

I AM NO POET...

I am no poet  
to sing this longest day.

Deep inside me  
a yawning yearning  
to shout words  
of great wonder,  
of light and dark  
and warmth;  
delicate scents  
and colors.

Praise god, goddess,  
earth, life — and always  
awareness.

And now sadness:  
how can we so spoil the nest?

robert wolff © 21 June 1989 (Solstice)