# ­­Solstice 2

we come

in so many disguises,

and buried in silence

things would talk to us

if they thought we would listen

here is a mask

behind is the hidden face of winter

and cold like a smack

an open hand across a cheek:

the scalding brands of compulsion

these are the things we do know:

my hands are grey, not white or brown

and they reach, naked

towards those pregnant clouds,

silken shrouds shift lower, and then lower still

wrapping us like gifts

all we are is come to this

clutching daylight, drawing power

batteries recharging in the shortness of hours

and darkness broken by naïve exuberance

we do not hear the crack of an empty wood –

how do we know what we know?

- it is given.

a compensation, a perk of the loneliness of night

and as we leave our white footprints,

mourn the loss of the tickle of grass

and huddle indoors in the glow of private flames

we are yet bidden

Do me honour.

for your final disguise is this:

you are children, and you must laugh

and fire is the father of you all.