

Ritual for a Winter Solstice

*On this the longest night
Wrap yourself in a winged cloak,*

*Slip into the astral
on a lucid dream.*

*Listen for the whispered secrets of nightjars,
Mutterings of slumbering crows.*

*Rest lazily cradled in the curve
of the waning crescent moon—
humming in unison with murmuring
snores of migrant waterfowl
huddled in rafts—beyond
often unfriendly shores.*

Sip honey from the heart of Darkness.

RETURN:



I Ching # 24

*At dawn greet junco waiting
to eat seeds from your hand.*