

2013

Christmas Without Armistice

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Recommended Citation

Drazen, Zoe (2013) "Christmas Without Armistice," *Exile*: Vol. 59 : No. 1 , Article 13.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol59/iss1/13>

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Christmas Without Armistice

By Zoe Drazen

They never got through mass without a fight,
but still curled toes into stockings and fastened ties.
At 5 they sat in a pew, arguing about the Christian right.

The choir turned, shielding themselves from the sight
of a mother shouting at her son, despite the usher's sighs.
They never got through mass without a fight.

They had agreed not to voice their differences on this holy night,
but when his gaze lingered on the altar boy, she began to surmise.
At 5 they sat in a pew, arguing about the Christian right.

*"Thou shalt not lie with a man as with a woman. Sinners must be
contrite,"*
she made sure to tell him with fierceness in her eyes.
They never got through mass without a fight.

The brown-eyed boy whispered, "I did not choose this out of spite."
And the mother tugged his masculine jacket: her store-bought
disguise.
At 5 they sat in a pew, arguing about the Christian right.

He knew the parishioners felt the scene was impolite,
but took his mother's chiding anyway- an ally of compromise.
They never got through mass without a fight.
At 5 they sat in a pew, arguing about the Christian right.