



Solstice

The pagan, merely inches below the surface,
we harness those old ways of time keeping
even more now, as we re-approach nature,
counting each equinox and solstice,
noting the changes in the season,
in harmony with the cycles,
we plough, we sow, we reap, then snow,
full term we run the loop again
the graves lament another year,
older, colder, the green more dominant,
as the Victorian order subsides
with every twisted root that undermines a stone,
this is no longer just the home of graves,
but a living place, graced by abundance,
above and below the soil,
and as the longest day approaches,
Mother nature once more shows
that she will win in the end.