

The Carol Singers

Then all at once we hear their voices ringing
somewhere out there in the dark, like church bells
blown by some new wind to set them singing
in our minds: falling snow and Christmas smells,
stamp of hooves, and snorts, and harness jingling,
with taste of mince pies and mulled wine mingling,
and peace and goodwill and 'all will be well's':
a two thousand year old story that still tells
of something ancient again beginning,
'til suddenly what was outside now is in,
and everyone is singing, heart and soul,
becoming a part of all that's been heard,
as if only for this time, this place, the whole
world is singing the same song with one word.

James Manlow

Poet Laureate for Bournemouth

A poem written for Bournemouth's Christmas celebrations 2014

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