

## ***Ace Boggess***

### **Advice for Taking Down Christmas Lights**

Stop what you're doing long enough to remember  
when this was more than imposition,  
an annoyance  
like your weekly routine of trucking garbage to the curb.

What you'd give to be a kid again & care about your house  
splashed with color like a laser show in the predawn dark;  
watching your parents climb the ladder,  
fumble with a tree skirt,  
add aspirin to the stand's water for whatever reason.

How you loved holidays.  
They were an orchestra with many instruments.  
You can't recall a quarter of the ornaments,  
even those molded from plaster  
you made in school for your mother.

Wants & joys meant something to you,  
unlike these strings of lights  
that tangle in your hands  
as you groan & carelessly drop them in a bag.