

## Winter Solstice

If the doors of perception were cleansed,  
Everything would appear...as it is, infinite.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell  
William Blake

Light ebbs low this shortest day,  
spreads pale fingers on cool sands  
slides on bare branches, shatters  
in the damp lining of brittle bark.

The wheel turns, year waxing now.  
Uncaring crows send raucous squawks  
to hang in thickening dusk. We trudge  
to the end of these thousand years.

Can harm and suffering live if we do not  
fear them -- like the cramped dark space  
where Persephone waits in silence, her  
terror stilled by mother's rumbled chants?

As for dark-robed Demeter, she shouts  
love into the gloom, lets grain grow fertile  
on once barren land. What can remain for us  
but to turn our wary eyes to the shadows

where hope and promise wait - immeasurable.

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