

**JOURNEYS THROUGH
DARKNESS AND LIGHT**

SPONSORED BY THE
Earth Care Fellowship
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Las Placitas Presbyterian Church
7 Paseo de San Antonio
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Journeys Through Darkness and Light



28th Annual
Winter Solstice
Candlelight Poetry Reading

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 2025

PLACITAS ♦ NEW MEXICO

FIRST READING

Donald Levering

WINTER SOLSTICE

Six weeks after the crows
have taken their raucous talk
south, I rise in the black morning,
kindle my hands with my breath.

Blood reaches my fingertips
while I'm spading-under
frosty weeds in the vegetable bed.

By noon my heart
has cleared a path to my toes.
Turning the weeds
to face the earth's core

warms me, the thoughts
of their inertness,
the purity of the dark,

until they unknot,
revolve back toward the vernal sun
as the crows return to rasp their lore.

By dusk my fingers are one
with my shovel's hickory handle.
Falling aspen leaves catch
the last light of the year.

from HORSETAIL, Woodley Memorial Press

SECOND READING

Frank Bramlett (Bram MacLihhr)

GLIDING ON THE SOLSTICE ELLIPSE

Three weeks past the autumn equinox,
The Tropic of Cancer raising its face high toward the North Star,
Tilting back so his brother Tropic of Capricorn
can get warm again after the long Southern Winter.
The blue marble of earth spins and tilts,
and wobbles ever so slightly in the dominion of the sun.

But the closer we get to the sun, the colder we get.
The light changes now, four weeks past the autumn equinox,
The acute angles soften the sun's rays,
the high desert cooling down like a Yuletide oven
when the pies are golden brown
and taken out to rest on the butcher block.

Eight weeks past the autumn equinox—
The rains have returned the river to its bed,
and I've already forgotten summer's heat—
The sweltering high desert in the Great Southwest,
The Rio Grande dry for weeks on end—
memories dimming like the slumbering daylight
of late November.

Eleven weeks past the autumn equinox,
and the mismatched day and night,
an oddball pair of strange, eternal lovers,
reaching hands out across a New Mexico sky.
They come back to their solstice romance,
a journey of the winter dark
catching up with the summer light.

And Earth yet glides along in its ellipse,
dancing around the solstice campfire in an ecstasy of heat and cold,
light and dark.
Always in the dark, always in the light.
And the people,
just like the dark and the light,
striving to get somewhere,
yearning to break free,
Fearing all the while that they will simply
end up back where they started.

It's a wanderer's journey through darkness and light—
That great cycle of space and time,
held strong by the sun's love and the discipline of gravity.
But the light and the dark have no fear of the journey,
For they make their own fate, and they delight in it.

THIRD READING

Kuan Tikkun

ON OUR JOURNEY

We carry the world within us
We are darkness and light.
We are bone of the earth
The Blood of water,
Fire's beating heart with
The Breath of air and life.
We are made of world matter
Yet more...
Joy calls us beyond our materiality—
Beyond the darkness of the longest night
Beyond the cold sleep of winter
Beyond the chaos of Nature's storms
And massive political dysfunction.
We are light
We are the power of life embodied in form
We are sacred temples carrying sparks
Of the Divine.
As we move through the dark and light of time and space
Let us remember that our country was founded on
The principles that all men (people) are created equal by the Creator,
And from our equality and divine spark, we grant others the right
to govern us.
Rooted in these principles are "self-evident" and "inalienable rights"*
To "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness." **
May we rise to the challenge of expressing the principles and rights
we have been given.
May we be a reflection of the light we are endowed with and
granted.
May we represent our better angels, our better selves.

May we live in freedom as equals, express ourselves with
Honesty and empathy,
Manifest and distribute compassion and civility
On our journey. And so it is.

*Power Vs. Force The Underlying Factors Influencing Human Behavior by David
R. Hawkins, M.D., Ph.D. pg. 157

**Ibid. pg. 158

FOURTH READING

Tani Arness

NIGHT TIME

Child, the nights here are mostly stars,
hardly dark at all.

Lying in bed, the blue glow shines through the windows,
invites us to fling open the doors and run back to the night.

I think we must agree
the night hidden inside walls

is fraught with human shadows
pressing down dark on our hearts,

while the night outside rises, expands;
Infinity in silver-crescent hands.

