

So(u)lstice

The Winter of my soul begins,
And sight beyond the frosty pane is blurred.

I stay inside myself in search of warmth
And wait for Spring.
A time for opening the doors
And reaching out.

How long, my soul, does Winter last?

I feel as though I ought to hurry Spring.
(As if I COULD...)

And yet,
The Winter has its beauty and its quietude.
The muffled steps.
The rosy cheeks.
A time to read.
A fire in the fireplace;

And then,

When everything is ready,
A time for having people IN
Instead of going out.

The smells and sights within my soul,
This "house-within,"
Can glow with warmth and light.
A special time.

Who needs to hurry Spring
When Winter's just begun,
The "turning point" of yet another Season of the Soul.

(October 4, 1985)