

Invitation

by Jodie Boyle

*Come!
Take my hand
Hold on tightly as we make our way down the Great Steps
Wild winds whipping about us
An oak door
Darkness...
Yet, not all is black. There it is...do you see it?
A flicker of light; a dancing flame
Have a seat, hear the story, re-live our history, remember our journey
Time for feasting, perhaps a goblet of wine
The magic that is children's voices singing
A warm embrace, arms to hold you close
Shall we dance?
As the clock chimes midnight, they will find us here, still –
Hands around your waist, your cheek resting softly against my heart
Where it is safe, where we have time just for us, together...in this place that I
call
Home
So, dear Catherine, let us begin our Winterfest celebrations
We have memories to create, a future to plan
Down here, far Below
Beneath the city streets*