



Just days after the Summer solstice
The loss of light is somehow distressing
Though the shortened minutes are almost invperceptable.

One knows that the peak of promise has passed And there
will be dullness before the sweetness returns.

True, there will be the thrill of Fall,
The joys at Winter **Solstace**
Then a slow, steady recovery.

Yet there is disquiet, a vague foreboding
As Summer's minutes of light are daily lost;
A loss of blessing not repaid until long after Wintertide
When, finally, Spring overwhelms the senses.

One knows that the days of Winter grow longer
In the exacting way those of Summer grow shorter,
But the mind fails to compute this incremental benfit
As it did each half-year earlier.

Is man hard-wired to be more aware
Of warnings than the anticipation of plesures?
Or is the psyche simply dulled by winter?

We leave this question to the God of Planets
Which creates times and seasons
And hosts a species that enhoys and laments.

After Summer

MARY SCOTT

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