

Martin Robertson

Winter Solstice

The tilted earth pauses, prepares to lean
the other way. Our year begins again
—or does another year begin?
Nothing can come of nothing, nothing goes
to nothing, but we cannot see the cause
which moves the tides of gain and loss.

This year we saw a shining being enter,
like any other year, the darkening winter;
but unlike any other year,
at the dead season, at the silent hour,
at the still moment of the absent sun
cease, be gone.

And saw begin
out of the same darkness strangely growing
with warmth and light and the returning sun
another being.
And love in loss, not understanding,
wept—and love blessed sang—and both were love.

Was there an end?
Or a beginning? Can you cut flowing
water, or mark the moments of the wind?
Is it the wind, is it love, saying
“The year’s end is the year’s beginning,
one in time—pain and joy are one in love”?