Child, don't worry, we can rest outside, here;
We will watch the sky and know the hour

by following the Big Dipper's pouring cup.
Let us revel in this shining wilderness

of stars laid bare over the desert we sleep in—
Every time, after the coyotes sing,

it falls so quiet, it is not possible to know
if the humming in our ears comes from inside us
or the heavens all around.

FIFTH READING

Wayne Lee

UNDER THE MULCH

The tree grows down as well as up.
I must remember that as my dreams
eat like firelight into the deepening night.

I need to feel the soles of my feet
sink through the forest floor, touch
clay beneath loam, stone beneath clay.

This is not the time to pass as a whisper,
to leave no leaf creased, no stalk bent.
Some words must be howled against walls,

hurled like coyote vowels across the lake.
Tonight I work my graveyard shift, plant
peace like a flag beneath the mother ground,

though grief waits there. Fear. Decay.
I need to know this grows me, this reaching
under the mulch, this muddying of hands

and feet. Tonight my dreams seep like blood
through sand. I must remember that come dawn.
A tree rises. The sky disappears.

SIXTH READING

C.L. Nemeth

OF SOLSTICE AND OLDEN TIMES

The old man sits and watches the young ones cavort and shout.

It is that time when days get no shorter, and the promise of
renewal is with them.

He pulls his skins tighter around as he sits near the blazing fire.

His woman brings him sustenance and he gnaws at the haunch
and contemplates.

This thing occurs over and over,
so it must be of some importance,

He has no God, but feels a rhythm within he cannot explain

He concludes it must be part of this ending of the shorter days,
and he gives it no more thought.

Yet, in his heart, he knows that this event should never be
ignored.

So, he claps and shouts with his fellow pagans

As they celebrate that day, now for millenniums, unaware that
millennia of celebrations are still to come.

SEVENTH READING

John Roche

YES, ASSUREDLY

You know how the birds return to the feeders, the quail
bop out from under the junipers
just as soon as a surprising vector of light emerges
after the deluge?

That's the way it's gonna be when the light returns
to our country

That's the way it's gonna be
though it may seem inconceivable now
all deep gloom
all impenetrable
all Mordor

Will the birds return to the feeders?

Will the quail bop out from under the junipers?

Yes, assuredly,
just as soon as a surprising vector of light emerges
after the deluge

EIGHTH READING

Debbie McCallister

THE GREAT DARKNESS

In your fear,
don't always move toward the light.
Sometimes you need to take the dark road
away from the too bright world.
It's quiet along that pathway.
The kind of quiet that calms you.
In the still darkness, you can begin
to see yourself. Not the self
you show to others. The deeper you.
The one you sometimes forget. Or ignore.
If you let the quiet stretch on
beyond the first moments of your escape,
your true voice can come through,
It will tell you what you need to hear.
Learn to set aside that anxious feeling
that tells you there is nothing for you
on the dark way.
For darkness contains all things.
Monsters, sure, but also weapons and
the strength to conquer what assails you.
Safety is there, comfort.
and deep rest. Discoveries
you must embrace in your life's journey.
Step carefully, but keep moving forward
into the great darkness and beyond.

NINTH READING

Scott Lucius

EMBERS BENEATH THE SNOW

The winter sun reclines in flame,
A pulse behind the mountain's brow.
The desert hums the season's name,
And stillness claims the mesa now.

Between the sage and frozen sand,
The breath of time moves slow and sure.
The earth extends her patient hand—
To teach us what the cold endures.

No bloom adorns the ashen plain,
No songbird calls the dawn to rise.
Yet life persists beneath the strain,
Unseen, unbowed, where promise lies.

We live between the dusk and dawn,
Our fires faint, our hunger real.
Still, light returns when hope seems gone—
The heart remembers how to heal.

In frost we find the ember's gleam,
A truth unspoken, small, but bright.
The dark becomes the soul's deep seam—
The loom that weaves both earth and light.

So let the stillness shape our care,
And let our hands unlearn their haste.
To guard this soil, this breath, this air,
Is not to own, but not to waste.

When spring awakens desert stone,
Its bloom will bear what winter taught.
That all we save is never gone—
It lives in care, indeed, in thought.

