

## *Solstice 2*

I light a candle in my window

To warm the passersby

Travelers in the promise of a long night

I am a point of light

The source of life in dark times

A guide; comfort; relief.

Until the sun rises

We are our mutual lights

Our modest offers of

Tea and hot chocolate

To warm our stomachs

And reading poetry

To warm our ears

I light a fire

To warm the desire

For the return of sunshine