

A Sonnet to the  
Winter Solstice



I

Golden fingers of Sunrise  
are feeling their way down the frosty hillside  
finding a path through the groves  
of redwood, oak and madrona  
stealthily marching  
towards the freezing waters  
of Pena Creek  
where they will dance  
upon the ripples  
which radiate out  
from the glistening, midstream rocks.

They are the golden fingers  
of the Sun of God  
blessing the world  
newly reborn  
from the Winter Solstice.

II  
Infant fingers of Soul-rise  
are feeling their way  
across his teenage mother's face  
finding a path  
through the tresses of falling hair  
which frame it  
looking for the lips  
which are parted in a smile of adoration  
of the life which she has just brought into the world.

They are the infant fingers of the Son of God,  
blessing the woman  
who said, "Yes!"

Namasté,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Séan', written in dark ink on a light background.

Tír na nÓg  
December, 2014