TENTH READING

Kate Nelson

MENDED THREAD

Death had ravaged the coyote
lying near an aching arroyo.
Patchy fur clung
to a few white ribs, frail, curling to the sky.
The pointy jaw, once angled up
at dawn and dusk,
fused with the sandy soil.

Poison, I thought.
Old age, I hoped.

In the fragile space between us,
death informed life,
as the murky ocean of night
faded into a sliver of sun.

On another morning, on a nearby hill,
familiar ears punctuated
the tips of grama grasses.
Caramel eyes locked into mine
—briefly—
before the young coyote
turned and trotted off,
pointy jaw angled up,
nose sniffing sky,
alive.

ELEVENTH READING

Sherry Hardage

JOURNEY THROUGH DARKNESS AND LIGHT

A beginner asked the master: "What happens to us when we die?"
The master said: "I don't know. I haven't died yet."
The beginner asks: "But where were we before we were born?"
The master answered: "I don't remember."

"I don't know." "I don't remember."
But the question remains.

Truthful answers point to our lives as a time of light
with darkness stretching back in time,
eternal darkness forever after.
Unknown to even the wisest among us.

Thousands of people created me in that dark past.
And my offspring will carry on into the dark future.

I watched my mother's light,
a fiery conflagration of creation.
Memories disappearing, bit by bit,
to nothing more than glowing embers.

Watching her bonfire go out, my heart asked
"Where did she go? Up? Down? Home to Texas?"

What does happen to us when we die?
A human question with one known answer.
Her light returned to the eternal darkness
from whence it came.

TWELFTH READING

Laurie Bower

NIGHT RIDER

You have lost all track of time,
high in the Sangre de Cristo mountains,
high on your perceived immortality and the quiet strength of your horses,
high on fresh pine, wildflowers, cold beer, witty banter and air,
once likened to champagne.

Swirling clouds of Angel Fire morph from apricot to crimson to a
deep, moody indigo.

Then the light is gone and you awake from the reverie
to remember how far you have come, how far remains the journey home.

You clamber back into saddles and onto steeds to begin your descent,
while once brilliant clouds drop in a thick shroud to ensure near
perfect darkness—

the kind where you cannot see even your hand, which holds the
reins of your only hope,
a horse that can see but little better than you, but which has a natural
homing instinct,
an internal GPS, and sensory neurons that detect danger, that know
exactly how you are feeling.

With faith, you now cling to this greater force that carries you.

Your horses will take you all home, despite your heedless ways,
though they care little for the danger posed by horizontal branches
that reach across the trail and threaten to knock you to the ground,
branches human eyes cannot detect in this night of blackened
blindness.

After a few loud whacks and near misses, your eccentric French guide
finds his flashlight and begins an oral relay system,
shouting “branch!” to the rider behind him, who then ducks and
relays the warning to the next, and on down the line.

Eyes no longer of use, your survival depends on your ability to listen.

Owls and coyotes are no doubt amused at this comic procession,
the steady staccato
of shod hooves on stone, punctuated by repeated shouts of
“branch!... branch!... branch!”

You heed the warnings, ducked down flat against your horses,
faces warm against soft equine shoulders, clinging to leather reins
and shaggy manes,
you and your comrades slowly make your way down the mountain;
humbled and reverent,
horses in silent communication
humans, finally listening.

THIRTEENTH READING

Janet Ruth

THE UN-BORDER BETWEEN DARK AND LIGHT

—after William Stafford's *"At the Un-National Monument along the Canadian Border"*

This is the length of the Río Grande
twisting between Texas and Mexico,
where a little girl in a pink jacket did not drown.
This is the border unrecognized by monarch butterflies.
Those seeking safety are not turned back
and there is no wall to separate us.

This is a city street in America
where no one kneels on anyone's neck,
no one is unhoused, belongings in a shopping cart.
Streets are safe and no one carries a gun.
People celebrate that we haven't had a king since 1776.
The only cry for mother is not desperate—
a little boy shouts, "Look at me marching, Mama!"

This is a world where the invasion of Ukraine—Israel—
Gaza—a women's hospital in Sudan—did not happen,
where soldiers and civilians did not die,
where border markers are not needed and do not need
to be moved. The only heroic thing here
is the earth beneath our feet.

In this world, birds sing, elephants guide their young
to water, tigers slide through tall grass and polar bears
have ice on which to hunt. No one mourns the loss
of another species.

