,  
softly sing  
(Away in a Manger)  
and stare, through the  
steel rod walls of the bed,  
at my wrinkles.

There is a clear-eyed one  
by my spotted hand.  
I want to ask her  
something. I say,  
for you there is,  
up on a closet shelf,  
a gift, all wrapped  
and just for you.  
Please take it and say,  
thank you grandma.

She looks and climbs on the  
vinyl chair as the  
girls  
(We wish you a merry Christmas!)  
move on.  
And she takes the  
package from the shelf  
and looks and  
moves on.  
(O Holy Night!)

I have given my gift.  
The room smells of hay.

## Grandma

*by Janet Renard*

Grandma crocheted  
herself into my  
afgan.  
My afgan Grandma made for me  
is electric yellow  
and 7-Up green.  
So's Grandma.