

## Fall to December 2012

Death-dealing labels hail a lost decade:  
die-back and double-dip, Doha and drought,  
deficit, debt, devastation and doubt.

Down with all skivers and scroungers!  
Up with denial and dark whispering!  
Woe to the destitute in the dead places!  
Weep for the earth, for the dust bowls to come!

Have we not had enough?

Yet cometh Yuletide – with hobbit hope:  
Gandalf and daring-do, dragons and dwarves,  
3-D-deep magic in stereoscope.

Death to Dame Edna Everidge's orc!  
Thrill to the finally safe adventure  
where the white wizard knows the way!  
Weep for our Shire, our Hobbiton, our hole!

There but not back again.

December 2012, a first since Darwin:  
Ascension frigate-birds, back home again,  
are breeding hope to live and to remain.

Come with the weary oxen to the feeding trough,  
fragile as a frigate-bird's nest,  
where the frail child cries out with the cries  
of all the left aside of all the lost millennia.

He will not let us go.

Richard Bauckham