Anyone can see that the waves love the wind, that they abide in a constant embrace.

Their daughter, the sun, delights them both.

By day she gives her mother strength; by night, she warms her father’s heart.

Her life, a continuous circle between two aspects: The mid-summer crone and the mid-winter babe.

That one night a year, when the sun is newborn, is the source of all our troubles.

The wind and waves have abandoned their duty.

But we will love her, and soothe her, so the sun can set and rest.