

## CHRISTMAS IN NEW YORK

*By Lois Hendricks*

Oh, see the wonder on the faces of the young,  
The smiles of carolers whose songs have just begun.  
While wispy flakes fall on the cindered, hard-packed snow  
Already stamped by many footsteps on the go.

'Tis that season when strangers walk each wetted street.  
Some ruddied faces glance and smile whene'er they meet.  
Then pass their sep'rate ways with hands in pockets deep  
To lonely, dim-lit streets where snow's been piled up steep.

Away off in the distance toll the chapel bells  
And from street corners waft hot roasted chestnut smells.  
Mission doors are closed up tight, packed with nameless souls  
And Christmas decorations hang from city poles.

Past a sleeping boxman 'neath a spilling trash bin,  
The merchants of Manhattan tempt late shoppers in.  
And once inside the warmth, they seek out gifts to buy.  
While 'midst the mingling throng, one hears a baby cry.

A beggar's propped against the wall with tin and cane.  
Some line his cup, but others pass with grim disdain.  
Speeding taxis whiz to unknown destinations,  
While some folks say prayers for peace among the nations.

May the soapbox orators, spouting their despairs,  
Learn the heart-beat of the city and trust it cares.  
Those who scale the Empire with nowhere else to go,  
Soon stand in awe and gaze down at their town below.

The multi-city lights are glittering and bright,  
They shimmer and shine on this glorious Christmas night.  
And in the distance looms Times Square where soon we'll hear  
The many shouts of welcome to a brand New Year!