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**MEDITATION FOR ADVENT**

*Richard E. Du Wors*

Cassandra counted stars  
In light rock dazzle noon;  
Foretold the fates of men  
And died that fire black night.

The young Christ saw the tree  
In sour smell oaken dust;  
Foretold the fate of God  
And died that sun dark day.

For old men could not see  
The white stars shine at noon;  
Nor learned men of law  
The death bud blooming tree.