**Another Solstice**

Another Solstice marks the Crest of Terre's Ancient Quest round old Sol.

How many countless paths round such has our dear Terre Orb of life known?

With little note or much ado another Blink of Cosmic Eye and Death of Year of Days

of Lives have tolled.

From Wombs of Joy and Pain sprung forth sweet Buds and Flowers of Youth.

So Flown.

To Silent Room of waiting Earth our Brothers

Sisters Dear laid down to rest.

Among the reaches of the Mind have burst a

few but precious Sparks of Truth.

What may perhaps survive Crucible and

Test. Of Mirror of the Soul or Gauntlet of One's Self.

As Jester of Space and

Time smiles winsome Smile with quiet laugh At hollow Shell of Fame and

barren Crusts of Wealth.

Say may today one taste the Fruits of that what alone is.

What lasts.

Our own Way of Milk mere speck among the Stars with

no number nor no name in turn flys through the Void with Precious Light.

Might perhaps this Cusp we too reflect know and see small Glimpse of what it

means to be on another Day of Journey towards the Velvet Night.

*Phillip Paul*

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