

Winter Solstice
By
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The shadows of winter grow
Long, dark shapes cast
On the ground, and daylight's
Hard to find, the longest
Night enters in.

Darkness finds us huddled in
Drifts of cold tonight,
We reach for somewhere warm.

The seeds we plant now,
Our hopes and our dreams alike,
We wonder,
Will these seeds grow?
Will light be restored once more?

What meets us now, this Winter Solstice,
Is darkness but not
From a winter storm, instead
It is a new light that
Joins us on this journey home,
A blanket of endless stars
Surrounding us tonight.

The Milky Way, a cosmic sea of
Dancing stars, embracing
All these dreams of ours.
The stars bless each tiny seed
With light while winter's
Breath surrounds us, a twinkle
In the air. The crisp touch of
Brilliant cold before Dawn
Returns.

When we wake tomorrow, we
Shall know that each seed
Of hope we planted will be
Touched by Starlight's grace.
For Dawn's fingertips will lift
The veil of darkness away.



And as the longest night is
Safely tucked to sleep
Light returns to us from
Winter Solstice's keep.

Our planted seeds, these precious dreams,
Cared for by Winter's harsh
Delay eventually thaw
In Springtime's waiting arms.

What will bloom and blossom?
What will be left behind?
Only the stars hold those answers now.

For tonight allow the light from
The Milky Way to enfold us
Until the sun rises once more.
Winter Solstice's magic works
In darkness during the night
Like glimmering snowflakes,
Glimpses of hope piercing
The black ink sky.

Feel the starlight fall over
Us now, a blessing from our
Angels and our Ancestors,
A Winter Solstice gift.
Fall asleep comforted tonight
That Dawn returns bringing
Tomorrow's celestial light.
As we honor the day,
We shall also honor the longest
Night.

