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## Christmas Parade

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**Author Bio**

Elizabeth is a senior who studied abroad in Bath, England. An English major with a writing concentration, she enjoys New York bagels, the Red Sox, and Musselman Library.

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Liz Williams

My dad takes me to the parade again,  
to the same patch of snowy grass  
where we've stood for decades now,  
our feet the living, moving extremities  
of roots beneath the ground.

In front of us, a tiny body floats  
atop his father's shoulders  
and screams in primitive delight  
as blaring red lights slice the nickeled sky.

He lifts a miniature fist to the air  
and calls out "firetruck!"  
the chaotic bliss of seeing his dreams  
embodied, alive, in motion,  
tickling his tender soul.

Swollen cheeks peek from fur-trimmed hoods,  
and I cannot help but wonder—  
how did I get used to this?  
How did I ever get used to life?