

Winter Solstice

This is the longest night.
It never seemed quite this long
before. We always knew there were
cycles and seasons, dormancy
and growing, shifting light.
We didn't know that honoring
the quiet time the seed spends
in the earth would also mean
honoring so many who have
gone to earth for good. Silence
is suited to mourning. For this
night let the clamor and the sirens
cease. For this night honor all
that is underground and quiet:
not just the dead, but the turtles
dug deep in the mud and the
white filaments of fungus that
send silent messages tree to tree.
Who can imagine what they
might be dreaming? The earthworms
are silent, but not still. They are
busy tilling the earth for what
is to come. The whole subterranean world
knows what you have forgotten:
*Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy comes in the morning.*