

Under Black Clouds, Winter Solstice

Within the misty late year's forest
In times when clouds and trees stand empty
Nine thousand wolves are gathered in the snow
To raise a long and greyish howl.

Ebony black the earth went into the night
Re-awoken, covered now in silver white
Softly veiled by sparking moisture
Out of the wolves' throats up to the sky.

Lap of sunrise sweated by birth pains
its child - a cold red fireball
Sharp silhouettes of old and tired eyes
Their cradle stuffed with leaves and fog.

Impossible to march the shortest way today
Come forth tied up all in wolves' breath
Early, therefore, the evening approaches
it is the time of Winter Solstice.