Christmas Parade

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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?