

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Solstice

By William Conelly

Red morning on a dark horizon—
of what rough stuff will next year be?

What course of moons, discord, loose lips,
scut work, rank dreams of dynasty?

We fumble through an almanack,
schedule to fetch and utilize,

one column scored by sore desire,
the other ticked for compromise.

Our expectations ink new darkness
down the page, until dawn lifts.

Above the flat displays of night,
in sunlight, all perception shifts.