



Whispers of the Winter Solstice

In the hush of the solstice, a quiet glow,
By the fire's warm heart, where green tendrils grow.
A lone figure sits, in a space serene,
Bound by the season's eternal green.

First, in thought, the inward gaze,
Lost in the fire's entrancing blaze.
The world falls silent, the soul takes flight,
Inward they journey, through the longest night.

Next, in spirit, the sacred rite,
Green candles flicker with emerald light.
Wreaths of pine and ivy embrace,
A dance of life in the solstice space.

Finally, the stillness, a bridge to the stars,
Through frosted windows, across time's scars.
Snow drifts softly, a whispered hymn,
Nature's solace wraps around them.

The Winter Solstice calls, to reflect and be,
To touch the roots of eternity.
Through inward paths, where green hues wend,
The cycle begins anew, without end.

