

The Grand Solstice Ball

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The dance of the snowflakes

Blown about by the winter's night breeze

And strewn and tossed across the sky

Winter fairies at a solstice ball

With gay pixies accompanying them

Twinkling stars in a cosmic storm

Gone where the wind may take them

And 'tis cold, 'tis true but,

Ah what a night!

When though the moon be hid,

The swirling flakes light the earth

With their dancing spins and flitting twirls

And Ah! What a night

And so thru' morning will the wonder persist

Stopping not even for the sun's feeble kiss.

Up here—
Down there—
And now sideways
Hark!

Dost thou hear it?
The sweet nothings that the wind whispers
As it lifts up the weightless stars
In a lover's caress

And Ah,
Dost thou see it?
This glorious dance?
This beauty only experienced in the moment?
And in the silence,
In the quiet
And thru' the night?

And canst thou feel it?
The soft embrace of the night air
A chill that delights the heart
Swirling and falling and floating

Never alone
Perfectly alike and unique.

None can escape this realm
This fairyland crafted especially for this night
And we as observers see and listen
And become
So we dance

And Ah,
The purity, to inhale that sweet bliss and taste it
Fresh upon the tongue.
That cheers the mind and strengthens the soul

To wit!

And of its secrets...
...Only God knows