Solstice 1

clouds sit low upon every horizon

grey seeming white against the blue of scattered light

we sit at the centre of all things

at the confluence of the four

powering softly the splitting of molecules

recombining and splitting again

life begets life and all traces back

old stones circle us

directing us to the highest and lowest of days

lines that stretch out forever, marking the times

of our voyage through the not-empty blackness

they tell us things: things no one should forget

talk of giant spheres and circles

temples of the infinite

the ancients had it right:

all things come in pairs

the stars must speak quickly now

for their hours are short

they direct us to attention:

spare not the night

these stories must be told at a faster pace

those clouds of which we spoke

raising the spectre of a distant wind

rain crashing down, but not here

bring to earth a message:

now is the only time, there is no other.

honour us in their stately command

and we rise like smoke

to dance the sun