

Sister Solstice

we laugh and draw,
portray, embellish,
turn to moss like gold;
whisper to the night winds
the airy hum of sisterhood.
on a little river island
among the rocks
woodland creatures awaken,
and on a green plot
earthly flowers unknown bloom,
beautiful and rare.
faerie's footsteps sway treetops,
as we finger paint the ground
fresh raspberry red.
before the night's end we talk to the moon
and whisper to her
something about being free;
sit before her and listen close
what the stars sing to all below.

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don't you love to slow down
and dream?
to let sight come to our eyes
when closed —
a beautiful lightness,
motionless as the snow.