

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 that reads "Séan".

Tír na nÓg
December, 2014