

Evan Schipellite
18 Clearwater Drive
Plymouth, MA 02360
(774) – 283 – 3272
Eshipellite@gmail.com

Dickens' Village

When I was a kid I had an infatuation
With Christmas decorations,
Webbed lights and shedding tinsel.
Handmade ornaments had to be
Placed on the proper branch,
Exactly the right twig,
I cherished that form of art.

My world,
It began with a plastic train track,
Six glasses houses marked a tiny village,
Complete with a protestant church,
And a police station that glowed red throughout the night.
It was funny because we were Catholic,
And I never had the time to replace the station's bulb.

Years later the six houses became window displays,
Three boards floating on milk-crate clouds
Marked the site of the new Christmas village,
A world with an electric train, circling the town,
Cutting through the middle, disappearing into mountains,
Its light always emerging first from absolute darkness.

Scrooge's apartment seemed to lean over the marketplace,
An area filled with commotion and bustling
As last-minute shoppers rushed between the
Hotels and bakeries that were still glowing in the night air,
Giving more than enough light to the nearby park
Where a young boy was having his jacket secured by a worried mother
And a young couple still was skating between the docked boats.

And there was the church, complete with carolers,
And an audience to appreciate their music,
And just a block away was Bob Crachit's home,
Noticeable by its thatched roof and the small figure,
Of Tiny Tim who excitedly pointed down the cobblestone path,
Toward the numerous poultry and apple vendors on the street,

(No Stanza Break)

As Ebenezer Scrooge happily carried the boy on his back,
Already having dealt with the three spirits in the graveyard,
Encompassed with oil lamps and stones that carved a path,
For the train to safely pass around the bend and into the town.

Of course, all this seemed to be happening,
But in reality my world was still,
A snapshot of the Victorian Christmas,
A monument to Dickens,
It was my tribute to the arts.
The houses made of glass, radiating yellow,
A glow that seemed to bounce off of the nearby walls,
Creating shadows that appropriately blanketed the town,
Dulling the white ground and giving life to the
Frozen figures and objects that populated my world.

One time I showed someone a photograph
Of a black train turning into the station,
Its headlight illuminating the path,
And they asked me,
Is this real?

Sometimes I'd lean my chin upon the board,
Covered in the white sheet to imitate snow,
And I'd stare down the roads at the people
Caught up in time, Frozen in warmth.