Solstice

Musk Ox

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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