

# Solstice

WYMAN

when your eyes  
pause on the ball  
that hangs on the third branch from a star  
you remember why it got dark and why it is getting light again  
the earth (like the heart) leans back in it's seat  
and like that it travels along an orbit

drawn in the darkness  
unpolished pearl in sky-black palm of hands  
flickering sun-flame  
you remember  
that you are yourself a light-bearer  
who receives her radicance from others

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