

Solstice Remembered

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Embrace the darkness,

the holiness of quiet

the breath of being.

Timelessness envelopes the moment

Even the stars stand still for a mini-second.

Winds turns around and flip gently,

a dance of dusky celebration.

Faith is not a destination,

the light returns

the fox will tell you so, so will the hare,

and the circle begins again.

It has always been that way.

Are you listening?