But here tonight, there is no need to draw on our hope
and imagination. This is the wonder of winter solstice.
This is the longest night and yet the sun will rise
tomorrow morning. Today was the shortest day

and yet the earth is tilting back toward the sun
and the days will grow longer. Last night
was the new moon and the sky blazed only with stars.
And yet in a day or so there will be a sliver of silver
waxing toward full.

It will happen every year . . .
without our help . . .
in spite of us.

FOURTEENTH READING

Leslie Fox

BETWEEN SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW

In the Yin and Yang of my life
I enter a new phase of the journey
A pause, from the yang of multitasking and madness
Of work and overwhelm to one of softness, a slowing down and
turning within
A Yin phase
Or what should be...in normal times.

It's interesting that I'm retiring at this time of year, as days get darker.
This time in history. A Mad time.
Retiring into a world so darkly unsettled, uncertain
the darkness and light never before so stark in their contrast
black and white photographs without subtle shades of gray

I find myself invisible to the world faded into the shadows
not relevant, obsolete.
But am I? There seems to be a new purpose for "boomers"
For oldsters
A role on the front lines
Who will I be in this new life?

Fear of reprisal, of rejection, seem petty now. Unimportant at this time.
Today, I burn with righteous fire, with indignation. A zeal that
braces against a darkening winter, a new Ice Age I fear coming.
But then there is the promise of light
A burning blade of Truth cleaving the night. Reality burns away lies
and deceit.

This is the path I walk, that I journey on. Between sunlight and shadow.
Golden grasses sing with the wind. Cool shadows, call me to sit and
rest, to watch a sun-drunk lizard basking on a rock.
Sol y sombra.

Yellow sun and blue shadow dance together in presence. In balance
between respite and resistance, fear and fanaticism, we find symmetry,
equanimity and joy.

FIFTEENTH READING

Jules Nyquist

ST. LUCIA

St. Lucia Day is a Swedish holiday celebrated December 13.

St. Lucia
didn't move when arrested
they came to her

St. Lucia
stood her ground
when they set fire around her

St. Lucia
was protected
the fire didn't touch her

we dance
tap, toe, tap
left, right, left
we dance hand in hand

our dance lines form a spiral
a very old dance
leading us from darkness into light

Remember the old calendar
December 13 is Winter Solstice
time of fire and return of light

St. Lucia
wasn't harmed by the fire
in tribute, the oldest daughter wears a ring of candles

our dance line coils tight
into our spiral
tap, toe, tap
left, right, left

and then releases out again
to bring light
with our dance

SIXTEENTH READING

Wanda Jerome

IN THIS WINTER

And, on the darkest day, be not afraid. Sit in silence.
Let your heart beat an ancient tempo. This in-between,
this limbo, this untethered state of waiting in winter—
this darkness—just let it be.

Breathe slow and deep. Empty your mind. Let it cease
its chatter. Breathe love and light into the frozen cracks
and crevasses of your desert garden. Be okay with not
moving, not striving, not doing.

Be still and listen for the voices of your angels and guides.
They whisper softly to your heart in this winter. Pray for grace
and peace of mind will find you—shed your tears of worry
and confusion. Tend your desert garden in this winter.

Listen from there. No need to think. Be still.
To trust in, when there is nothing left to trust in—
To hold to, when there is nothing left to hold to—
To believe in, when there is nothing left to believe in—
To accept this, when nothing is left, is but to accept this.

This—is to love from a depth of love so deep you've not seen it,
not heard it, not felt it, not experienced it in this lifetime. Not yet.
But do know this—have faith in nothing left to wound you.
When life rises to greet you, you can trust it.

Wait no longer. For you are nearer to the truth than you know.
Soon, the tiniest sprigs of early spring will break free.
When the wind blows, when your darkest day arrives,
go out where the air is wild and free. Know Me.

For I AM revealed to you
wrapped in hope
budding in your
desert garden.

SEVENTEENTH READING

Thomas Molitor

EARTH'S AXIAL TILT

The shortest day descends softly upon the Sandia Mountains
alighting its way down her craggy face as the Sage, Piñon, and

Juniper blush from the sudden attention of a waning sun.
Lifeless and leafless, cottonwoods, willows, and aspens

stand tall and bare all above prickly pear, chamisa,
and creosote. A brown cottontail rabbit digs itself a

a sandy bed at the shady foot of a red yucca,
both gleefully glad for the nighttime company.

