No. 22C Vornstraße, Hesburn

À trieze heure, lundi, den 19. Brumaire ‘96

The sun steals low across the southern horizon and vanishes into the rocky maw of the Wolfszahne. It will not reappear for almost three months.

Beyond the jagged silhouette of the Alpenberge the sky is aflame in orange and violet. The glow above the mountains will be our only reminder of the sun’s continued existence until it rises again on den 11. Pluviôse. But it too for a time will abandon us, growing daily dimmer until, for a week before and after the solstice, the tundra is plunged into utter darkness.

Moonrise is still hours away, but already revelers have begun to gather at Domplatz for the fête de Lune.

The sun has fled and the sky burns red,

Its glory fades away,

The moon’s pale glow will be all we know

Until the break of day.

The light grows dim as the night begins,

The shimmering stars appear,

The aurora swoons to a lilting tune

That no one else can hear.

Though a blazing fire lights the hearth,

Still it burns far brighter in our hearts,

So all night long we’ll unite in song

And together we will wait for the dawn.

Though darkness falls, still the music calls

To everyone who hears,

It captivates as it obviates

And calms our winter fears.

To all our cares blithely unaware,

We tell our tales of old,

And what we feel seems more urgent and real

Than our hunger, pain, and cold.

Now I’m slowly drowning in your eyes

As we dance beneath the moonlit skies,

The night is long but our love is strong

And together we will wait for the dawn.

The senescent fire nearly spent,

The darkness close surrounds

And in the still of the wintery chill

The snow drifts to the ground.

The fell and fen and the works of men

Are washed in ashen hue,

The snowy white obfuscates my sight

Until all I see is you.

As the world around us disappears

Every moment lasts a thousand years,

The embers die, but not you, not I:

Together we will wait for the dawn.