The longest night flickers with farolitos and fires under
the scatter of stars as the sweet smoke of burning piñon

scents the cold, crisp, arid air. The communal waiting room
of Earth, of Nature, of Renewal, of New Creation

honor the Great Spirit for the longevity of life and light
through darkness as they all await the risen savior: Spring.

EIGHTEENTH READING

Sarah Kotchian

HOME AT DUSK

I went out in fading light
for one last walk around the field
to see the golden strands
of this winter day

What I found was homecoming,
ditch gurgling
on its way to the river
flowing past cottonwoods

trees' bark deep-grooved
home for beetles and,
outlined in silhouette,
a woodpecker with its sharp bill

High above, wave after wave
of starlings and grackles
two hundred at a time
their black wings working

up and down
aiming for the bare grove of trees
from whose branches rose
stories coming back to roost

bright streaks of cloud faded to pearl
as sandhill cranes croaked hoarse calls
floated in to settle on the field
before evensong

Turning toward home
as night fell
I saw through the window
the lamp's warm glow

POETS

TANI ARNESS is an educator living and working in Albuquerque, New Mexico for the past 27 years. Tani enjoys writing about the intersections of humans, earth, and spirit. Her poems can be found in numerous literary publications including: *North American Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *bosque*, *Malpais*, and *HERS a poets speak anthology*. A collection of her work can be found in *Tzintzum, five contemporary poets share their hearts*. See also: www.tani-arness.com

LAURIE BOWER enjoys creating work that expands the mind and moves the spirit. In addition to live performances, her poetry has been published in both print and audio form in a variety of Southwest and international anthologies and journals. www.LaurieBower.net

FRANK BRAMLETT (BRAM MACLIHR) is a former linguistics professor now living in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has performed poetry in Albuquerque in many venues, and has a poem forthcoming in *Notes of Light and Dark: Southwestern Aubades and Nocturnes*, a poetry anthology published by Dos Gatos Press. Bram can often be found hiking in the Sandias, camping in the Jemez, or playing tug-of-war with the dog.

LESLIE FOX received an MFA in Creative Writing from UNM in 2007. While her emphasis was in Fiction she studied poetry with Joy Harjo and participated in readings at RB Winning Coffee and other open mics around Albuquerque. Her poetry can be found in *Earthships: a New Mecca Poetry Collection*; *Earth's Daughters*; *Red: A Journal of the Arts*; and *One Hundred Poets: Poets in the Libraries Anthology*, edited by Mary Oishi.

SHERRY HARDAGE is a member of the Live Poets' Society of New Mexico. Her work is published in most of their anthologies. She has won Honorable Mention and Second Place in the Writer's Digest Annual Poetry Awards, and is currently writing amusing life stories for fun.

WANDA W. JEROME is an award-winning poet and author who channels spiritual messages she receives during daily meditations and contemplations. Her love of nature is the foundation for her work. She writes to spread love and light while also honoring the darkness inherent in being human.

SARAH KOTCHIAN's poetry collection, *Light of Wings*, University of New Mexico Press 2024, was a finalist for the New Mexico/Arizona Book Award in Poetry. Her poetry book *Camino* received the New Mexico/Arizona Book Award and Seven Sisters Book Award. She is a past Breadloaf contributor and a Pushcart nominee. <https://sarahkotchian.com>

WAYNE LEE (wayneleepoet.com) lives in Santa Fe, NM. Lee's poems have appeared in *Tupelo Press*, *Slipstream*, *Writer's Digest* and elsewhere. He was awarded the Fischer Prize and is a Pushcart Prize nominee. His collection *Dining on Salt: Four Seasons of Septets* was published by Cornerstone Press in 2025 and *The Beautiful Foolishness* is forthcoming from Casa Urraca Press in 2026.

Former NEA Fellow DONALD LEVERING has worked as a teacher on the Diné reservation and human services administrator. Among his recent honors are the Carve Poetry Contest Award, the Tor House Robinson Jeffers Prize, and the Literal Latté Prize. His 16th poetry book, *Breaking Down Familiar*, placed 2nd in the National Federation of Press Women Creative Verse contest. Garrison Keillor featured his work in the "Writer's Almanac" podcast. Levering lives in Santa Fe, where he conducts poetry craft workshops and volunteers as a US citizenship tutor and as a Kitchen Angels driver. His poem *Winter Solstice* is from *HORSETAIL*, Woodley Memorial Press.

SCOTT JOSEPH LUCIUS is a modern poet and author whose debut collection, *Echoes from the Heart*, was published in 2024. His work gently explores love, faith, nature, and the human spirit, weaving emotion and reflection into language that feels both intimate and enduring.

DEBBIE MCCALLISTER grew up writing poetry in Albuquerque. She took her notebooks and pens to San Diego, where she was a mother and a teacher, as well as a writer of poetry and fiction, for thirty years. Debbie returned to the Land of Enchantment to grow old and, of course, to keep writing.

THOMAS MOLITOR is a graduate of UC-Berkeley and lives in Corrales, New Mexico. His most recent poems have appeared in *Red Wolf Editions*, *Pictura Journal*, and *Sandpiper Review*.

A longtime journalist, KATE NELSON has served as managing editor of *The Albuquerque Tribune* and *New Mexico Magazine* (not at the same time!); wrote the artist biography, *Helen Hardin: A Straight Line Curved*; and was included in *New Mexico Poetry Anthology 2023*. For 35 years, she has lived in Placitas, where her "hobbies" included battling tumbleweeds and juniper mistletoe.

CHARLES NEMETH notes that Cal Coolidge was still in office when he first drew a breath. Raised in an immigrant family, in northern Indiana with two brothers and a sister, he graduated from a small county high school, with his fellow 21 students. Drafted in late 1950 he spent his military time in Germany. In 1954 he moved to Denver to enroll in Denver University. He completed his BA in four years while holding a full-time job and attending evening classes. He married and has two sons. Most of his working years were with auto manufacturers as a representative to the dealer body. In 1985 he moved to Albuquerque where he opened his own business, which he ran for 27 years. Macular Degeneration forced him to close his business, and he retired at age 85. Invited to join the VA writers group he soon found that he could write, now with 3 novels and some 50 short stories and essays.

JULES NYQUIST, Ph.D., is the founder of Jules' Poetry Playhouse in Placitas, NM. Her recent award-winning books are *Atomic Paradise*, *Homesick*, *then*, and *The Sestina Playbook* (Poetry Playhouse Publications).

JOHN ROCHE, Placitas, NM, helps Jules Nyquist run Jules' Poetry Playhouse and edit Poetry Playhouse Publications. He taught Literature and Creative Writing classes, is Emeritus Associate Professor from Rochester Institute of Technology, and was formerly President of Just Poets in Rochester, NY, a board member of BOA Editions, organizer of the Black Mountain North Symposium, and instigator of the Cloudburst Council poets' retreat in the Finger Lakes. Along with editing *Poets Speak*, his books include *On Conesus*, *Topicalities*, *Road Ghosts*, *The Joe Poems*, *Joe Rides Again: Further Adventures of Joe the Poet*, and the latest, *Tubbables*.

JANET RUTH is a New Mexico ornithologist and poet, whose writing focuses on connections to the natural world. Her winning sonnet, "A World That Shimmers," was set to music and performed by True Concord Voices and Orchestra in 2023. Her book, *Feathered Dreams: celebrating birds in poems, stories & images* was a Finalist for the 2018 NM/AZ Book Awards. <https://redstartsandravens.com/janets-poetry/>

KUAN TIKKUN was a founding member of Rio Grande Valencia Poets NMSPS chapter and her poems have appeared in various anthologies, most recently *Glissando*. In another life she taught communications at the junior college level and was a management trainer/facilitator in industry and government. She lives in Rio Communities.

*A*bout the event

Since 1998 the Winter Solstice readings
have been a regular offering of
the Earth Care Fellowship
at Las Placitas Presbyterian Church
as part of the Earth Vespers series.

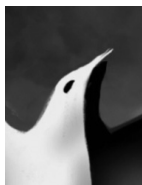
This year, 2025, our theme is
“Journeys Through Darkness and Light”
as we celebrate our 28th anniversary.

We welcome back the slowly stretching days
at the Winter Solstice Candlelight Poetry Reading.

Eighteen poets from the Southwest read poems
by the light of a single burning candle.
Between readings, a short interlude of silence
provides a moment of contemplation
at the close of another year.



1998



2025